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Saturday Review

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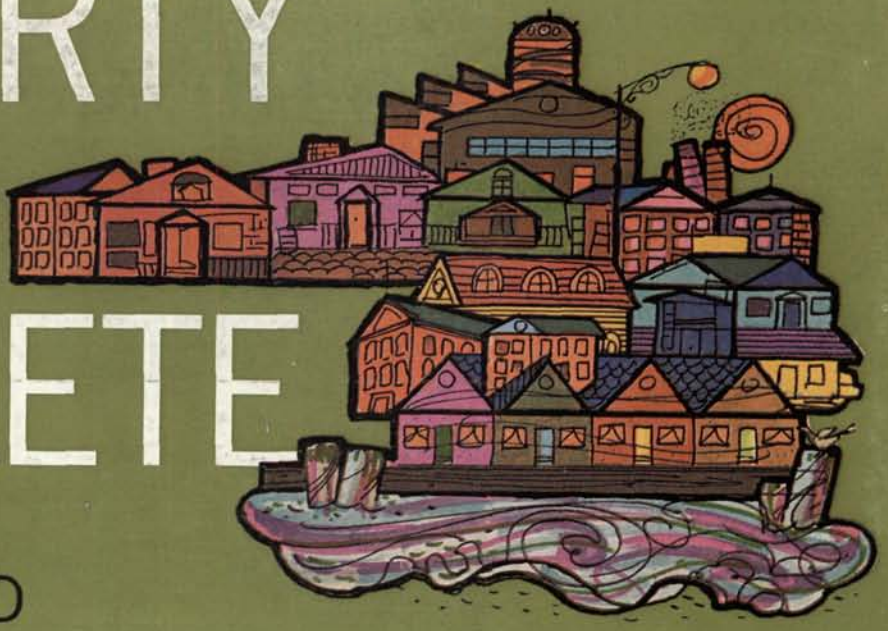

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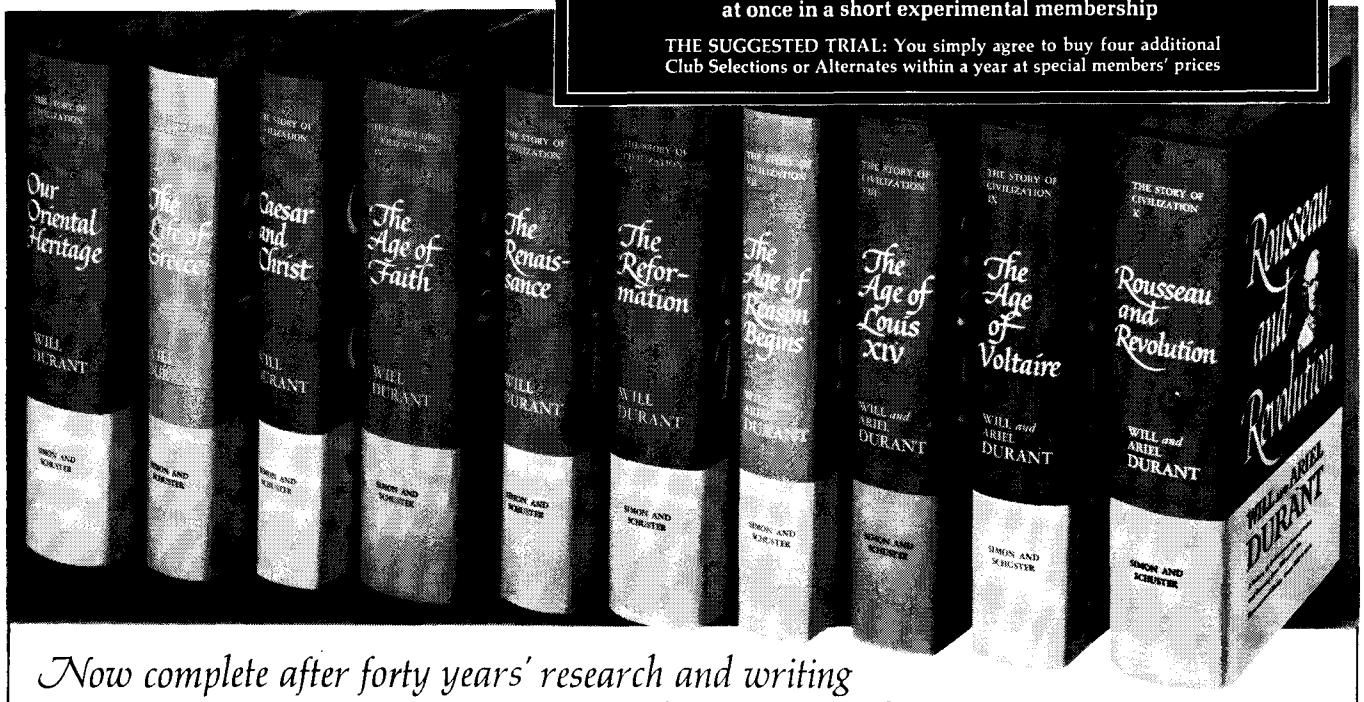

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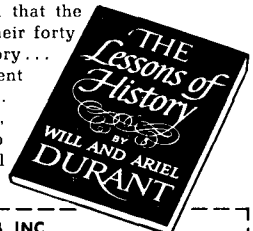

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A very funny man writes a very funny column for this magazine. His name is Goodman Ace and the title of the column is "Top of My Head." We have published two of Goodman Ace's books and know him to be an inveterate needler. No cow is so sacred as to be safe from his jabs to the jugular, whether its Motherhood, doctors, Woman's Lib—even dogs. Furthermore, when he has a complaint to make about his publisher he usually makes it in the pages of *Saturday Review*—a most effective platform from which to broadcast an author's grievances.

Still, being intrepid folk, we have gone right ahead and collected some fifty-six pieces from the "Top of My Head" and the result is a new book. It's called THE BETTER OF GOODMAN ACE. Not your usual run of titles to be sure, but Goodman Ace was quite persuasive when he presented it to us. Here is his explanation in his very own words:

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L. L. Day
Editor-at-Large

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November 20, 1971

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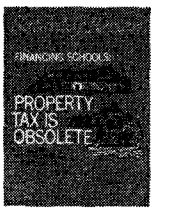
Cover story, page 78

Financing Schools: Property Tax Is Obsolete

Articles by Arthur R. Wise and Harold Howe II

Cover design: Irving Spellens



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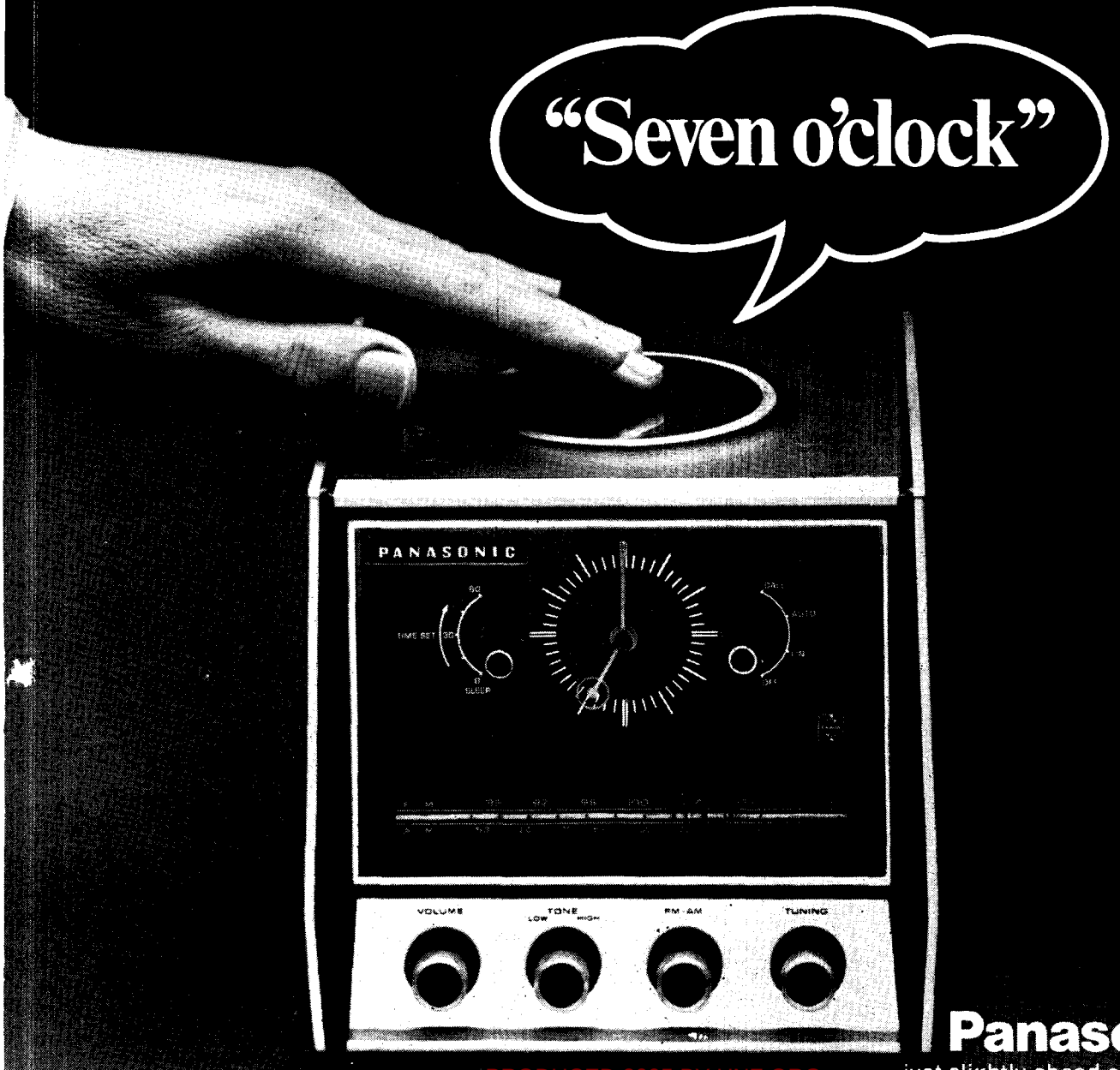

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IF I'M a little tardy with this report, it's because time took its own sweet time to soothe the hurt, to feather the shock, to hide the shame of the event. It was one of those proverbial days that history will later recall as a "Day of Infamy No. 2." And my television set shamelessly recorded it in living color.

On the agenda at the United Nations was "China." We watched country after country voting on two resolutions. When the final vote lit up on the electronic scoreboard at the U.N., all the world could see that the United States' two-China policy had been soundly defeated both in Column A and in Column B.

The score was seventy-six to thirty-five, and it was crystal-clear that something had gone wrong with another of our game plans. Richard Nixon, who had often stated he would never be the first American President to lose a war, had become the first American President to lose the United Nations.

Then suddenly on the TV screen I saw hand clapping, back slapping, and dancing in the aisles. We had always hoped there would come a time when there would be dancing in the aisles of the U.N. But this was definitely not it. The noses we once could count on in any resolution were now being thumbed at us.

Later that evening, as if we hadn't been humiliated enough, the TV cameras showed our Secretary of State, kindly, genteel, courteous Bill Rogers, talking to the press. There he stood, tall and erect, the correct figure of a diplomat, head high, shoulders squared, with egg foo yung on his face.

He was trying to explain away our disastrous defeat. It was one of those "just because you lose, you don't pick up your marbles and run" statements. He called for cool heads and said we must wait for history to assess the vote. In the meanwhile, the show at the U.N. must go on, he said.

But from the hallowed halls of Congress came bitter speeches denouncing the high and nasty "glee" displayed by the countries on which we had for so many years extravagantly spent our wealth. There were heard the sounds of cash registers being locked, purses being snapped tight, and vault doors clanging shut.

The mood of the Senate was "OK, it's a whole new ball game, and if that's the way they want to play, we'll pick up our cards and walk away, and we'll show 'em you can't eat your cake and have it too." That fine mixture of metaphors can be forgiven. It isn't every day our foreign policy is run over by a truckload of little, impoverished countries we always thought of as our grateful allies.

What's the world coming to? the Senate wanted to know. What has happened to our munificent foreign policy of "Buy a Country a Day"? Take a little country to lunch. Slip a gift certificate for a brand-new war under its plate.

For years, the United States has been persuading the new little disadvantaged countries that if they couldn't understand the fine print in all the resolutions that come up in the U.N. they should watch our Ambassador at the U.N. and vote the way he does.

This was no case of strong-arming, just a gentle persuasion—$50-million here, $100-million there, and a few jets here and there. And we asked in return only that they go along with our concept that what is good for America is good for the world. The "Dominate Theory."

But came the fateful day of October 25, 1971, and all the little countries that were supposed to be united with us became, by a simple transposition of two letters, untied. Cut away were the umbilical cords, the apron strings, and the laces on the very shoes we have been sending to help get them on their feet.

What cut us to the quick was the dancing on our TV set. Dancing is for Dick Clark's *American Bandstand*, weddings, Roseland, not for small nations at the U.N. If they felt all that gleeful, their hearts could have danced. No one would have noticed, and we would have been spared that ignominy. Even in tennis, the winner, before he does his dance of victory, jumps over the net to shake the hand of his adversary. No one came to shake the hand of our Ambassador and whisper, "Better luck next time."

Next time? Will there be one? Have we learned the lesson that money doesn't buy allies? Especially money earmarked for military hardware. One doubts it. Already there is in Congress a small bill to buy a secondhand, slightly used war in Cambodia at the bargain price of $431-million.

Oh, well, that's the way the fortune cooky crumbles. We lost a lot of allies. Thank heaven, there will always be a New Zealand.

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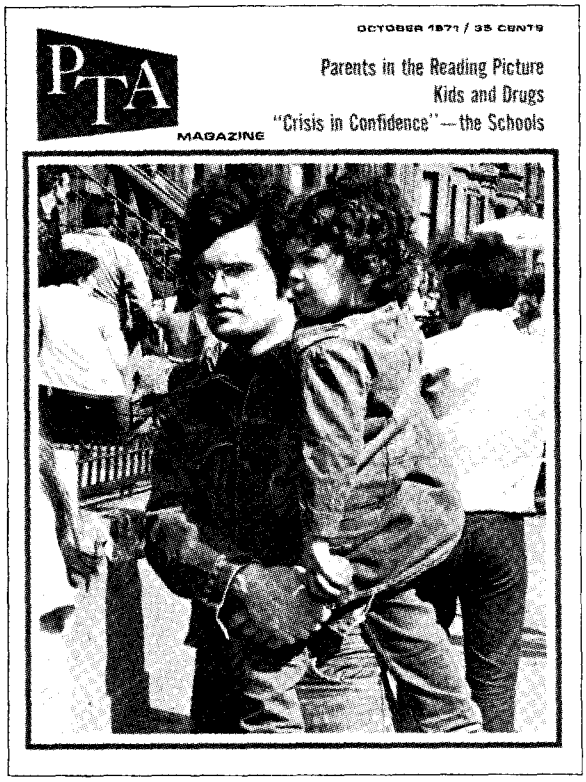

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Calendar of the Week—from Ruth Bornholdt of Philadelphia, who found it in the Philadelphia *Inquirer*:

> ZOO: Open unless wildcat strike resumes

Our suggestion is to settle while the settling's good. Meanwhile, Mrs. Dorothy Hennessy of Syracuse gave us a report on fraternity rushing at Syracuse University from the *Post Standard*:

> In addition to the posters which each house is displaying, each Greek is also sporting a purple bottom with a "G" on it. Miss Loomis said, "Freshmen can see that we are all different types of people not one old stereotype."

The way we see it, they shouldn't even be looking. In any case, Mrs. J. Sherwood Foley of Winter Park, Florida, gave us our favorite offering of the week—an advice column in the Orlando *Morning Sentinel*:

> HEAD SWIMMING
> Mrs. B. writes: What causes my head to swim and my stomach to burp when I raise my head from the pillow every morning?
> REPLY
> God works in mysterious ways. Do you have car trouble?

No, but I seem to have a hell of a time communicating.

It isn't every day we offer you a man who has written five million words. But such a man is Garson Kanin, author of *Tracy and Hepburn—An Intimate Memoir* (Viking, $7.95). Only 100,000 of them, we hasten to add, are in this book.

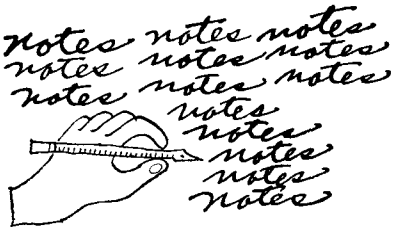
We asked Mr. Kanin, an old friend, if the label "Boy Wonder," which he had in the theater of the late Thirties, bothered him. "No," he said. "I reveled in it—when I had it. Now I'd settle for being either a boy or a wonder.

"I don't suppose," he added wistfully, "anyone can be an Old Wonder."

Mr. Kanin, who is married to Ruth Gordon, was born in Rochester, November 24, 1912. "There are no secrets," he told us, "in my family. Ruth gets into a cab and tells the driver, '171 Central Park West. I'm seventy-five years old.' "

Mr. Kanin's father was a builder, and, since he traveled to building booms, Mr. Kanin and his brother, Michael, the screenwriter, went from school to school. At the age of sixteen—and "as rebellious," he maintains, "as the kids today"—he left school and, with a saxophone, attempted to conquer New York. Not good enough to make it as a musician, he was, nonetheless, good enough to stay on with various bands as a part player, part comedian.

Next came acting. "I wasn't great but I worked. I was an employed actor." Although his Boy Wonder years of film and play writing and directing were still ahead, his book-writing career stemmed from pub-crawling—or rather one particular night of same. He was in the cast of the play *Star Spangled* by Robert Ardrey, and Mr. Ardrey, who had been a student in Thornton Wilder's creative writing course at the University of Chicago, prevailed upon Mr. Wilder to come to a rehearsal. Afterwards, it was left to



Mr. Kanin to show Mr. Wilder his, if not Mr. Wilder's, town. "In those days there were thirty nightclubs in one block alone—Fifty-second Street. I showed Mr. Wilder a New York he never knew existed or had ever even heard of."

At 4 o'clock in the morning, in a nightclub in Harlem, Mr. Wilder had tears in his eyes—not from a sad show but from learning the sad facts of Mr. Kanin's lack of education. "What's to become of you?" Mr. Wilder wailed. "Even to be in the theater you have to know *something*."

Mr. Wilder told him to go back to school. Mr. Kanin refused. "Then," said Mr. Wilder, "you'll have to read books." Mr. Kanin agreed—but not so enthusiastically that Mr. Wilder did not suggest still a third alternative. "You will have to meet people," he said, "and ask them questions. Not just any people, but people who do things. You'll have to ask them questions and listen to the answers and then go home and write them down. Write everything the person said and everything you think about what he said and every idea you had about it.

"And that," Mr. Wilder concluded, "is the only way you'll ever have any organization of your limited mental ability."

"He succeeded," Mr. Kanin con-

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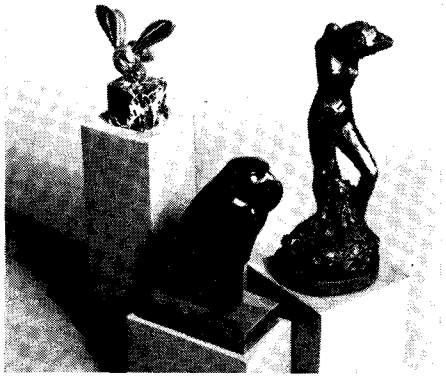

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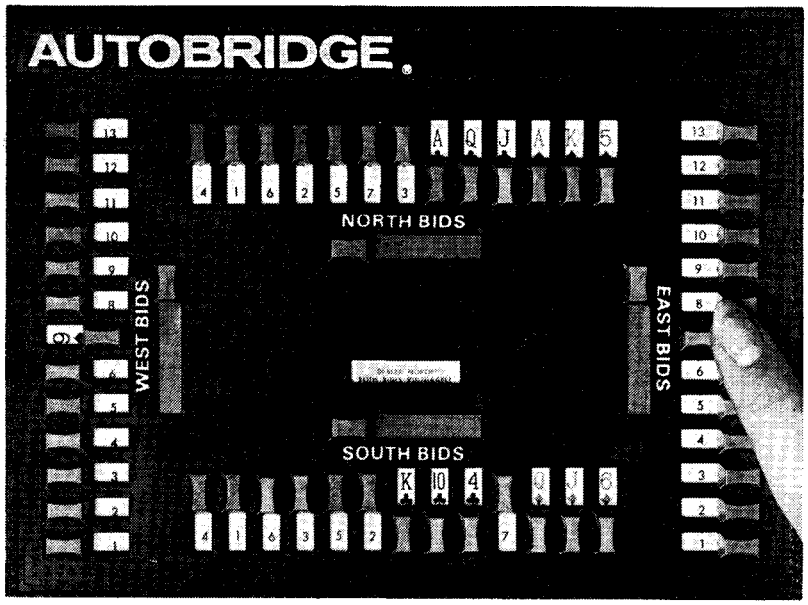

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tinued, "in frightening me. And I started. At first it seemed ridiculous to write down everything—particularly since the first thing I wrote down everything about was about *him*. Then, when I finished, I sent it to him."

Mr. Wilder was furious. "You've completely misunderstood me," he wrote Mr. Kanin. "And anyway, what you wrote was not meant for me—it was meant for you." Despite this initial discouragement, Mr. Kanin continued on the path. "I've done it ever since," he told us, "with almost every person of any importance I've ever met. Hardly a day passes when I haven't committed at least two thousand words to my notebooks."

In time came a request from Edward Weeks for an article on Somerset Maugham. "This sounds as if it came from a notebook," Mr. Weeks wrote. "Do you have anybody else in that notebook of yours?" Mr. Kanin admitted he had—in fact, when he came to make a book out of Maugham (*Remembering Mr. Maugham*), his secretary sent him a four-foot transfile of literally hundreds of thousands of words about Maugham. Mr. Kanin had in fact written down almost every word of every meeting he had ever had with Mr. Maugham. "I make notes in my margins," he said, "TW for Wilder, WSM for Maugham, RS for Sherwood, ST for Tracy, KH for Hepburn. There are more LOs, though, than anyone else."

Who, we demanded, was LO? "Larry," he said briefly, "probably my closest friend."

Didn't he, we asked, put down things he wouldn't want anyone else to read? "Yes," he said, "but I use codes—that only I know. I also sometimes use a different name, or I invert the circumstances. Some of the things in relation to my wife, for example, I make into short stories or the beginnings of plays."

Didn't he, we pursued, find that some people resented all this?

"They don't know it," he said. He paused. "But of course now they will. Because of you, Big Mouth."

Nonsense, we said, you can count on our readers—they won't breathe a word.

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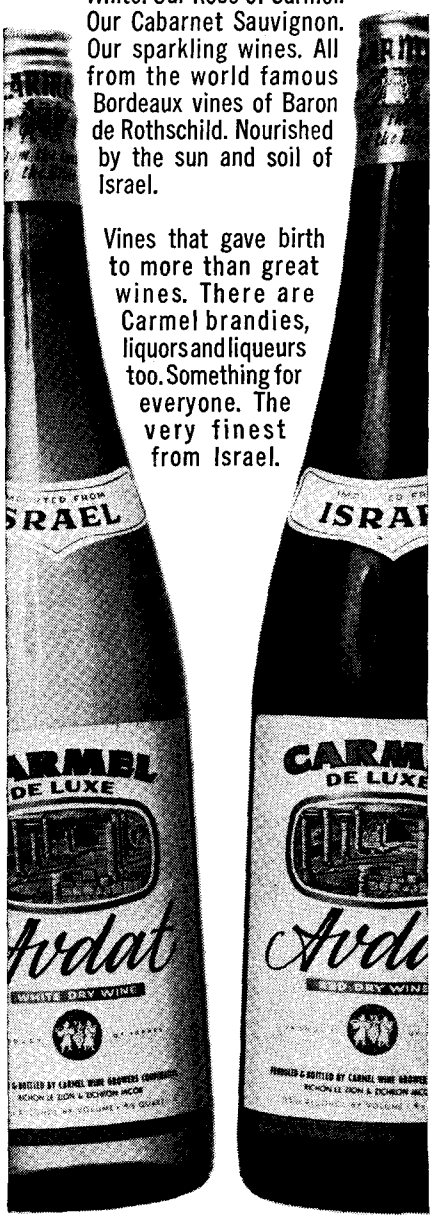

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TV-Radio

Robert Lewis Shayon

Controversial Time

IT WOULD have been greatly in the public interest if the FCC had obeyed the recent order of the U.S. Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia and had begun to set up reasonable regulatory guidelines for groups desiring to purchase commercial spot announcements or programs for the presentation of ideological editorial material. Instead, the commission has elected to ask the Supreme Court to review the decision handed down in the case of *Business Executives Move for Vietnam Peace vs. the FCC et al.*

At least one commissioner (Nicholas Johnson) and many communications lawyers believe that guidelines giving the public the right to initiate controversy on television can be worked out without offending viewers or eroding the medium's economic base. The guidelines would surely cause problems for the television licensees whose presently tightly controlled schedules would occasionally have to be opened up.

Broadcasters undoubtedly would survive this crisis, as they have survived other allegedly disastrous threats to their maximization of profits. Possible solutions—while admittedly not perfectly neat—would still be in accord with the tradition of Anglo-American law, which tends to be somewhat untidy as it balances values in *ad hoc* determinations. Radio already is wide open to time buys for the presentation of ideological material, and controversial viewpoints are not always nicely balanced. Yet the FCC tolerates the situation, and the radio broadcasters make money. But television, it is argued, is different. In this medium there are big money stakes; time is scarce; and balancing time buys for ideological content in accordance with the Fairness Doctrine would be a major headache. For the FCC majority, and probably the commission's staff, the prospect of supervising a tangle of competing claims under the Fairness Doctrine looms as a hopeless administrative jungle.

The commission intends to challenge the Court of Appeals decision on several grounds, including the arguments that the order violates the Communications Act of 1934 and that public groups with the biggest pocketbooks would inevitably dominate the game of buying air time for the presentation of controversial viewpoints. An eventual review by the Supreme Court, however, may be better than immediate compliance by the FCC with the Court of Appeals ruling would have been, for fundamental issues are at stake in the challenge. There is great ferment in the industry now, with cases in which the industry and the FCC are defending the exclusive rights of licensees to determine who has access to television following one another in rapid succession. Public groups—so far supported by the courts—argue that the broadcasters must not only be fair in their trustee determinations but also permit some unobstructed access to television for groups wanting to initiate controversy.

If the Supreme Court declines to review the Court of Appeals order, the FCC will be constrained to develop its guidelines. However, the High Court may be eager to write an opinion at this time. It astonished almost everybody when it agreed, in 1969, to consider the constitutionality of the FCC's Fairness Doctrine in the famous *Red Lion* case. At that time, the Supreme Court strongly upheld the FCC in its stand against the industry's great effort to kill the Fairness Doctrine. And now that the FCC is defending the broadcast licensees against challenges by groups that desire access to television, the Supreme Court may vigorously rebuke the commission and order it to carry out the lower court's mandate. It was the High Court's opinion (in *Red Lion*) that the rights of listeners and viewers are more important than the rights of the broadcasters that recently led several lower courts to rule that the broadcasters cannot, as a matter of policy, refuse to sell commercial time for controversial editorial views.

If the Supreme Court chooses to review, it will have to confront the basic issue decided by the lower court—namely, that the licensees must share control of access to television. In the light of the *Red Lion* decision, it is difficult to imagine that the High Court will hold that a licensee's total discretion serves the public's right to have suitable access to a wide variety of views. In choosing to challenge the Court of Appeals ruling, the FCC may thus, in the long run, be serving the public's interest better than that of the broadcasters. An interesting question, still to be decided, is whether the FCC can persuade the U.S. Solicitor General to argue its case before the Supreme Court. If the government counsel declines, the FCC may go it alone. A curious situation—a regulatory agency challenging a federal court without benefit of the Solicitor General, the people's counsel.

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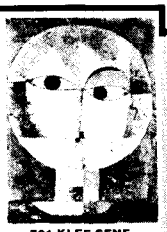

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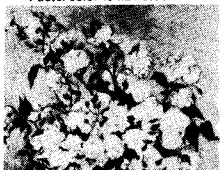

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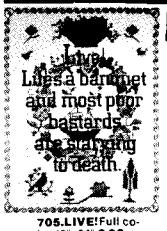

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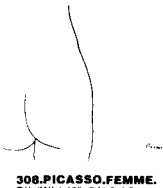

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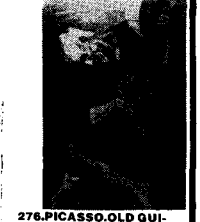

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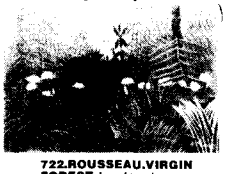

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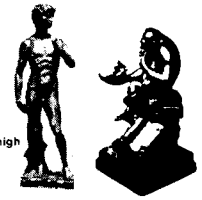

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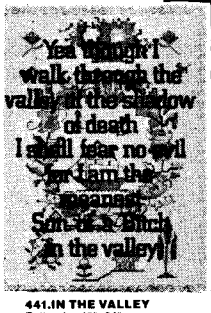
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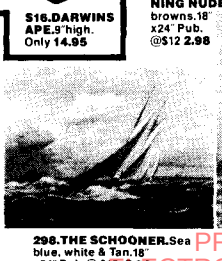

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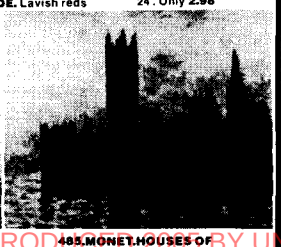

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SR Goes to the Movies

Arthur Knight

Hollywood Has Its Filmex

IN THE WILD proliferation of film festivals around the country in the last dozen or so years, one city has been conspicuous by its abstention. Hollywood, which still likes to call itself the film capital of the world, has never had a film festival. Not, at least, until this month—and even then its organizers, for reasons known best to themselves, insisted on referring to it as an exposition rather than a festival. In some sections of the industry, the very word is anathema.

Curiously, not even the prospects of a home-grown festival could shake this antipathy. One studio, Universal, let it be known in no uncertain terms that it would not cooperate. Others tentatively proffered pictures, then snatched them away. Even Columbia, which distributes *The Last Picture Show*, agreed to let that film open the festival only after its producers exerted the kind of muscle that comes from having a hit. As a result, *The Last Picture Show* was the only new American film from a major studio to be shown.

The irony is that the original concept of the exposition—or Filmex, as its organizers called it—was to have quite a number of new, specifically Hollywood movies and to place these on the same footing as the imported films. Since director George Cukor was the prime mover behind the event, a sympathetic hearing was virtually assured. Not all festivals can make that statement. Indeed, one of the main reasons why the studios have traditionally fought shy of festival involvements has been their well-founded fear of critical attacks. As recently as 1969, when the New York Film Festival premiered *Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice*, both the film and the festival were bludgeoned for their "commercialism." Small wonder that when a studio does decide to participate in a festival, it is generally with a "problem picture," such as *Lilith*, *Mickey One*, or John Huston's ill-fated *A Walk with Love and Death*. The reasoning seems to be that since the picture is going to get clobbered anyway, what is there to lose?

Actually, the whole concept of what constitutes a "festival film" is one that bears re-examination, and Hollywood's Filmex might have been the ideal spot to do it. Like most festivals, it was heavily director-oriented. From Mr. Cukor on through its director, Gary Essert, and its board chairman, Philip Chamberlin (the latter two responsible for most of the programing), this bias has been more than implicit. They sought "the new Peckinpah film," "the new Stanley Kubrick picture." A retrospective series arranged as "a tribute to the American film" became, in effect, a "great directors" series. Obviously, they needed a Griffith, any Griffith; hence, *Lady of the Pavements*, one of his weakest.

But, curiously, this is the direction that Hollywood itself has been taking in the past few years. It has been developing its own breed of youthful *auteurs*—Bogdanovich, Fonda, Hopper, Nicholson, *et al.*—who, whether for good or ill, are turning out pictures far removed, physically and ideologically, from the old studio scene. To these might be added the men of a slightly older generation—Blake Edwards, John Frankenheimer, Stanley Kubrick, Sam Peckinpah—who often function as rebels within the system.

All of these men make pictures with the individuality of style that one has come to prize in the films from abroad, and it could have been, at the very least, illuminating to note how—or if—our home-grown *auteurs* differ from their European counterparts. Alas, some had no films ready, while others had films already in release or inflexibly scheduled for release. Even so, there were enough pictures around, had the industry been a bit more eager to participate, to guarantee the American film adequate exposure in its own hometown.

As it turned out, the first Los Angeles International Film Exposition had nothing to hang its head about. Some forty attractions were divided between historic Grauman's Chinese and the 600-seat auditorium of the new Los Angeles County Museum of Art. Filmex introduced new works by such hardy festival perennials as Robert Bresson, Jacques Demy, Louis Malle, Ermanno Olmi, Pier Paolo Pasolini, and Vilgot Sjöman. Its retrospectives included Chaplin's *Modern Times*, Harold Lloyd in *The Kid Brother*, a ten-hour marathon of Hitchcock classics, and Cecil B. De Mille's original, 1923 version of *The Ten Commandments*, accompanied by a live orchestra in the pit.

From November 4 to 14, Los Angeles got a concentrated taste of what it feels like to be a festival city. Obviously, it is too early to say whether the taste has been acquired. But if there is a second Filmex, one can only hope that it will receive the enlightened cooperation of the studios. That, in itself, would make it unique.

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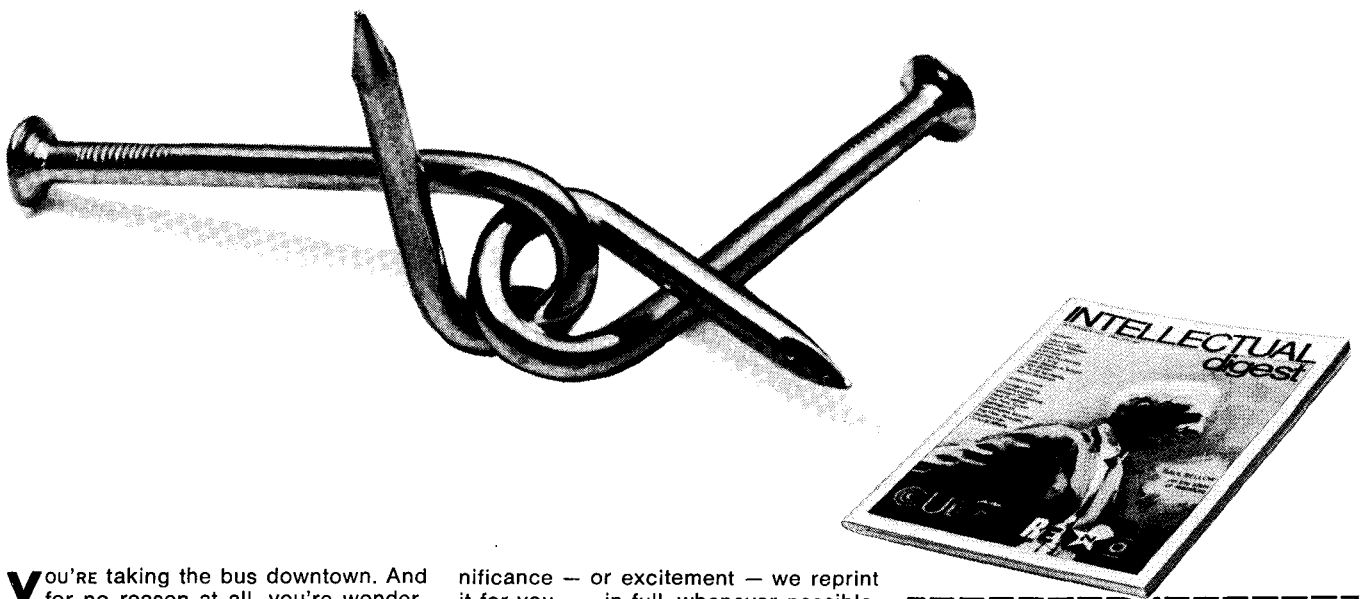

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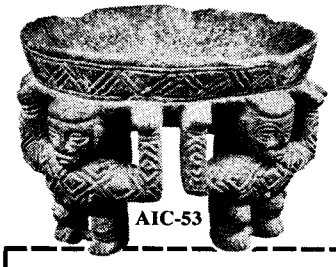
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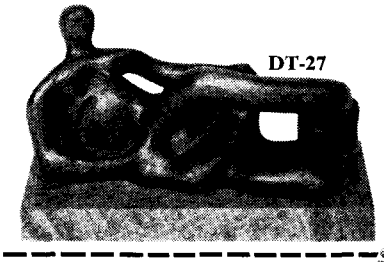
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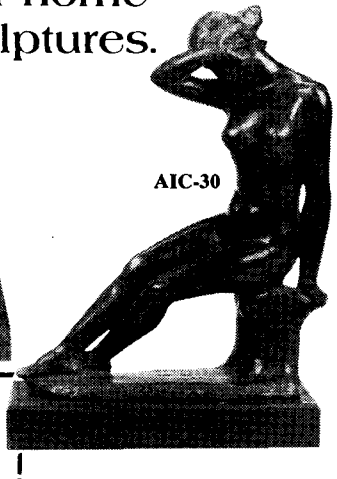
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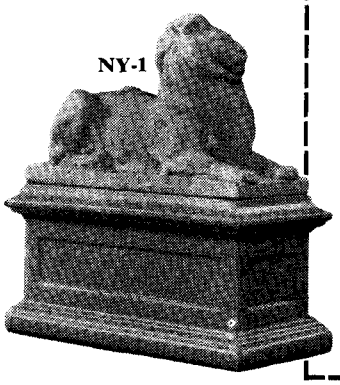
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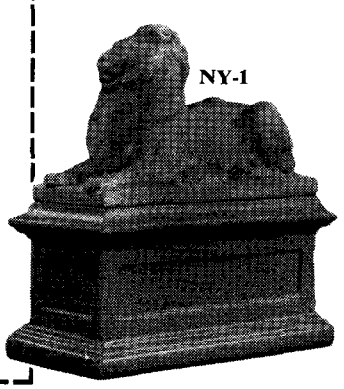
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THE ROOTS OF TURKISH ART

by KATHARINE KUH

Although Turkey shares itself geographically and temperamentally with Europe and Asia, its Asiatic kinship seems stronger. Like most pivotal world bridges, this land is rich in chronologically varied levels of art, despite the wanton destruction inflicted by successive conquerors. Particularly vivid is evidence of the indomitable power and profligacy of the Ottoman Empire and of its omnipotent czar-like sultans. In order fully to understand this last mighty upsurge of Turkish glory, one should first turn to four less familiar civilizations that dominated the country's central plateau, an area earlier known as Asia Minor. Including both Anatolia and Cappadocia, this high dry sweep of land, where the Hattians, the Hittites, the Byzantines, and the Seljuks settled, was to become a focal force throughout the country and in many cases was to act as the cradle of Turkish art. From here came the prehistoric culture of the Hattians, forerunners of the Hittites, and the much later Moslem splendor of the Seljuks that in turn paved the way for the Ottomans. In between, various other peoples cross-fertilized both the art and life of Turkey. It all resembles one long continued story except for the unaccountable Hattians and Hittites.

If there is continuity in the step-by-step unfolding of Turkish art, the earliest conquerors of Asia Minor had little to do with it. Although subsequent Persian, Greek, Roman, Byzantine, Arab, and other take-overs mingled to leave indelible marks on both the Seljuks and the Ottomans, the Hittites and their precursors seem to have dropped from nowhere and vanished into nowhere. True, they owed much to Mesopotamia, but basically they were a people apart. Fragments, sometimes scarcely more than floor plans, of their invincibly brutal ruins still remain, the best preserved on Turkey's mountain-fringed plateau east of Ankara. And in Ankara's splendid Archeological Museum one finds the largest, most comprehensive available collection of Proto-Hittite and Hittite artifacts.

Between the Hittites, who dominated Turkey in the second millennium B.C., and the Ottomans, who initiated the last great conquest during the fourteenth century A.D., thousands of years intervened, not to say endless conflicts and infiltrations. The driving force was always toward the West, almost as if Europe were a magnet, but Asia, slow and patient, seems to have had more staying power. Despite Atatürk's farsighted reforms, Turkey is still strongly Eastern. One need only travel through the interior and observe women bent over double in back-breaking agricultural servitude to realize how slowly change comes to this ambivalent land.

Even before the Hittites appropriated Turkey's central plains, the mys-

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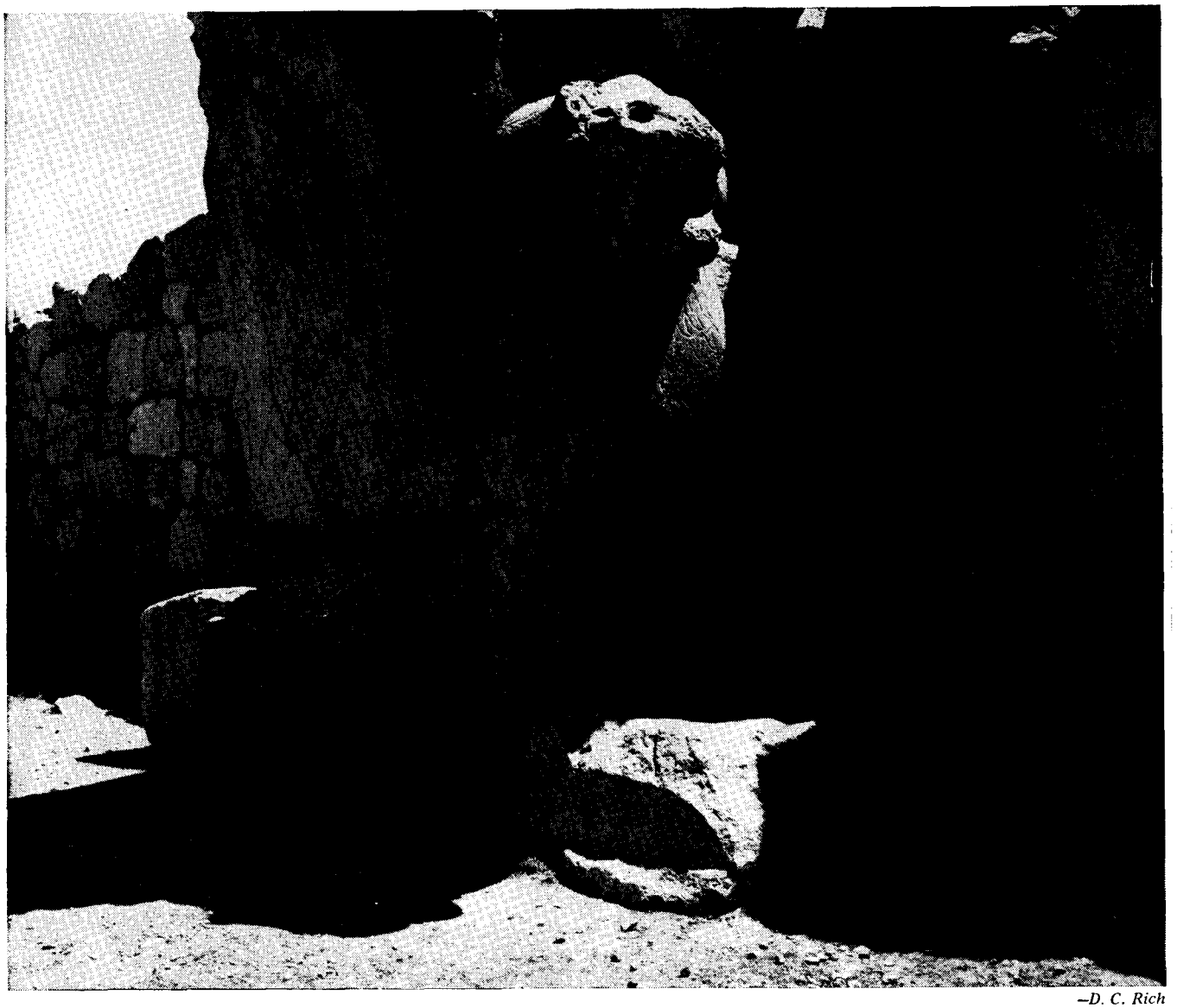

—D. C. Rich

Hittite lion gate at Boghazkoy. Opposite page: Ritual standard of a stag, Hattian Museum of Archeology, Ankara.

terious Hattians, sometimes called Proto-Hittites, were established there, having already developed artistic skills their followers were seldom to equal. However, there is practically no documentation about the direct relationship of these two peoples. And as for the Hittites, we also know relatively little about them. They appear on various Egyptian reliefs as conquered warriors who are identifiable only by the steeply arched toes of their boots, a footwear no doubt useful in rocky terrain. Their history is a disconcerting web of ceaseless wars, unfamiliar cults, strange divinities, and unpronounceable names. All facts and figures about them are less revealing than the tangible artifacts that still remain as irrefutable evidence and, of course, as priceless historical source material. Except for the Hattians, Turkey's early settlers were rarely as brilliant artists as their Egyptian neighbors.

But the Hattians were another matter. Just how and where they acquired their superlative skill as interpreters of animal life is puzzling. Their bronze figurines are accomplished prototypes of an Asiatic animal style that also flourished on the nearby steppes of Russia, though no clear connection between the two cultures has been conclusively established.

To see Hattian art at its best one must go to Ankara, where not long ago a fifteenth-century covered bazaar was turned into an excellent showcase for Turkey's collection of early art. Occasional fine pieces can be found in institutions elsewhere, but it is Ankara's Archeological Museum, originally organized by Atatürk, that provides the only existing definitive survey of sculpture and ceramics from Proto-Hittite, Hittite, and allied cultures. What strikes the eye immediately is the extraordinary refinement of Hattian prehistoric animal figures, many of them dug up at Boghazköy, an almost impregnable stronghold (originally known as Hattusas), where this early people established itself among the same rugged crags the Hittites later were to incorporate into their more extensive fortress-city.

The origins of the Hattians are vague, though all evidence indicates they were firmly ensconced in Asia Minor as early as the third millennium B.C., their influence to continue over hundreds of years. More sensitive artists than their Hittite followers, they were seldom as advanced builders or engineers —a relationship similar to that of the Greeks and Romans or the Seljuks and Ottomans. It is not unusual for earlier peoples to outshine their disciples esthetically, for, as Cézanne intimated when he claimed he was "the primitive of my way," the exigencies of coming first can be an advantage. Discovery *is* the father of invention; what follows is frequently little more than elaboration and aggrandizement.

Recently unearthed from several Hattian graves and beautifully installed in Ankara's museum are scores

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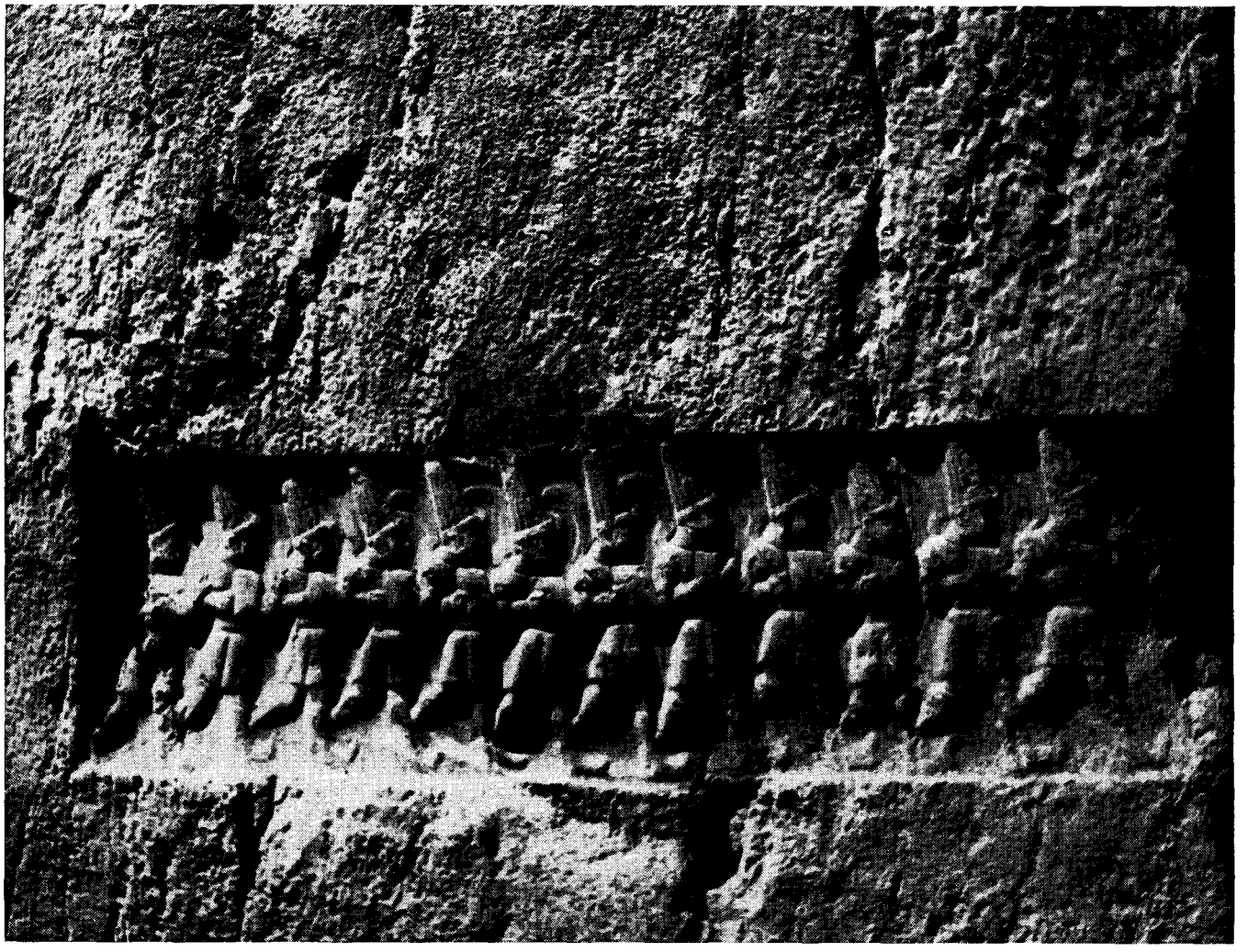
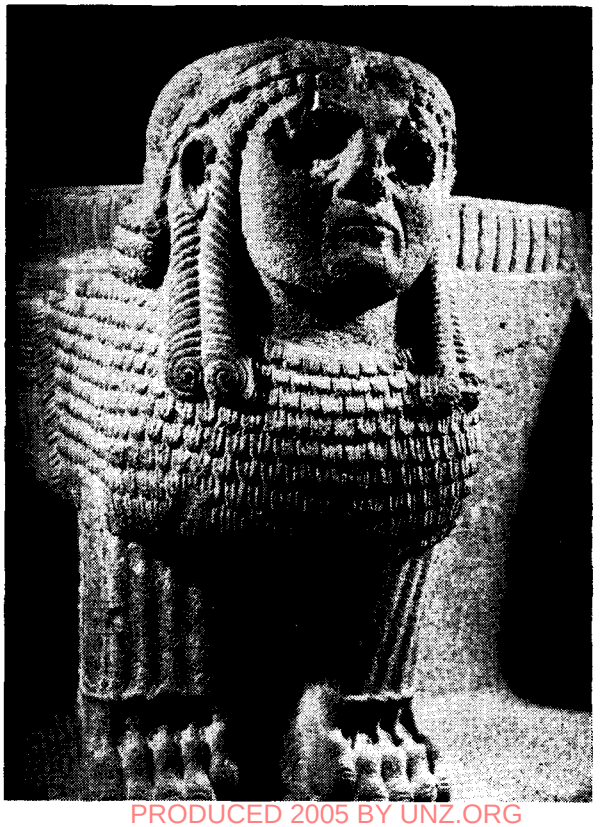


Procession of Hittite gods (detail) at Yazilikaya. Below: Hittite sphinx, part of pedestal for large sculpture, Museum of Archeology, Ankara.



of carefully polished jugs, jewelry, and gold cups of great delicacy, each exhibiting a sophistication surprising from a totally illiterate people, for no sign of the written word appears in Hattian history. Even more amazing are innumerable ritual standards characterized by either geometric perforated metal disks or the aforementioned bronze figurines of bulls and stags, some meticulously inlaid with precious metals. It is thought the abstract standards were mounted on poles, while the bulls and stags were probably affixed to baldachins or cult furniture. In any case, the purpose was strictly ceremonial and religious.

Both the animals and their exaggerated antlers undoubtedly acted as potent symbols. Some archeologists claim that the bull was an attribute of the Weather God, an all-important being who administered sun and rain, and that the stag was possibly his consort, which may explain why the animals' horns took on such supernatural implications. Branching into a surfeit of tines, the antlers provided each small creature with a jungle of protuberances. As equivalents of the

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earth's center, these sacred animals emulated the sun, and thus emerged from halos of horns or were conceived as supporting the universe on spiked extensions. Why Hattian animal figures were technically more advanced than their human counterparts is perplexing. Was it because bulls and stags represented a greater magic potency or because this people felt less at home with its own species?

Later, with the coming of the Hittites, sculpture grew larger, heavier, more architecturally oriented, and, as a rule, was carved from stone, a less flexible material than metal. Gone were the lively little animals of the Hattians. Now art became a matter of regal display and massive aggression. But even before the Hittites swept in from the east, new ideas were taking root in Turkey. For some time, Assyrian merchants had been colonizing there, bringing with them a written language, cuneiform tablets, household implements, and splendid ceramic vessels. At Karum-Kanesh, a site now known as Kül Tepe, numerous outstanding Assyrian works were recently discovered, some of which can be seen at the nearby town of Kayseri in a good small archeological museum, others in Ankara. Long-spouted reddish brown clay jugs of inestimable distinction, each slender curve a foil for the pot's voluptuous body, and all manner of animal, human, and boot-like rhytons were distinct Assyrian contributions, which, when merged with Hattian art, provided the Hittites with a formidable heritage.

Less fanciful than either of their predecessors, the Hittites are best remembered for impregnable fortified cities, usually located in harshly forbidding landscapes. About 100 miles east of Ankara, their capital of Boghazköy literally climbs an entire rock-bound mountain. Different types and levels of construction indicate successive Hattian and Hittite occupations, but, from beginning to end, the latter were memorable for a virile architecture frequently accompanied by ponderous carvings of sphinxes and snarling lions, both intended as protections against evil powers. The immobile creatures were usually imbedded in the original stone they came from, for the Hittites rarely produced sculpture in-the-round. Whether this limitation was due to technical naïveté or to the hope of directly integrating these guardian figures into the very fiber of walls, palaces, and temples remains a question.

King after so-called Great King dominated the land, fought innumerable wars, and practiced an extreme form of polytheism, developing a complicated array of divinities with whom the ruler partly identified himself. Despite menacing sculpture and endless battles, the Hittites drew up an inordinately fair code of law, often according women the same prerogatives as men (which, by the way, is hardly the habit today in rural Turkey). As city planners, these people were exemplary, coordinating in a single settlement huge pillared temples, watchtowers, palaces, well-paved roads, and inviolable outer walls broken by occasional triumphal arches. Their citadels were an astute sequence of open and closed areas ideally suited to ceremonial procedures and to tight security, for the Hittites originated the most successful defensive architecture of their time. With scientific know-how, they protected themselves behind a maze of encircling battlements while yet providing spacious courts for ritual spectacles, an arrangement nicely underlining their priorities.

To visit the miles of ruins that circle Boghazköy's mountain demands imagination and stamina, for the architectural remains are often little more than fragmentary contours staked out by cyclopean monolithic stones, and the sun on that treeless plateau can be relentless. There is more to see, at least in the way of art, at nearby Yazilikaya, a curious outdoor shrine where the Hittites carved reliefs directly on the rock walls of a hidden grotto. In this sanctuary, cleverly concealed by nature, their entire pantheon is visible at certain times of day when the right light unveils two rhythmic processions, male and female, advancing inexorably toward each other. Like all Hittite figures, these divinities, who are about to consummate a climactic union, were conceived according to rigidly prescribed regulations. Nothing was left to chance or to the personal whims of the artist. Each god and goddess has its own special attributes, and each is an unforgettably authoritarian figure. What makes Yazilikaya particularly moving is the intimate secrecy of its setting, and the sense that here spread out before one is the perennial story of life's beginnings—a Hittite Genesis, as it were, a dehumanized Old Testament.

Smaller Hittite reliefs, installed in the central gallery of Ankara's museum, were excavated from numerous sites throughout the country and, like the processions at Yazilikaya, tell much about this people, about its rulers, priests, gods, jugglers, musicians, acrobats, and other entertainers, about hunts and battles, the last two filled with an animal vitality sometimes lacking in the handling of human beings. Due possibly to ceremonial conventions, the Hittites, along with numerous primitive artists elsewhere, conceived of man in such fixed stylizations as to guarantee a certain anonymous security. Could it also be that animals, other than supernatural guardian figures, were freer from taboos and accordingly were observed more naturalistically and presented more spontaneously? In any case, the art of this people is still a hazy matter tangled in a skein of unanswered questions, but for those who want to pursue the subject further, I recommend *The Art of the Hittites*, a lucid chronological survey by Ekrem Akurgal, and for those who wish to unknot the perplexities of Hittite history, I suggest O. R. Gurney's *The Hittites*.

Not far from Ankara are the newly excavated Phrygian ruins of Gordium, enough remaining at least to titillate the viewer and call up for him the timeless myths of Midas and the Gordian knot. More interesting than scant contours of lost buildings are several tumulus graves so ingeniously camouflaged as to double for nearby hills. In fact, throughout Anatolia one is never sure which mound is nature's, which is man's. The Great Tumulus at Gordium is sometimes thought to have been the grave of King Midas, but any definite proof is lacking. Its size (50 meters high by 300 meters in diameter) certainly suggests it was the burial place of an important person, and sets one to pondering the accomplishments of a people able to design such prodigious artificial hills. Equally prodigious are the Phrygians' giant metal caldrons, some of which are on view in a small museum near the site, others in Ankara. Not only is their princely scale astonishing; so too are the finesse of their casting and the voluminous sweep of their curves.

The Greeks and Romans, whose ruins are lavishly sprinkled over the western and southern shores of Turkey, were rarely attracted to the arid interior highlands. Characteristically, they preferred the more humane coasts along the Mediterranean and Aegean seas. But after the spread of Christianity, western settlers from Byzantium seeped in, establishing themselves in Cappadocia. What remains from their stay is the combination of a bleak, phantasmagoric landscape and a pragmatic, hidden architecture, both enhanced at times by provincial Byzantine frescoes. Moreover, it was precisely because these structures were concealed that they still endure. In a sere valley near the dusty little town of Nevsehir, hundreds of unlikely volcanic formations were scooped out by the faithful and used as chapels, monasteries, nunneries, and even as homes. The gnarled rocks and chimneys, the twisted turrets, pyramids, and cones that erupt all over the Göreme Valley are honeycombed with man-made grottoes where pious Christians secreted

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"The twisted turrets, pyramids, and cones" of the Goreme Valley honeycombed with Byzantine dwellings.

themselves from their Arab enemies.

The neighborhood offers a strange mélange of art ranging from the eroded surrealist sculpture nature itself spewed up to the devout Byzantine murals of Christian believers, from heavy Seljuk *hans* (caravanserais) to an unexpectedly urbane eighteenth-century Ottoman mosque topping a hill in Nevsehir. The visitor must readjust his sights constantly if he is to understand each of these clues to Cappadocia's history. The mosque of Kursunlu Cami in Nevsehir is memorable for its central dome of lead plus a hypnotic repetition of smaller leaded domes, all of them elusively understated and typical of other Ottoman exteriors that seem to float above and beyond their surroundings. With fairy-tale lightness, the buildings relate less to land than to sky, though their interiors, as a rule, are more earthbound. The whole area around the Göreme Valley is punctuated by Seljuk *hans* replete with imposing portals, stone fretwork, and spacious interiors that housed both travelers and their animals. Included also in these compounds were mosques, warehouses, and stores, all protected by fortress-like turreted walls. The *hans*, acting as ancient wayside inns and now mostly in ruins, dot Turkey's landscape and trace graphically the trade routes that crisscrossed the country to join East with West. It is this convergence and conflict of Asia and Europe that forged an art traumatized by ambivalence, but no less energized by it. Western churches translated into Islamic metaphysics, eighteenth-century Italian décors superimposed on slightly sinister harem walls, exotically tiled Moslem mosques ornamented with cheerful grandfather clocks—these are a few of Turkey's more obvious ambiguities. For me the country is at its best when least pseudo-romantic, though its authentic aura of the Arabian nights can hardly be written off.

It was during the seventh century, when hordes of Arabs descended on Cappadocia, that the Byzantine settlers took to the rocks, digging themselves in with considerable skill. Many of their hiding places, once completely disguised, are now uncovered and are still being used as cool, rent-free residences by Turkish peasants, but the chapels and monasteries decorated with frescoes are preserved in a protected area open to the public. The best murals date from the ninth through the eleventh centuries and deal with familiar Christian iconography—saints, the Virgin, and Bible stories. Rarely great art, the paintings are noteworthy if only for their total religious consecration. And indeed where else can one find frescoes, still glowing with color, tucked away amid such sheer offbeat madness? Architecturally, the church interiors are frankly patterned after larger free-standing models, their diminutive domes, vaults, apses, and columns continuing the Byzantine basilica's proud tradition.

For finer, though later, Byzantine frescoes (and mosaics), one must visit the Kahriye Camii in Istanbul. Here religious paintings recently uncovered and restored have a scale and purity that rank them with the best that Byzantium produced. The fact that a tragic paucity of Byzantine art remains in Turkey makes the Kahriye Camii and the Göreme Valley churches doubly important. The Moslems, especially the Ottomans, tried to exterminate most

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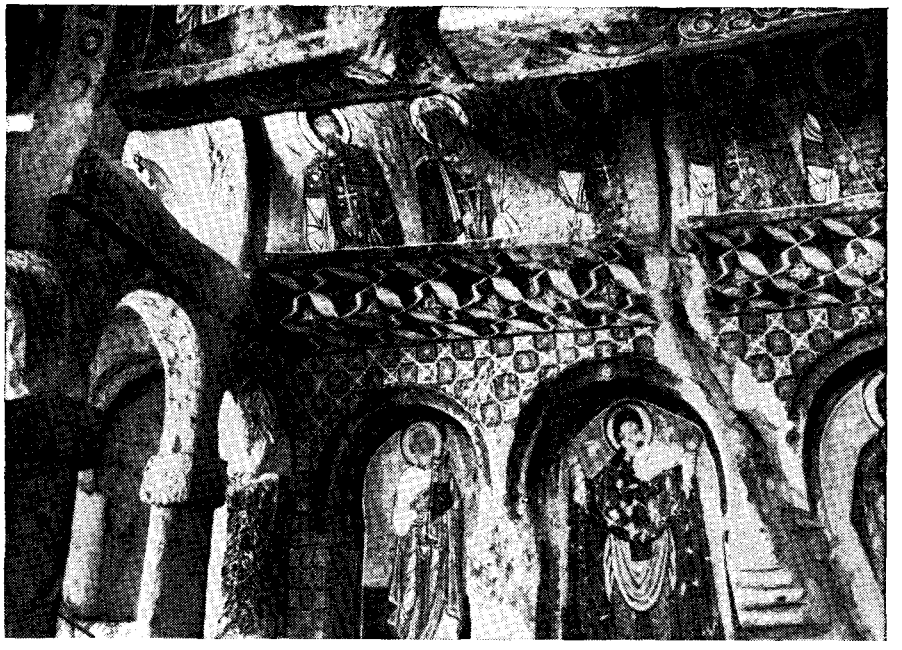

Byzantine frescoes in a Goreme Valley church.

traces of Christianity and succeeded rather well in it. It is, I suppose, futile to consider how much of man's creative energy has been decimated by religious fervor. Istanbul, once the greatest Byzantine city in history, today has little to offer from this civilization other than the Kahriye and Santa Sofia, both probably spared only because they were turned into mosques.

Yet, even the most fanatical bigot must have marveled at Santa Sofia's vaulting nobility. Surely nowhere on earth is there an interior space of such breathtaking grandeur. Dome after dome soars to support its neighbor, the building's central core freed of all obstructing columns and pillars. As an engineering feat, Santa Sofia has rarely been equaled; as a landmark in religious exaltation, it represents the gulf separating mankind from God, for in this building that pushes up and out, human beings are reduced to pygmies. It is touching and a bit absurd, too, that hermits in the Göreme Valley hoped to duplicate the glories of Byzantine architecture despite almost impossible environmental limitations. For these believers, rigid convention took precedence over invention; no obstacle could stop them. There is something sad and gallant about their myriad hollowed-out sanctuaries that acted as both denials and affirmations of a ruthless terrain. Steeped in the past, the Byzantine settlers of Cappadocia emerged, as it were, only for air.

As early as the tenth century, Turkish tribesmen moved into Anatolia from the east and during the next hundred years firmly established the Seljuk Empire. Combining memories of Persian, classical, Byzantine, and Arab art, the Seljuks also retained indigenous nomadic traits that gave their work an intensity sometimes missing in that of the Ottomans. Niched gateways and vaults bubbling with stalactites were typically Asiatic, but it was Persian art that really set the pace. Though never as grandiose architects as the Ottomans, the Seljuks were usually more creative minor artists. Their rugs, tiles, wooden screens, and ceramics are alive with animal and human figures that were later to be banned by their Ottoman followers, who clung to more formal decorative motifs that seldom included humor or humanism. Moreover, the Seljuk Empire was of shorter duration than the Ottoman and so was less apt to develop repetitious stereotypes.

To see Seljuk art, one goes to Konya, the empire's early capital, situated about 170 miles south of Ankara. Here a profusion of small museums, each concentrating on a separate form of art, is appropriately quartered in ancient Moslem buildings. One of the most beautiful is the Karatay Medrese, originally a school of Koranic theology erected in 1251, and now used as a ceramics museum. Its inside dome, translucent with faïence mosaics, presents a dazzling variety of intertwining, exploding, and spattered motifs that somehow manage to coexist in harmony, for Seljuk ceramics have a sonority that blends color, glaze, and form into a single organic experience. One thinks of mellow textiles, of nature's muted transparencies, of the subtle traceries in leaves and shells.

Seljuk designs speed, slow down, halt, start again, race with abandon, rest, and then reach across domes and walls with inexhaustible persistence. No less eloquent are the decorations

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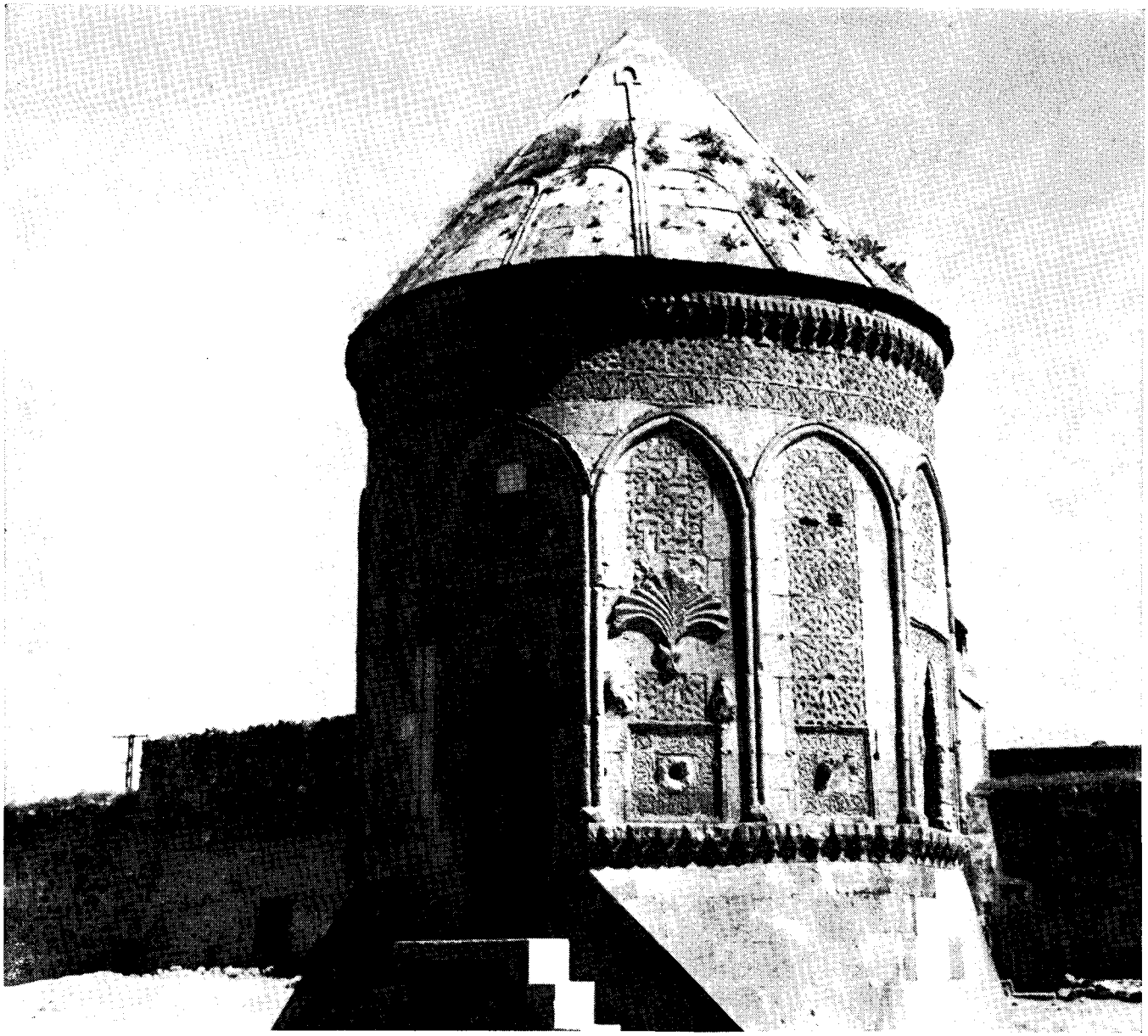

Doner Kumbet, Seljuk tomb in Kayseri. Below: Seljuk winged figure, in the Ince Minare Medresesi at Konya.

—Photos by D. C. Rich

incised on many of Konya's stone facades. Take, for example, the Ince Minare Medresesi, another thirteenth-century religious school, which today acts as a museum for wood and stone sculpture. Its exterior doorway is a labyrinth of geometric coloristic carvings in varying degrees of relief. When the merciless Turkish sun beats down on these carvings, they turn into a mirage of light and dark contrasts, of taut, unfaltering calligraphy that defies both stone and architecture. Repeatedly it is calligraphy that was the root of Moslem design. The same fluency, the same contrasts of staccato angles and flowing curves to be found in Turkish manuscripts appear on the hard surfaces of Seljuk buildings. Lace-like fretwork and the flourish of expert penmanship can regress into dead technicalities, especially when visual ideas adapted to specific materials are transferred to alien ones. Yet, most of Konya's Seljuk facades teem with a kind of hallucinated, but disciplined, grace. These early Moslem decorations were the product of artists who were still free to experiment. Their architecture opposes solid structural elements to elegant surface decoration, the latter of such twisting animation as to fool the eye. One wonders what is real and what is not, which is there and which is imagined.

Also in the Ince Minare Medresesi are two of the most evocative sculptures in Turkey. Carved from stones, these reliefs of winged spirits (looking much like Byzantine angels) were recovered from Konya's citadel only a short time ago. They attest to the emotive power of Seljuk artists and to the debt they owed their Byzantine forerunners. Charged with dynamic force, both springing figures were reputedly symbols of Goodness. With the Seljuks

(Continued on page 64)

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Manner of Speaking

John Ciardi

Is Anyone There?

THE RUSSIANS, I note in recent wire service reports, have called an international conference to discuss the possibility of locating intelligent life forms in outer space. "Because of the sensational nature of the subject," *The New York Times* reports, "and to encourage uninhibited discussion, the conference was held in relative privacy." The Russians, it turns out, have been monitoring "particularly logical wave lengths" since 1960, hoping to intercept radio signals that would indicate intelligent life. So far they have brought in nothing but space noise.

The Russians may be natural eavesdroppers. Such a view of them might explain their notions of "privacy" and of "uninhibited discussion." They are used to having their conversations overheard in ways most likely to inhibit. In that field, they have a fifty-year technological lead, though our federal wiretappers have awakened to the danger and are determined to catch up in the bureaucratic race to inhibit privacy.

As conference managers, however, the Russians have miscalculated. They need only have called a convention of science fiction writers and they would have had an entirely adequate conference, wide open to the public and not only uninhibited but boisterous. All science fiction writers are rather highly intelligent lunatics.

The fact is that the sci-loonies (many of them fully qualified scientists) have a stunning talent for extrapolation. Science has accomplished nothing in fact that science fiction had not previously theorized in often remarkable detail, as witness the FBI investigation of various science fiction writers for having "revealed" classified information (which they had in fact extrapolated from common data) in the early days of the development of atomic energy. Had the Russians done no more than invite Isaac Asimov and Dr. John Clark—both bona fide scientists and both science-loonies—to their conference, they would have had all they needed, and with no thought that anyone present would be inhibited by anything.

As a matter of fact, it was at least five years ago that Doc Clark and I sat down one rainy night at the Bread Loaf Writers' Conference and had our own high-level conference on exactly the subject that the Russians have now got around to.

"Suppose," Doc Clark began, "we intercept from somewhere in space a radio message transmitted by intelligent beings."

"So supposed," I said. "Do I assume it would be some sort of mathematical sequence?"

"Assumption accepted."

"Since it isn't language . . ."

"That's an assumption, too, but I'll grant it."

". . . there would be no point in thinking about decoding. And if it were language—to ignore pointless interruption—we could have no clue to it and, once again, needn't think about decoding. I would conclude: First, that some sort of intelligence is transmitting mathematical patterns into space; second, that to carry over any sort of interstellar distance the message would have to be beamed, not broadcast; third, that someone wants an answer; and fourth, that we could get a reasonable radio fix on the beam. I will also assume, knowing your sneaky mind, that you will tell me we are technically capable of beaming back an answer."

"Your poems stink," the Doc said, "but those assumptions are in order."

"Unless I dissolved a poem in a test tube, you chemical peasant, you wouldn't recognize any of its parts. But you were getting set, I take it, to ask a question. Ask it."

"The question is very simple. What do you do?"

"First—as of assumption four—I try to locate the sender. Give me some specifications."

"Let it be at random. Say we get a fix on a star forty light-years off and with no others close enough to it to confuse the issue."

"And we have the technology with which to beam back an answer?"

"If we haven't existing gizmos to do the job, they could be whipped up readily enough."

"Since we could answer, then the question is: Should we answer?"

"That's the question."

"Correction: 'Should' is a theological question. Let's keep it scientific, you miscast moralist, and let the question read 'Would we answer?' "

"Agreed."

"The message took forty years to get here. For the sake of the decimal, let's calculate from 1970 and say we answer tomorrow. We have a message sent out to us in 1930, and they would have our first interstellar hello by 2010."

"Check."

"By the nature of the message, I have to guess someone out there is looking for someone, not necessarily here, but somewhere. They couldn't be beaming in all directions. They must have taken likely sightings on their star chart and gone prospecting. Which is to say, they won't know we are here unless we answer."

"Exactly."

"But if they are technologically up to such games, they must have a reason. If, for example, they have space ships, they might want to drop in. How long would that take?"

"Theoretically, they could accelerate to something like the speed of light. But they would also have to decelerate. Skip theory and assume eighty years for the trip."

"Which means visitors by 2090?"

"Possibly."

"Then we would not answer."

"Not even knowing we would be contacting a vastly superior technology?"

"Because we know it."

"Scientists would slaver at the chance."

"Then governments would put scientists in jail."

"You really think so?"

"There is no other possibility. Man began as a hunter. His genes are still bent to predation. His survival has depended on not letting game know where he is—unless of course he is driving it, in which case his survival has depended on not letting it know where the trap is. Could we expect to set a trap for such technologically superior beings?"

"I doubt it."

"Then we would not answer. We would know they were there. They would not know we are here. That leaves the advantage with us, and we would keep it. What we would do, I suspect, is start up a super NASA, a global one, to develop space ships and to sneak out there and scout them. That's a hunter's reaction and a hunter's method, and that is what we would do."

"Maybe so," Doc said, "but it does seem to be a scientific pity."

"So does the ape-man species."

And there we left it, where I had forgotten it until the Russians dealt themselves into the same fantasy. As fantasies go, I'm ready to claim that the Russians bear out my diagnosis, even to the point of keeping it private. All they talked about was *listening*, with not a word about *speaking out*. The Russians conceive of the whole game as one of sitting in an electronic thicket to spy out what comes by. With, I must assume, human intent—hunter's intent. Anything, after all, is empire, once you can find it . . . once you can dream of getting at it.

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The Case for Optimism

Recently, in Vancouver, British Columbia, I was asked whether I was optimistic about life in the United States. The questioner then recited a long list of minuses: the Vietnam War, the Amchitka nuclear test, the Mylai slaughter, deteriorating conditions in American cities, racial unrest, fierce poverty at a time of mammoth national income, deepening military influence in the nation's political, economic, and social affairs, and the general mood of violence in the lifestyle of the people.

I found myself in a position I had been in a number of times over the years, in such places as India, Pakistan, Nigeria, the Cameroons, Poland, Czechoslovakia, and the Soviet Union. People would ask questions in a way that indicated they expected a starkly negative reply. But I would find my answers running counter to their expectations. There is nothing like a vantage point outside the U.S. for instant perspective. It isn't so much that you feel the need to defend your country against outside criticism. What happens is that you realize people in other countries tend to reach distorted conclusions about the U.S., and you feel obligated to provide what you believe is a full and balanced appraisal.

One advantage of such an encounter is that you find your own views being put to the test. Just in the act of drawing up a balance sheet, you are apt to discover you are more optimistic than you realized. And this is what happened in Vancouver. As I attempted to respond to the specific points raised by my questioner, I found it necessary to deal with both pluses and minuses. Even on Vietnam, one could cite a substantial change from the situation of two years ago. A date for final withdrawal has not been set, but more than two-thirds of our troops have already left. American casualties have sharply decreased. This is not good enough, but at least we are no longer attempting to cope with the tragedy of Vietnam by compounding it. Two years ago, the public debate was over the pace of the escalation; today it is over the pace of de-escalation. Nothing is more predictable than the fact that for at least the next decade the American people in general and American historians in particular will be intensively combing over the mistakes that led us into the war and then prolonged it. This is all to the good.

Perhaps more important than anything else about Vietnam, however, is that it has come to represent a great dividing line in American history. The notion no longer holds that a U.S. President has a blank check in the field of foreign policy. There has been a fundamental change in the kinds of commitments that will be made by the President or by the military under him. U.S. foreign policy may not yet be in a state of ideal balance, but some of the balancing factors have at last come into play.

What has brought about the change? A multiplicity of factors, chief among which has been a widespread disillusion with the war and with all the attempts of government to make it seem to be something it was not. In a more general sense, what happened was that all the mechanisms of public opinion began to have a direct effect on the Vietnam War. The nation's youth spoke and acted, sometimes with fury but always with moral fervor. The fury might be deplored but the fervor could not be denied. Priests, nuns, ministers, and rabbis not only sanctioned antiwar protests but were in the front ranks. Businessmen formed a national organization to oppose the war. Newspaper and television reporters, editorial writers, and commentators kept coming up with facts that contradicted the accounts of government and made it increasingly difficult for officialdom to manipulate public opinion. The system was working.

What do we mean when we say that? No one—certainly not the framers of the U.S. Constitution—promised a system that could unfailingly produce wisdom and justice. What was promised and provided was a system that gave the people a chance to correct or dismiss the error-makers and trouble-makers. Men of poor judgment—indeed, knaves and scoundrels—might come to public office and they might inflict damage on the society; but they would be foolish to think that they would not encounter resistance or even be tossed out on their ears. What is truly significant about Americans in office is not their day-to-day power but their ultimate powerlessness. Too many people are looking over their shoulders and they have to run too many gantlets for them to be immune or inaccessible.

This process of public monitoring, with all its flux and frustrations, is in evidence not just on the Vietnam War but on many of the other problems mentioned by the Vancouver questioner. The nuclear test at Amchitka was rammed through. The problem here was not that the government was unreceptive to public opinion but that not enough leaders of public opinion ever really got into this act. At least, the government was never made to feel that it was dealing with a powerful force, as happened almost a decade ago during the fight over a limited nuclear test ban. But public opinion was stronger on Cannikin II than it was on Cannikin I. And the mounting protests in Canada and Japan over the arrogance of the United States in ignoring the appeals of others who might be affected will make the next test outside the continental United States that much more difficult.

As for Mylai, one fact that has been generally overlooked in the clamorous debate over the responsibility for the outrages is that this is the first time a nation has openly tried members of its own military for brutality or atrocities. The fact that men on the firing line rather than in the higher echelons were tried may be deplored and debated, but

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this does not set aside the historic significance of the trials.

Meanwhile, the unilateral destruction of the stockpiles of bacteriological weapons by the United States represents the first instance of any importance in which weapons have been renounced and eliminated rather than just limited. And, considering the strong case made by the military for the manufacture of such weapons, the President's decision to destroy the stockpiles should not be undervalued.

Similarly, it is difficult to overestimate the historic significance of the new U.S. policy on China. Few factors affecting the peace of the world carry more weight than the relationship of China to the West.

Returning to the other major American problems listed by my questioner in Vancouver—problems of poverty, human rights, environmental deterioration, the collapse of the cities, and all the rest—no one knows whether enough progress can be made in time to prevent a spiraling downturn in our society. But the nation has a substantial asset today for attempting to meet these problems. I refer to the nation's youth. The present generation of young Americans serves as reason enough for optimism over the American future, even if all other reasons were lacking. Taken as a whole, the youth of America today are probably more mindful of the seriousness of the nation's problems than any previous generation of Americans. They are asking hard questions and are insisting on honest answers.

They are tough-minded but tenderhearted. They cannot be pushed around —intellectually, socially, or politically. They can smell humbug or hypocrisy a mile away. They can't be fobbed off with slick formulations, and they don't lend themselves to manipulation—whether by government, teachers, parents, or even their own peers. They place proper value on human feelings as well as on human needs. They will literally turn the world upside down to combat cruelty or injustice. They have no particular fondness for organizations as such, but they like to work closely together so long as things don't become too formal or institutionalized. Above all, they shun artificiality and ostentation. They see no reason for disguising or changing the natural look of things. They are perhaps more a puzzlement to their parents than they would have been to their great-grandmothers who baked their own bread, knitted socks and sweaters, loved folk songs, and thought that fancy makeup actually detracted from the good looks of young girls.

The youth of the nation are rediscovering religion, not so much as worship but as a way of life. They are not afraid to go all the way in behalf of a moral or spiritual conviction and are literally determined to bet their lives on what they consider to be a moral principle.

They have no difficulty in recognizing the dominant challenge of the time, which is to comprehend the meaning of human oneness as well as to be able to accept allegiance to the family of man. They know that war, in the context of weapons of absolute destruction, has become total insanity, and they are unimpressed with the tradition that says there is no other way.

Have we nothing critical to say about youth? We are troubled that in their determination to see things in a new light they tend to cut themselves off from history. This makes the job of building a better world infinitely harder and more protracted than it need be. We are troubled, too, by the notion that the use of hard language is a blow for liberation. These are artificialities quite as pronounced as some of the affectations youth properly condemn in the older generation. But the dominant thrust of youth is toward sanity and integrity, whatever the incongruities.

Nor are we giving up on the older generation. Americans can bring about the great changes that are needed in their own country and in the world because they are attuned to change historically. They don't have to develop new political or philosophical reflexes before they can face up to their needs.

There is hope, then, in a plastic definition of Americans. Here we plagiarize from an earlier editorial. The case for optimism goes beyond the recognition of a divine itch or the sudden notion that there is an extra minute before midnight. The American experiment has succeeded in a way that Madison and Hamilton never dared dream it would. Its essential claim—that nothing is more important than individual man—has met the test and has been echoed on every continent. The individual man has come into his own. Thinking, feeling, musing, complaining, fending, creating, building, evading, desiring, he has become more important to the operators of his governments than ever before. The question, therefore, is not whether man is capable of prolonging and ennobling his stay on earth. The question is whether he recognizes his prime power —and also his duty—for accomplishing that purpose.

Having said this, I am quite prepared to set it all aside for the single most important argument in favor of optimism. Optimism supplies the basic energy of civilization. Optimism doesn't wait on facts. It deals with prospects. Pessimism is a waste of time. —N.C.

A House: For Shirley

by William Dickey

It's clear that it is of no real use to ask after attention.

A poem is a house in the mind. I live there.
Archimedes lives there. I don't ask
you to admire him.

But if you *should* admire him

then the house has walls hung with tapestries that show scenes
of great love, of great effort & accomplishment
and on the floors there are silk-knotted carpets intricate with
patterns of thin noble men in profile carrying hawks, & with
patterns of evasive but promising moon-breasted women &
in the sweet warmth of the jasmine garden outside there is the song
of a nightingale who pierces his endless breast with his
endless beak for love & pain.

That is not Archimedes, you say, looking at me with misgiving.

No, but it is the idea of a house, and all houses are houses.
We *live* there.

Again, it is of no real use to ask after attention.

But look.

Here I am drawing only this simplest, this very simplest figure
in this ordinary plain sand.
Come inside.

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Letters to the Editor

Cultivating Tomorrow

RICHARD L. TOBIN'S editorial "Jungle, Desert, Icebergs—and Hunger" [*SR*, Oct. 23] reacts to optimistic speculation by the U.N.'s Food and Agriculture Organization concerning means of introducing new lands to cultivation. These new lands will be needed to support a projected human population of thirty-six billion a century from now. One is tempted to caution the optimists that "virgin lands" are not easily introduced to cultivation—as Mr. Khrushchev learned in his time. Nonetheless, one may choose optimism today, for there are other breakthroughs impending to permit "freedom from hunger." These may be less spectacular, perhaps, but more likely of achievement in the foreseeable future than some cited in Mr. Tobin's editorial.

Primary plant production is conversion of the sun's energy by photosynthetic fixation of atmospheric carbon dioxide into carbon compounds—sugars, starches, cellulose, oils, etc. Only some 1 to 2 per cent of the sun's energy that falls on our fields is "captured" in this way. It is theoretically possible to increase primary productivity to near 8 per cent of solar energy. Most of the solar energy unused in photosynthesis (the remaining 98-99 per cent) is consumed in the process of evaporation by which liquid water in the soil is converted to vapor and transported into the atmosphere. Only a small share of the water evaporates directly from the shaded soil where plants grow. Most water passes through the plant and is evaporated at the leaf surface—a process called transpiration.

We have reason to think that a very large portion of transpiration is unnecessary for proper plant growth and that actual water consumption can be reduced to as little as 10-20 per cent of that now consumed in irrigated fields or where rain is plentiful. If so, many more acres of land can be irrigated with only the certain water resources we have available today.

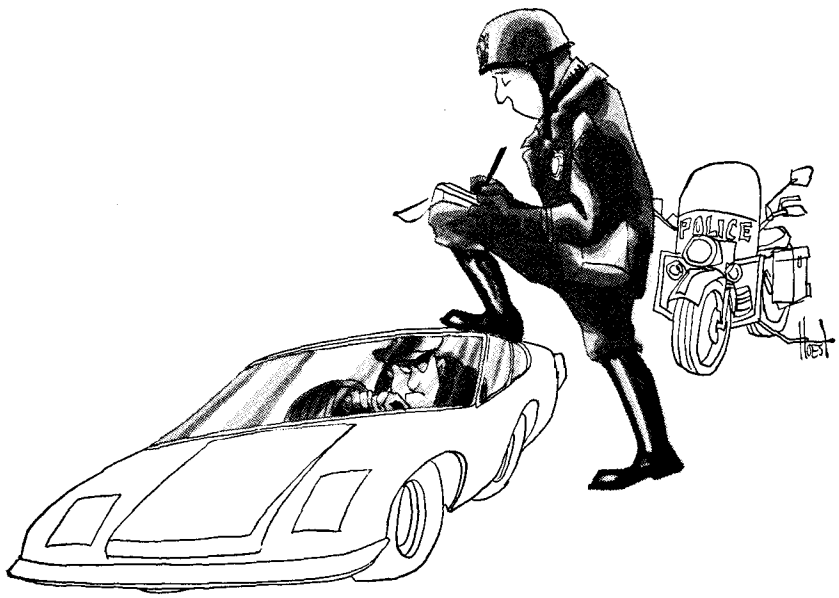
How will primary plant productivity be increased and water use reduced? There are major research efforts now under way that aim:

- to determine the plant biochemical pathways and internal resistances to photosynthetic fixation of carbon dioxide and to breed plants in which the photosynthetic mechanism is more efficient;
- to determine the optimum architecture of the plant leaf canopy to permit the maximum penetration of light and air carrying carbon dioxide to the photosynthetically active areas;
- to learn whether the air around growing plants can be effectively enriched in carbon dioxide concentration;
- to develop means of reducing the environmental stresses (strong winds, extreme dryness, or high temperature) that cause frequent wilting and consequent reduction in growth and photosynthetic opportunity. Windbreaks of trees, fences, or tall plants sheltering short ones offer promise;
- to find ways to dissipate the excess energy that solar radiation loads on plants so as to reduce transpiration. Breeding plants to reflect a greater portion of sunlight or application of artificial coatings of reflectant materials on plants may be successful.

By these means and others it is conceivable that productivity of our already cultivated lands will be doubled or tripled in the next century—and with far less water use per acre than now supports our relatively feeble production. The water saved will go a long way toward developing an expanded and safer agricultural base than we have today.

I calculate that if we could reduce evaporation and transpiration from the surface of the continental United States by only 1 per cent for a single day, some fifty billion gallons of water might be saved. This is about as much as the iceberg might give when delivered to Australia. Perhaps the icebergs can be left to the seals and penguins after all.

NORMAN J. ROSENBERG,
Professor, Agricultural Climatology,
University of Nebraska,
Lincoln, Neb.



Goldwater Rebutted

SENATOR Barry Goldwater [LETTERS TO THE EDITOR, Oct. 23] refers me to a list of 153 cases of unauthorized wars and five declared wars that he inserted in the *Congressional Record* for the benefit of "serious students of Constitutional law." The backbone of the list, as I suggested [LETTERS TO THE EDITOR, Oct. 2], proves to be Rogers's list of 149 cases in *World Policing and the Constitution*; very often the language is borrowed verbatim. But there are omissions that shorten and subdivisions that lengthen the list; these are attributable for the most part to the 1967 State Department list of 137 cases. Nevertheless, the Senator has added a valuable new analysis. This reduces to fifty-six the cases of "hostile operations involving actual gunfire or imminent threat of warfare" and adds to the five declared wars "sixty-three military operations arguably initiated under prior legislative authority." This makes the Senator's list the most useful thus far published.

But we must still recognize two points that Rogers makes very firmly: In the great majority of these cases there was no confrontation of forces and no bloodshed; and the Constitution assigns the war power exclusively to Congress. We must also recognize that in a considerable majority of the cases before FDR the action in question was undertaken by a naval or Army captain without an order from any superior, so that if these are valid precedents they are precedents for warmaking by any commissioned officer.

I could understand the Senator's position better if I could read the quotation from Corwin to which he subscribes in context. Of course, I know Corwin's defense in the *New Republic*, January 29, 1951, of the Constitutional theory of Senator Taft against Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., and other "high flying prerogative men" who claimed for the President "a truly royal prerogative in the field of foreign relations."

Persuasive to me is the position of those strict constructionists who believed that the Constitution means what it says when it gives a monopoly of the war power to Congress—Thomas Jefferson, Alexander Hamilton, Chief Justice Marshall, James Monroe, John Quincy Adams, Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, Abraham Lincoln, Justice Grier, William Howard Taft, and Robert A. Taft.

FRANCIS D. WORMUTH,
University of Utah,
Salt Lake City, U.

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The Death Rattles of Rock

by ED DOWLING

REVOLT INTO STYLE:
The Pop Arts

by George Melly

Doubleday-Anchor, 270 pp., paperback $1.95

If you've ever felt tempted to agree with those who condemn Rock music as pernicious, a plot to ruin the republic, you may enjoy George Melly's account of the rise and fall of Rock and how it initiated far-reaching changes in culture and society. And if you've been wondering what the children will feed their heads with now that High Rock is finished, *Revolt Into Style* may allay some of your fears.

The book is a pure delight, the first truly intelligent and literate history of the Rock phenomenon, an antithesis to the recent spate of mindless hagiologies. Surprisingly enough, it may also be the first coherent and truthful account of what makes the fashion industries tick, not the rag trade alone but any business out to sell style, any kind of style, from high to camp high and low, to *kitsch*.

In England the party is indeed over. Ah, but what a party it was! And *how*, after reading Melly's book, I regret not having been there to join in the pandemonium. But, with Melly's help, I can content myself with a vicarious enjoyment without running any of the risks the partygoers incurred.

Melly writes with full breath in a fine, pure, disciplined style, all salt and no sugar, all meat and no potatoes. His credentials are creditable: b. Liverpool, 1926 (fine vintage). Able-bodied seaman. Art gallery assistant. Jazz singer. Writer. Critic. And, unlike most celebrants of Rock, he is no gushing idolater:

> The trick is to shift the emphasis so that the pop idol, originally representing a masculine rebel, is transformed into a masturbation fantasy-object for adolescent girls.
>
> The shrieking, squirming audience in the process of self-induced mass-orgasm is, depending on one's viewpoint, unattractive, or disturbing, or sad, but it is controllable. The individual girl mooning over her pop-hero is, for most parents, irritating enough to convince her that she is in revolt, but it is in most cases both temporary and unimportant.
>
> Furthermore this mass-shrieking and solitary mooning are, from the authorities' viewpoint, preferable to the growth of male aggression on whatever level and, on the promotional side, has the commercial advantage of gradually extending its range to include a younger and wider audience before losing its momentum.

Melly tells the whole sordid story; he names names—heroes and villains—and celebrates the few who escaped being utterly crushed, as well as those who were destroyed. He omits nothing but, happily, dwells on neither the glory nor the squalor. More than adequate recognition is extended by him to those creations (I classify them as High Rock) with which popular culture almost attained the heights of high culture, of monumentality; *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band* may be one.

"Pop culture," comments Melly, "has not only introduced contemporary life to art but also kicked art out into the streets to fend for itself." Rock music —Melly calls it pop music but his terms won't confuse you—has, in his view, "shown the possibility of the evolution of a new kind of culture, neither 'popular' nor mandarin."

"For better or worse," he says—and I am in wholehearted agreement—, "pop culture has changed everything,

ED DOWLING, former television critic of the *New Republic*, has made a lifelong study of popular culture.

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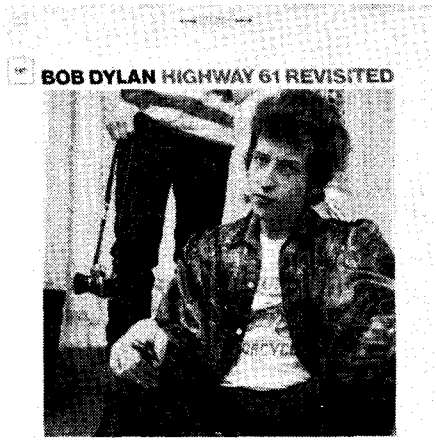

Pop's anti-intellectualism, its rejection of a cultural heritage in favor of instant creativity, means that its executants rely entirely on their instincts. Most pop talent is, in the traditional sense, under-educated, improvisational rather than thoughtful. Given such inspiration, it can move brilliantly and rapidly along a path but eventually it finds itself facing a brick wall without the means to climb over it. Its reaction at this point is . . . to turn desperately to unreal solutions.

—from *Revolt Into Style*

and nothing can ever be the same again. It has acted as a catalyst."

With the precision of a Dürer, George Melly tells us more about the Rock phenomenon than could be learned from all the back issues of *Rolling Stone* and adulatory hasty biographies. He examines the permutations of other media as the result of Rock—most interestingly, the school of graphics he terms "Visual Pop," which we, after Alloway, persist in labeling Pop Art. He gives us a thorough genealogy of Rock, and documents in disk-by-disk detail its brief and flamboyant history. For Melly, the "primitive beginnings" of Rock were in 1956; the "classic period" was from 1963 to 1966, and its present "noisy and brilliant decadence" started in 1969. Give or take a year, I would not quarrel with Melly's classification nor question its applicability to the course of Rock in America, the home land of Rock 'n' Roll.

In a poem about Elvis Presley, Thom Gunn wrote, "He turns revolt into a style"—a comment that gave Melly the title and theme for this book, which tells how Rock grew out of revivalist jazz, skiffle, "screw and smash" music of the Teddy Boy days, and Rock 'n' Roll. "Esthetically and morally," writes Melly, "[Rock 'n' Roll] rates pretty low in my book. Yet its crudity and violence were probably necessary to force the breach. Most revolutions begin by exploiting the mob at its worst."

Whereas myriads turn back in nostalgia to the old r'n'r, very little of High Rock survives. Attempts at making music in the High Rock tradition are for the most part either epigonal, wispy and spectral, the ulcerous wraith of *Sgt. Pepper*, or they're neo-primitive and mindless—presenting a Hobson's choice between Rock as a wailing *castrati* or Rock reduced to a rumble.

Melly reveals how the power failure occurred:

> Each successive pop music explosion has come roaring out of the clubs in which it was born like an angry young bull. Watching from the other side of the gate, the current Establishment has proclaimed it dangerous, subversive, a menace to youth, and demanded something be done about it. Something is. Commercial exploitation advances toward it holding out a bucketful of recording contracts, television appearances and world-wide fame. Then, once the muzzle is safely buried in the golden mash, the cunning butcher nips deftly along the flank and castrates the animal. After this painless operation, the Establishment realizes it is safe to advance into the field and gingerly pats the now docile creature which can then be safely relied on to grow fatter and stupider until the moment when fashion decides it is ready for the slaughterhouse.

The only way out for the young bull is to metempsychose himself into a matador, and let the stylemongers play the bull. A few managed this difficult trick but the making of High Rock could not long continue under the duress.

Nevertheless the Rock *corrida* cleared some space for a rediscovery of the old folk culture, as in the work of Bob Dylan, who makes new songs by reassembling elements of the folk tradition, sometimes with almost surrealist results. If now we whites have taken to ransacking our attics in quest of honestly made, "authentic" goods, and discover amid granny's dresses an almost forgotten legacy from the heroic days of our land, it was the black tradition, and especially the black music, that kept us alive, if at one slight remove from moribundity.

The process Melly analyzes is less a revolutionary one, in any sense, than it is metamorphic: Rock is, or rather was, a crucial moment in a global process we are beginning to recognize as

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a transformation—whirled without *end*, as *Joyce put it. I speak of Rock* in the past tense because, for us, the heyday of Rock ended abruptly with the coming of the Nixon administration, after reaching its apogee a year earlier, the summer of '68, a high point also of political and social dissolution. Some have condemned Rock as an agent of that dissolution, wrongly I think. Rock, as Melly analyzes it, was instead an almost successful mutiny against the tyranny of the industrialists of folklore. For a time the mutiny seemed about to triumph, to break the hammerlock the tin-pan alleys of New York, Hollywood, and Nashville had on the possibilities of genuine creation as opposed to repetition and marginal differentiation in the forms of popular music.

Not revolutionary of intent, but *faithful in rebellion, Rock music at its* best only expressed the aspirations of the street poets who worked in it and reflected what they saw in a rapidly changing environment. Its crest now fallen, Rock goes off shuffle-footing to a trivial end. Yet it may, in an important sense, prove immortal, for Rock survives encoded in the ganglia, pulsating in the pelvises, of all who learned to shake and swing their butts to its rhythms—and that's almost everyone under forty, and many past the *quarantaine*. For this considerable populace there continues to be manufactured a music they can still wiggle their privates to—Soul—echoing the great basso beat out of which High Rock evolved. And those who were too young to catch, say, the Beatles, their first time around, can hear the old Liverpudlian melodies, a bit ground down and washed out, on the bubblegum stations. And on quiet nights when the wind is right we who were shaken into revolt with more than a little help from Rock can replay the old records and dream of the days of early '68 when the millennium seemed right around the corner.

Melly's book can help us to understand what we've been going through, and what we missed, in the past five or six years. And it may help the avid consumers of revolutionism to see that style can't be bought in a boutique; it's not mere clothes. Style is a response to history, not an acceptance of the dictates of fashion. Style is a sharp-edged sword, a way to cut through the cultural jungle, and style is consequential, for, as Melly observes of England (and I'm sure it's true of the United States, too), as a result of the Rock rebellion "we are more open, less stuffy, less intellectually snobbish, more loving. . . . We have become less scared of our feelings, less concerned with imprisoning conventions . . . , less easily duped, more spontaneous."

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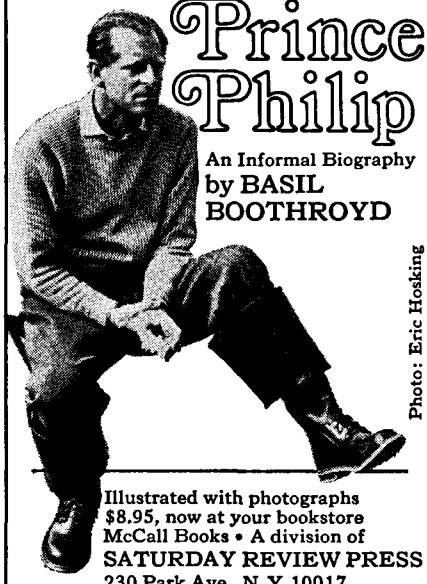

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Book Forum

Letters from Readers

Poverty and Punishment

EMILE CAPOUYA, reviewing *If They Come in the Morning*, by Angela Davis [*SR*, Oct. 30], offers two alternative diagnoses to the syndrome of disproportionate numbers of the poor black or brown, disproportionate numbers of black or brown on prison rolls, and the common symptom of poverty.

May I suggest a third explanation for this syndrome? Instead of poverty causing criminality, might not the vaccination of a bit of wealth and community standing inoculate that offender from conviction? We tend to equate conviction with criminality, which ignores factors preventing conviction.

I agree with Capouya that we need to put outrage and prejudice aside and consider Angela Davis's contentions seriously.

WILMA KNODLE,
Seattle, Wash.

I AM AN EX-CONVICT. Since my release from Folsom Prison, I have been uniformly poorer than I was before I was committed to prison. Yet I have committed no crimes since then. How do the theorists explain that? My own feeling is that this difference has come about because while in prison I became a Buddhist, and so made the discovery that a man's circumstances never create his character. It is only his own reactions to those circumstances that have such power.

Capouya's theory also leaves unexplained the almost total abstention from crime among Americans of Japanese and Chinese descent despite the existence of extreme poverty amongst them. Traditionally, this is "explained" by referring to the strong family structure of Oriental peoples. Yet, according to further theory, poverty erodes the family structure into oblivion. So the theory collapses.

The fact is that the crime rate, like the revolution rate, rises among people who are emerging from poverty and into at least a lower-middle-class grouping. Thus it is not the poverty but the emergence that throws society into turmoil.

It is no cure for crime to give the poor more money; it is a cure for crime to help them to understand and control their reactions. Such understanding and control apply to all people—the rich, the median group, and the poor, for it is this lack of control that brings us into conflict with ourselves and with society.

BRUCE C. TYLER,
Indianapolis, Ind.

Author's Note

IF ALDEN WHITMAN [*SR*, Oct. 30] had read the Author's Note in my book *The Literary Decade*—as any diligent reviewer would—he'd have seen my explanation that authors like Floyd Dell and Eugene O'Neill were covered at length in my previous book, *The Improper Bohemians*.

In his review Mr. Whitman also accuses me of writing a prose abundant in clichés. Those he cited seemed more sardonic, or tongue-in-cheek, to me. And that, dear readers, is precisely the way they were intended.

ALLEN CHURCHILL,
New York, N.Y.

Weak Device

FELIX GREENE'S PETULANT REPLY [BOOK FORUM, Oct. 2] to my review of *The Enemy* [*SR*, July 3] has just come to my attention.

I am neither surprised nor impressed that *The Enemy* has been published in Sweden, France, etc., since sensationalist works of this type, especially if they are rabidly anti-American, find a ready audience abroad.

Mr. Greene's implication that the book was reviewed unfavorably because it is "leftish" [*sic*] is a weak device which is frequently employed by ideologues of both the far left and right in a forlorn attempt to refute legitimate criticism. I criticized the book because it is ineptly researched, poorly reasoned, filled with fallacies, and badly written. Furthermore, Ronald Steel, whose *Imperialists and Other Heroes* I reviewed along with Greene's book and found quite praiseworthy (any comparison of the two books is indeed devastating for Mr. Greene), also criticizes the United States from the left; but his critique, unlike Greene's, is intelligent and skillful.

About the only really good use for this particular work by Mr. Greene is the one which he inadvertently supplies himself in his letter: "as an example of how not to write a book."

E. BERKELEY TOMPKINS,
Dover, Del.

Civilizing Graces

NED O'GORMAN'S REVIEW of *Children's Rights: Toward the Liberation of the Child* [*SR*, Oct. 23] is sheer poetry.

I thank him for the courage to speak out against the half-truths and irresponsible rhetoric of the new tuned-in sects. It was delightful to find that someone who deals with young children on a day-to-day basis finds that civilizing graces are still helpful in survival, and that tradition, discipline, morality, and religion can contribute to the quality of one's life.

RUTH BARNETS,
Cincinnati, O.

NED O'GORMAN HAS HIT the fatuous, antisocial child haters right in their peabrained chicness. I wish there were more Ned O'Gormans; perhaps then the voice of reason, of common sense and love could overcome. Meanwhile the child exploiters are literally making a killing, with all of society as the loser as they manipulate our children.

MILDRED N. KATZ,
Saginaw, Mich.

NED O'GORMAN'S REVIEW was a vehicle for O'Gorman's self-justification of his opinions of school people based on "three months as a Headstart director"; for unsupported (via documentation or reference) aspersions on the respective writers' understanding of Freud, Jung, or Montessori; and for ambiguous judgments of quoted writing—which ought to have seemed bland to anyone knowledgeable in Freudian theory and terminology—as "rot" and "debased." Confounding one's search for more about the book were O'Gorman's pontifications.

It was a bad review on every count, but mainly because it abused its purpose.

LEON LEVITT,
Los Angeles, Calif.

AS A "RESIDENT" in good standing at Washington State Penitentiary, I see all about me products of homes and an educational system which obviously used the ideas behind *Children's Rights*. Re-education is a must before rehabilitation of these convicts can become a reality. I firmly believe that most of America's criminal problems today arose from unruly thinking essayed into prominence by such books.

JAMES M. DEAVER,
Walla Walla, Wash.

"The answer is yes. Now move over. The Jets are on the ten-yard line."

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THE MEDVEDEV PAPERS: The Plight of Soviet Science Today

by Zhores A. Medvedev translated from the Russian by Vera Rich

St. Martin's, 470 pp., $11.95

A QUESTION OF MADNESS

by Zhores A. and Roy A. Medvedev translated from the Russian by Ellen de Kadt

Knopf, 224 pp., $5.95

Reviewed by Susan Jacoby

■ At first glance, it would indeed seem to be a question of madness if anyone tried to establish a connection between biology, gerontology, Nobel Prize-winning literature, censorship of the mails, restrictions on international travel, and the practice of locking up political dissenters in mental hospitals. In the Soviet Union all of these matters are sadly and logically linked. Their interrelationship is painstakingly documented by Zhores Medvedev and his brother Roy in *The Medvedev Papers* and *A Question of Madness*.

The two books grew out of Zhores's experiences as a Soviet scientist and as a detainee in an insane asylum, where the doctors seemed interested primarily in his political and social views. The Medvedevs' focus is on the way Soviet society deals with people who hold unorthodox opinions, whether in science, literature, or politics. Roy, a historian, defines the issue clearly in *A Question of Madness*:

> As we all know, only the socialist revolution put into practice the main principle of democracy: government on behalf of and in the interests of the majority of the people. However, while striving to achieve this most important democratic principle, we have not paid enough attention either in the past or the present to another equally important one—the right of the minority to express and defend its own point of view. . . . This is important not only for the minority but for the majority, for the whole of society. The majority might be wrong and the minority right. . . . The right of dissent should not be thought peculiar to bourgeois democracy. It is a most important feature of any democracy.

Roy's comments reflect a vital fact about both brothers: they are communists who also believe in individual liberty. Reformers, not revolutionaries, they should not be confused with those Soviet political dissidents who maintain that their society is rotten to the core. The Medvedevs would allow what they regard as radical political dissent, even though they disagree with it; they are convinced that discussion, not repression, is the proper response to political controversy. That is the main difference between the Medvedevs and the men who run the Soviet Union today.

Zhores and Roy are identical twins, born in 1925. Their father was a Communist Party member who, after serving in the Red Army during the civil war following the Bolshevik Revolution, became a professor of philosophy at Leningrad State University. Like all Party members during the Thirties, the elder Medvedev was in a painfully exposed and dangerous position. He was arrested in the great purges of 1937-38 and died in one of Stalin's prison camps.

Roy eventually became a historian and Zhores a biologist—neither of them comfortable occupations for honest scholars in the USSR. In 1961, Zhores began to write a history of the devastation of Soviet science by Stalin's charlatan geneticist, Trofim D. Lysenko.

Lysenko's basic position was a complete refutation of Mendelian theory; he held that the development of animal and plant life could be shaped entirely by environment, and expounded his theories for the public with the pithy saying, "The zygote is no fool." Lysenko's ideas fitted in neatly with the official conceit that an entirely new being, Communist Man, was being created in the Soviet Union.

Zhores's history, published in the United States in 1969 under the title *The Rise and Fall of T. D. Lysenko*, traced the damage that Lysenko's total acceptance by the Kremlin had inflicted on Soviet science and agriculture. It also paid tribute to courageous Russian scientists who died in prison camps for opposing Lysenko. The book was never published in the USSR—although that was Zhores's most earnest desire—but it was read privately by many Soviet scientists. Zhores was one of the leaders of the attack on Lysenko that began after Stalin's death—despite Nikita Khrushchev's fondness for Lysenko's theories—and achieved a large measure of success after Khrushchev's ouster from power.

The Lysenko book and the portion of *The Medvedev Papers* that details the official restrictions on international exchange of ideas by Soviet scientists played an important role in Zhores's forcible commitment to Kaluga Psychiatric Hospital on May 29, 1970. If one can judge by the doctors' interrogation, so did his friendship with the writer Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, whose Nobel Prize-winning novels are banned in his homeland.

Among the questions put to Zhores were:

Roy and Zhores Medvedev—"communists who believe in individual liberty."

> "How did the translator get a copy of your manuscript on the controversy in genetics?" [The doctor was referring to the American edition of the Lysenko book.]
>
> "What can be the use of the publication of this book, when the truth has already been established?"
>
> "Why do you want to publish abroad your book on international scientific cooperation? Who has read it?"
>
> "Do you have enemies? Friends?"

And, later: "How did Solzhenitsyn's troubles begin?" Zhores replied, "What does that have to do with me?" The psychiatrist answered, "But really now, I wasn't asking as a doctor. I was just curious."

A Question of Madness contains Zhores's firsthand account of his confinement, and Roy's report of his successful campaign to free his brother. Approximately three weeks after he had been carted off to the hospital Zhores was released, largely as a result of vigorous protests from prominent scientists, literary figures, and old Bolsheviks.

The Medvedev Papers consists of one section on Soviet barriers to international scientific cooperation, and another on censorship of personal mail. The two parts fit together logically, since mail censorship prevents Soviet scientists from keeping in touch with research being conducted by their colleagues abroad.

Ellen de Kadt's translation is superior to Vera Rich's, largely because Miss de Kadt writes a more coherent English sentence than does Miss Rich. There is a woodenness about her translation that suggests she has recorded every word of the Russian in English instead of making literate English of

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"Your chimney was full of soot."

the text. Miss de Kadt's rendering captures Zhores Medvedev's sense of the absurd, which fortunately did not desert him even while incarcerated. Translation problems aside, these are among the most important nonfiction works to come out of the USSR since Stalin's death.

Another book of major significance by Roy Medvedev, to be published by Knopf next January under the title *Let History Decide*, will provide the first attempt at an honest comprehensive history of the Stalin era by a Soviet scholar. The manuscript was reportedly submitted to the Communist Party Central Committee for publication inside the USSR but the necessary approval was, of course, not given. The line of the present Soviet leaders is that any abuses of the Stalin era—always referred to euphemistically as the "cult of personality"—have been corrected and it is unnecessary to unearth old skeletons. The writings of both Medvedevs do just that.

There is ample evidence that the Soviet government takes their books very seriously. The KGB (Soviet secret police) confiscated all of Roy's private papers in mid-October, and on October 23 the government newspaper *Izvestia* published a lengthy denial of charges that mentally sound Soviet citizens were being detained in psychiatric hospitals because of their political views.

"The malignant critics," *Izvestia* stated, "are concerned about only one thing, to portray insane persons as 'fighters for ideas.'" For the Soviet press to bring such charges out into the open is highly unusual, and the article may well have been an indication of government fears that the Medvedev account will attract wide attention both abroad and within the USSR.

Soviet officials cannot, as they are wont to do, dismiss the Medvedev books as hysterical anti-Soviet propaganda. The patriotism, integrity, and —hardly a non sequitur in this case— sanity of the authors are evident in every line.

In a particularly poignant chapter of *The Medvedev Papers*, Zhores describes his deep disappointment at being denied permission to travel to England to deliver an annual lecture before a symposium on gerontological research. The day he would have given the speech he was digging potatoes on a state farm near his research institute, about eighty miles from Moscow. Sending scientists and other intellectuals to spend an occasional working day in fields or factories is a well-established Soviet practice.

Fortunately, Zhores's lecture was read in absentia. A foreign scientist who had been visiting Moscow was able to take the manuscript with him. It could not have been mailed out of the country without approval from the official censorship agency, Glavlit, which had placed its official stamp of approval on the manuscript too late for it to be received for the symposium in England by ordinary mail.

Zhores said he followed the same course taken by Nikolai Vavilov in 1939 when he was not allowed to attend a genetics congress in Scotland. Vavilov was one of the most prominent Soviet scientists to suffer arrest and death because he opposed Lysenko. "At that period, Vavilov was risking far more than I was," Zhores writes. "I regard this as an example for scientists to follow, and in this case I find no moral problem in breaking rules when they have become ridiculous."

Zhores Medvedev, however, is not concerned so much with his personal disappointments as with the adverse effects of isolation on Soviet science. He points out that Charles Darwin could never have become the founder of modern biology if he had been a Soviet citizen because he would have been refused official permission for the extensive foreign travel needed to gather information on the origin of species.

A Question of Madness might no have been written if Zhores had not been requested to report to an Obninsk psychiatric clinic for out-patient treatment. After his brother's release from the hospital, Roy discussed Zhores's case with a high KGB official in Moscow. They agreed that the Medvedevs would consider the matter closed if Zhores received no further harassment about his "mental illness" from Party, KGB, or public health authorities.

When Zhores was again summoned to appear for treatment, the Medvedevs concluded that KGB had broken its bargain. Zhores's hospital file describes his alleged illness as "incipient schizophrenia" accompanied by "paranoid delusions of reforming society." It states that Zhores's split personality is revealed by "the need to combine scientific work in his field with publicist activities, an overestimation of his own personality, and poor adaptation to the social environment." The mind boggles at the number of historical figures in government, science, and art who would fit such a description.

The Medvedevs do not argue against the political use of psychiatry merely on behalf of people who share their opinions. In this respect they are brave and unusual, for every segment of the Soviet intelligentsia is cursed by a reluctance to speak out against repression unless its own narrow interests are threatened.

The Medvedevs contend that, while Stalin's rule was completely lawless and arbitrary, his successors often punish people whose activities violate not written laws but the unwritten taboos that are still more powerful than statutes in the Soviet Union. Putting political dissidents on public trial makes a bad impression on the rest of the world; diagnosing them as insane is quicker and quieter.

Roy describes his conversations with General Pyotr Grigorenko, who has

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been confined in mental institutions since the spring of 1969 for his efforts to democratize Soviet society. Roy said that, though he did not agree with many of Grigorenko's ideas, they were "clearly a question of a system of views and not of mental health. Any argument with Grigorenko can only be conducted by means of political dialogue, not with the aid of compulsory hospitalization."

The issues raised in *A Question of Madness* are especially pertinent at this time. The Soviet authorities have shown no signs of ending their practice of forcing dissenters into psychiatric wards. Volodya Bukovsky, an important figure in the Moscow dissident community, has been held without trial since last March and is now imprisoned in the notorious Serbsky Institute. The doctors there have been particularly willing to come up with any diagnosis the political authorities want.

The Soviet Human Rights Committee, headed by the distinguished nuclear physicist Andrei Sakharov, has appealed to the World Psychiatric Association to place the unjustified incarceration of political dissidents as psychopaths on the agenda of its international congress in Mexico City beginning November 28.

A prime piece of evidence before the congress should be the writings of two completely sane and honest men, Zhores and Roy Medvedev.

Susan Jacoby, formerly a reporter for the Washington Post, recently returned from two years in Moscow. Her book of profiles of ten Russians will be published by Coward, McCann & Geoghegan next year.

WIT TWISTER #244

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

With — — — — on her lips, the abbess dies,
Where none can see — — — — thieves who struck her down.
The holy — — — —, the sought-for vessel, lies
Unseen and safe beneath her flowing gown.

—A. S.

(Answer on page 39)

In the last few years, more people have switched to Tanqueray than to any other imported gin.*

PRONOUNCE IT "TANKER-RAY"

*Source: *Time* Magazine Marketing Information Research Report 1489

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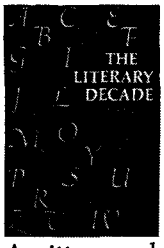

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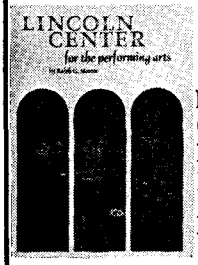

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THE RIVALS:
America and Russia Since World War II

by Adam B. Ulam

Viking, 405 pp., $10.95

NATIONS IN DARKNESS:
China, Russia, and America

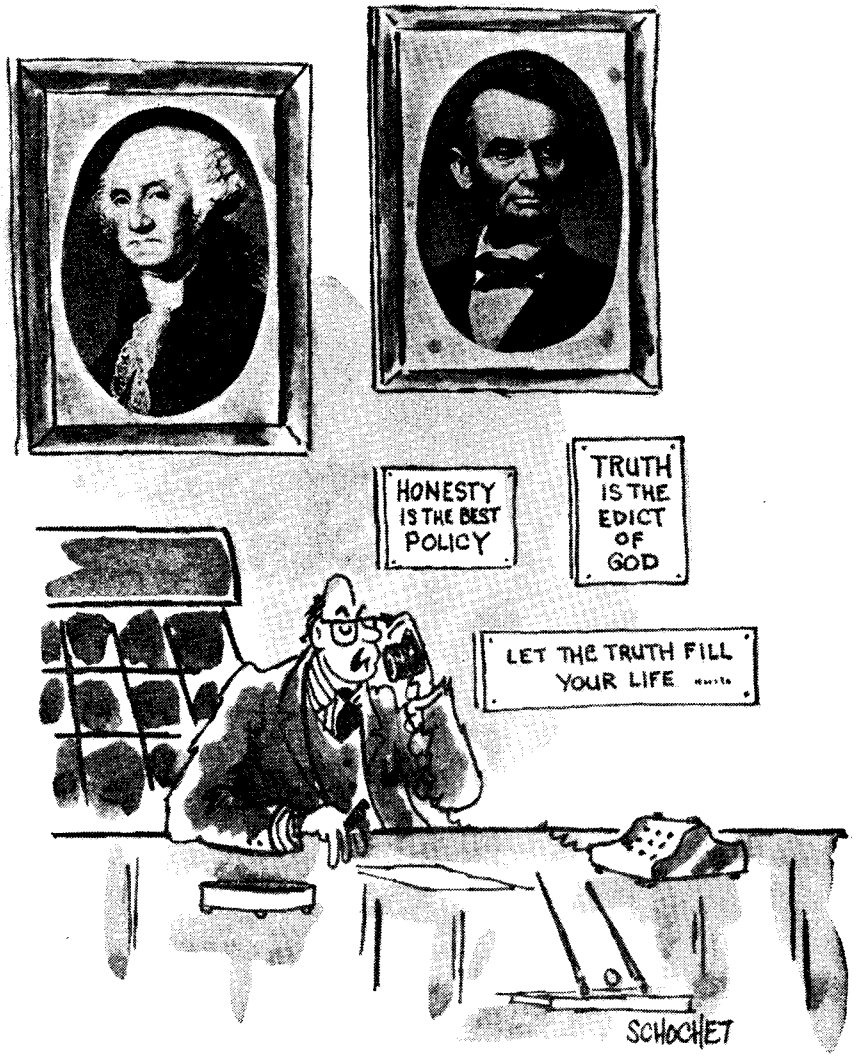
by John G. Stoessinger

Random House, 197 pp., $6.95; paperback, $2.95

Reviewed by Harry Schwartz

■ During the past several months the non-Soviet world—particularly the United States—has been the target of one of the greatest public relations campaigns in all history: the current Peking effort to create a new, attractive image of Communist China. As proof of just how effective this program is, the stream of American Ping-Pong players, journalists, and doctors returning home from the now-standard Grand Tour can be counted upon to tell the same story: In Mao's China the old puritan virtues reign supreme. The people work hard, live modestly, selflessly help one another, and assiduously study Mao's maxims for pointers to the good life and for solutions to their problems. Mao's China, the story continues, is a land without drug pushers, drunks, bully-beggars, generational conflicts, antigovernment protesters, or any of the other evidences of alienation so disturbingly abundant on this side of the Pacific. Furthermore, the spokesman for this China and the hero of this tale is none other than the Old Testament prophet reborn, Chou En-lai, so gracious, simple and sincere in manner, so obviously wise, patient and long-suffering, so clearly the incarnation of the true, the good, and the virtuous.

This latest bit of national posturing is highly relevant to both of the interesting books reviewed here. The basic premise of each is that international relations ultimately depend upon the images that different nations, their peoples, and their leaders have of each other; and that when those images are false—as the authors of *The Rivals* and *Nations in Darkness* agree they fre-



"Would I lie to you?"

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quently are—the result is apt to be serious, since false images produce mistaken and occasionally catastrophic policies.

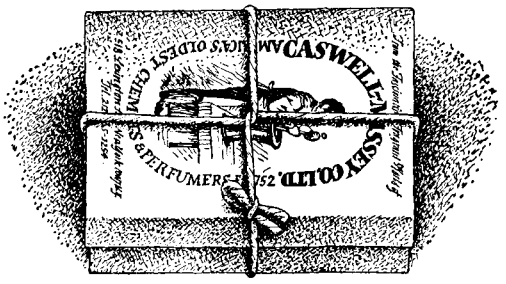
Adam B. Ulam's brilliant study of Soviet-American relations since World War II—the best in this area I have ever read—catalogues the repeated blunders by Washington arising from its inability to understand the Kremlin and its strength or lack thereof. Professor Ulam reminds us, for example, of President Truman's incredible naïveté in thinking of Stalin as "Uncle Joe," a man of good will thwarted by a nasty Politburo. Truman's understanding reached its nadir when he proposed sending then Supreme Court Chief Justice Fred Vinson as a Presidential envoy to Stalin. The President's rationale for this fantastic mission, which was abandoned only as a result of Secretary of State George C. Marshall's threat to resign if it was carried out, was: "If we could only get Stalin to unburden himself to someone on our side he could trust, I thought we could get somewhere."

In Professor Ulam's view, the United States—even after finally reconciling itself to the idea that the Soviet Union was not a friend—failed time and again from the late 1940s through the early 1960s to perceive the true economic, political, and military weakness of the USSR vis-à-vis this country. As a result, the United States played a very poor game of international poker: it repeatedly allowed itself to be outbluffed and outplayed, despite the fact that it had by far the stronger hand. Although this prolonged error of judgment is of primary importance in explaining the failure of U.S. foreign policy, Professor Ulam sees this nation's "passion for self-destructive virtue," its "relentless moralism" —which has so often been directed against America's friends to the delight and profit of America's enemies —as of scarcely less moment. As Professor Ulam justly observes: "Since World War II, the Americans have consistently confused rhetoric with policy and have failed to distinguish between those ultimate goals which a democratic society must profess and strive for and those practical adjustments and compromises (both with the ideal solution and with one's protagonists) which are the stuff of international politics."

When Professor Ulam concluded his book in March of this year, he could not know that in mid-July President Nixon would announce that he intended to visit China, yet the wisdom of that decision for both Peking and Washington is implicit in much of

Answer to Wit Twister, page 37:
aves, save, vase.

FROM FAR AWAY PLACES & IN BETWEEN



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Ulam's discussion. One suspects, however, that he must find the new rhetoric about Mao's China as distressingly naïve as that about Stalin after the Second World War.

John G. Stoessinger's book, less imposing in size, focuses more directly upon the issue of leaders' misperceptions and the dire consequences these may entail. As he writes, "international relations are often what people *think* they are; or, to put it in other words, . . . under certain conditions, men respond not to realities but to fictions that they have themselves created." Moreover, stereotypes on one side of an international relationship encourage the production of corresponding stereotypes by the other, and the invariable danger here is that a stereotype held and acted upon long enough may set in motion forces which will convert a false image—the idea that another nation is an implacable foe, for example—into a self-fulfilling prophecy.

The bulk of *Nations in Darkness* consists of ten vignettes depicting historical situations in which mutual Chinese-American and Soviet-American misperceptions forced those nations into committing expensive blunders. On the whole, these vignettes are deftly done, although not all of Dr. Stoessinger's readers will necessarily agree that every "misperception" he details deserves the label.

Concerning the basic question of how to prevent such errors in the future, Professor Stoessinger provides no foolproof formulas, but he does offer a number of useful ideas. In particular, his suggestion that leaders surround themselves with strong individuals representing sharply divergent views makes considerable sense. For many leaders, however, the psychological difficulties involved would likely be intolerable. Furthermore, it is sobering to recall that for a time Lyndon Johnson had such an eloquent dove as George Ball in his entourage yet the latter's protestations appear to have had little impact upon the nature of Johnson's Vietnam decisions.

Harry Schwartz of The New York Times is the author of "Tsars, Mandarins, and Commissars: A History of Chinese-Russian Relations."

"I'll say one thing, Gloria. We cleared the air."

THE IMPERIAL ANIMAL

by Lionel Tiger and Robin Fox

Holt, Rinehart & Winston, 319 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by Bernard J. Siegel

■ In the last twenty years or so several social scientists with a gift for imaginative synthesis and a variable respect for fact have attempted to provide us with fresh and often exciting views of the nature of human nature. The thrust of their interpretations has varied with the discipline. In *The Lonely Crowd* David Riesman and Nathan Glazer devote themselves largely to what they perceive as central behavioral tendencies of human beings in different types of societies; as sociologists they are concerned with what they know best—information about human sociality. Psychologists like B. F. Skinner who have ventured into this arena similarly reach to the edges of their discipline, which enables them to draw upon general mammalian as well as human behavior studies. Their insights are informed predominantly from data collected by controlled experiment.

The authors of *The Imperial Animal* are two younger anthropologists. True to the broadest mandate of their discipline, they have sought to bridge the biological and cultural dimensions of man. They invite us to consider yet a different kind of synthesis by attending to a wealth of exciting new discoveries about primate and human behavior in groups—predominantly in their natural settings—and the evolution of ancient man. (They also selectively and judiciously weave in biological fact and relevant experimental findings by ethologists about animal behavior more generally.) The result is one of the most creative contributions to this enterprise in the social science literature. It is also superlative writing.

What I find especially attractive about this book, however one might argue with some of the assumptions and projections onto the contemporary scene that it makes, is the logic and coherence of the argument. Lionel Tiger and Robin Fox take as their point of departure the nearly unassailable position that the evolution of human behavior has important consequences that affect our present behavior. Indeed, they shy away from none of the urgent issues of the day, including the dehumanizing effects of bureaucracies, the propensities for aggression and violence, male-female relations, and the difficulties attending contemporary education. Many others have attacked these problems, but Tiger and Fox do so with a significant difference. Using a fashionable analogy from linguistics, they invite us to think of the set of all

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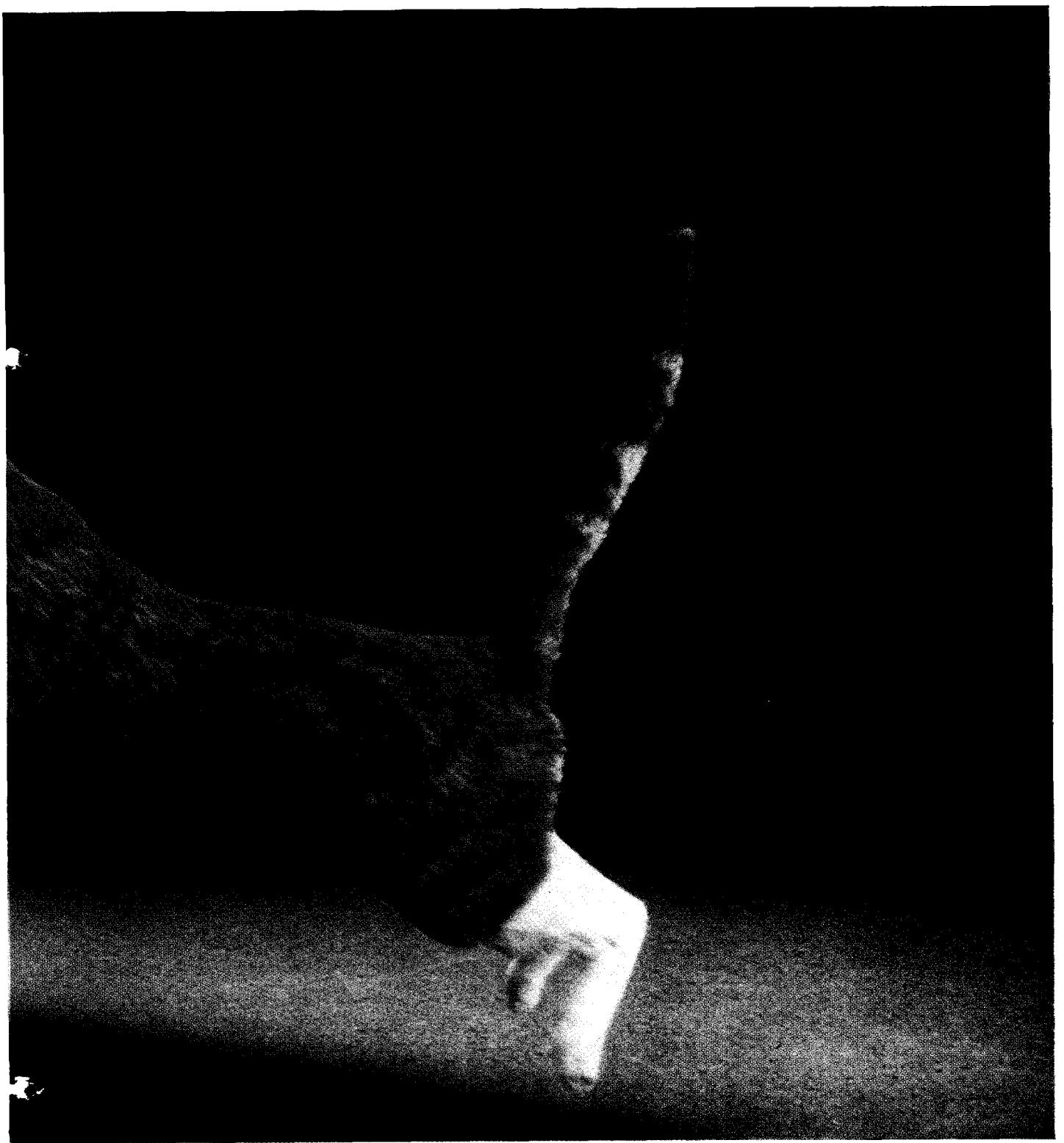

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cat and the canary.

the picture can look on color television.)

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possible human behaviors as conforming to a language, in which we look for a relatively small number of rules or principles that, in all known or imaginable circumstances, will generate these behaviors. They speak in this vein of the biogrammar of human behavior. Any attempts to solve behavioral problems that do not take these rules into account (including all Utopias) will almost surely fail, just as efforts to construct sentences in a given language will convey no meaning unless they utilize, for example, the subject-predicate framework.

Certain fundamental rules of this grammar, according to their argument, can be traced back to our primate cousins: construction of dominance hierarchies through competition for attention (demanding competence as well as dominance from high-ranking individuals); intensive personal relations in small groups; the emergence among individuals of four major bonds, or predictable patterns of social relationships — mother-child, male-female, male-male, and female-female; basic learning through security, confidence, activity, direct relevance, and attention to sex-age differences; concern of each individual for the well-being of the community both in restoring health and giving pleasure; the readiness to learn violence as well as love; the granting of autonomy to individuals by allowing them to participate in some meaningful way in social life.

In addition, the human primate has undergone certain radical behavioral (and correspondingly biological) transformations in the course of his specific evolutionary experiences. Most importantly they involve the propensity for sharing (first of food, then of sustenance generally) and the dimension of exchange and reciprocity that pervade and define all truly human social relationships. These simple but profound characteristics of human social life the authors identify with the transition from gathering of plants and vegetables to hunting as a predominant mode of subsistence. Here they draw upon the currently most favored reconstruction of the political and economic features of early hunting bands. It involves inferences from the great antiquity of tool making and using, our knowledge of remaining hunting societies, and the requirements of hunt-

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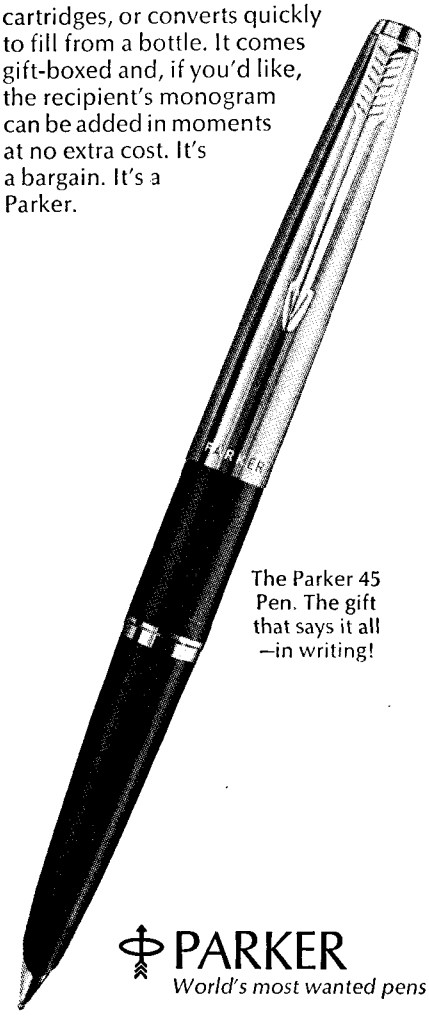

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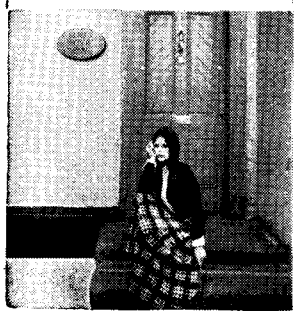

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ing large game. In all of this they see the need for sexual division of work, the division and integration of skills, continuing close association of men in their risky and difficult tasks (and, for other reasons, of women), and the constraining of individual gratifications in support of the group as a whole.

Following this analysis many of the monumental problems associated with the phenomenally rapid technological changes and population growth of recent times can be laid to ignoring or overemphasizing one or another dimension of man's animal nature. To cite the authors out of context does violence to the richness of the discussion in which these statements occur. For openers, however, the reader is invited to ponder the following quotations. On the political process:

> . . . sexual differentiation is rooted in primate political-breeding processes: the dominant males are the focus of attention and hence cohesion; they dominate by overt strength and by ritualized threat and display; they protect and keep order; they compete in a never-ceasing test of their ability to dominate; but they also combine in coalitions to exercise more effective dominance or to forage and explore. . . . To make women equal participants in the political process, we will have to change the very process itself, which means changing a pattern bred into our behavior over the millennia . . . females may more rapidly and happily achieve political goals by asserting the value of specifically female skills and interests rather than by denying the reality of any differences and insisting that all social tasks are performed in the same way by males and females.

On violence and war:

> The atavistic stimuli to violence still exist, but the means of ritualizing violence that evolved in the small-scale skirmishing days of our ancestors simply cannot operate in the huge, complex, and heavily armed international society of today. . . . We cannot depend on any "natural" controls to operate here: they work only on the small scale we have irrevocably abandoned. And even they do not get rid of violence; they utilize and contain it. And that is what we must do.

These and numerous other provocative assertions abound in the text, always linked to the carefully developed thesis that runs like a thread throughout and binds the data as a whole together. The assumptions upon which that thesis depends are far more firmly grounded in fact than when Ralph Linton, for example, wrote his classic text in anthropology, *The Study of Man*, thirty-five years ago. His chapter on the biological background of human society (entitled "The Raw Materials of Society") was based for the most part on common sense of the time. Linton had at his disposal only the bare beginnings of observations of the behavior of nonhuman primates in their natural settings. Since then, also, human paleontologists have accumulated a dramatic body of evidence that goes a long way toward solving major problems of human origins.

Nevertheless one can take issue with part of the reconstruction by Tiger and Fox of the basic human biogram. The strong cooperative bond among males postulated as a requisite for success in the hunt is hardly present among contemporary hunters who reside in the tropical savannahs that most closely resemble the habitat of the earliest hominids (including the Hadza of East Africa, whom Tiger and Fox note). It may have evolved among paleolithic hunters far more recent in time; among historically known groups like the North American Indians of the Plains it was forged only 200 years ago after the introduction of the gun and horse. Furthermore, intergroup violence and warfare became an important strategy for coping with conflict only when territory became property and its value inflated by scarcity—a product of food cultivation and associated population increase, which began no more than 10,000 years ago—a small moment on the clock of human evolution—man having been a hunter for 99 per cent of his existence.

Despite these unclarified issues in the interpretation of evidence, a substantial hard kernel remains for serious consideration. Cultural and oversimplified genetic explanations of warfare (some peoples are inherently more bellicose than others) may stand in the way of a more enlightened understanding of this phenomenon. "The claim that we would live at peace if only there were no causes for war is . . . as pungent and provident a comment about reality as the affirmation

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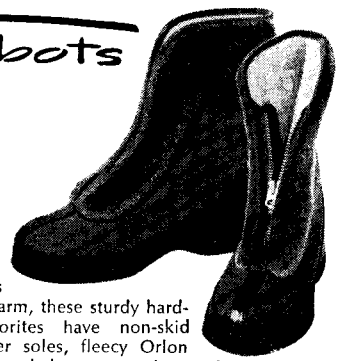

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that without disease there need be no hospitals. There is disease, there are hospitals; there is violence, and there are wars. We have saved millions because we accept that disease is real. We kill millions because we decide that we are good and the enemy is evil. In our rage at warriors we too easily fail to recall that they are human too."

Tiger and Fox are to be commended for their judicious assimilation of new biological evidence of human evolution and its insightful synthesis with richly documented ethnographic studies on the social nature of man. Their book is an impressive tour de force, and I highly recommend it for those who can hold their passions at bay long enough to exercise their reason. After all, by not doing so is what brought us to our perilous state in the first place.

Bernard J. Siegel's field as professor at Stanford University is social anthropology with emphasis upon social and cultural change.

TOLSTOY, MY FATHER: Reminiscences

by Ilya Tolstoy
Translated from the Russian by Ann Dunnigan

Cowles-Regnery, 317 pp., $7.95

Reviewed by Maurice Friedberg

■ Of Leo Tolstoy's twelve children, four died in childhood. Among the remaining eight, five published reminiscences of their celebrated father, as did his widow. The memoirs of Ilya Tolstoy, the third oldest, are particularly valuable for two reasons: not only did he know his father well (he was forty-four at the time of his death, and their relationship was close) but Ilya Tolstoy, who is himself an author, writes with grace and assurance. Indeed, beyond their documentary value, many pages of his book should be treasured as excellent prose in the—not surprisingly—Tolstoyan tradition. Minor inaccuracies aside, Ann Dunnigan's translation succeeds admirably in reproducing the wistful lyricism of Ilya Tolstoy's Russian original, which in turn is closely modeled after his father's enchanting *Childhood*.

Published in 1913, *i.e.*, on the eve of World War I and only three years after Leo Tolstoy's death, Ilya's memoirs of his father were subsequently rewritten and brought out in the present form in 1933, the year of their author's death. The initial version was published in English in 1914; the present book is the first English rendition of the revised text.

Ilya Tolstoy's reminiscences begin

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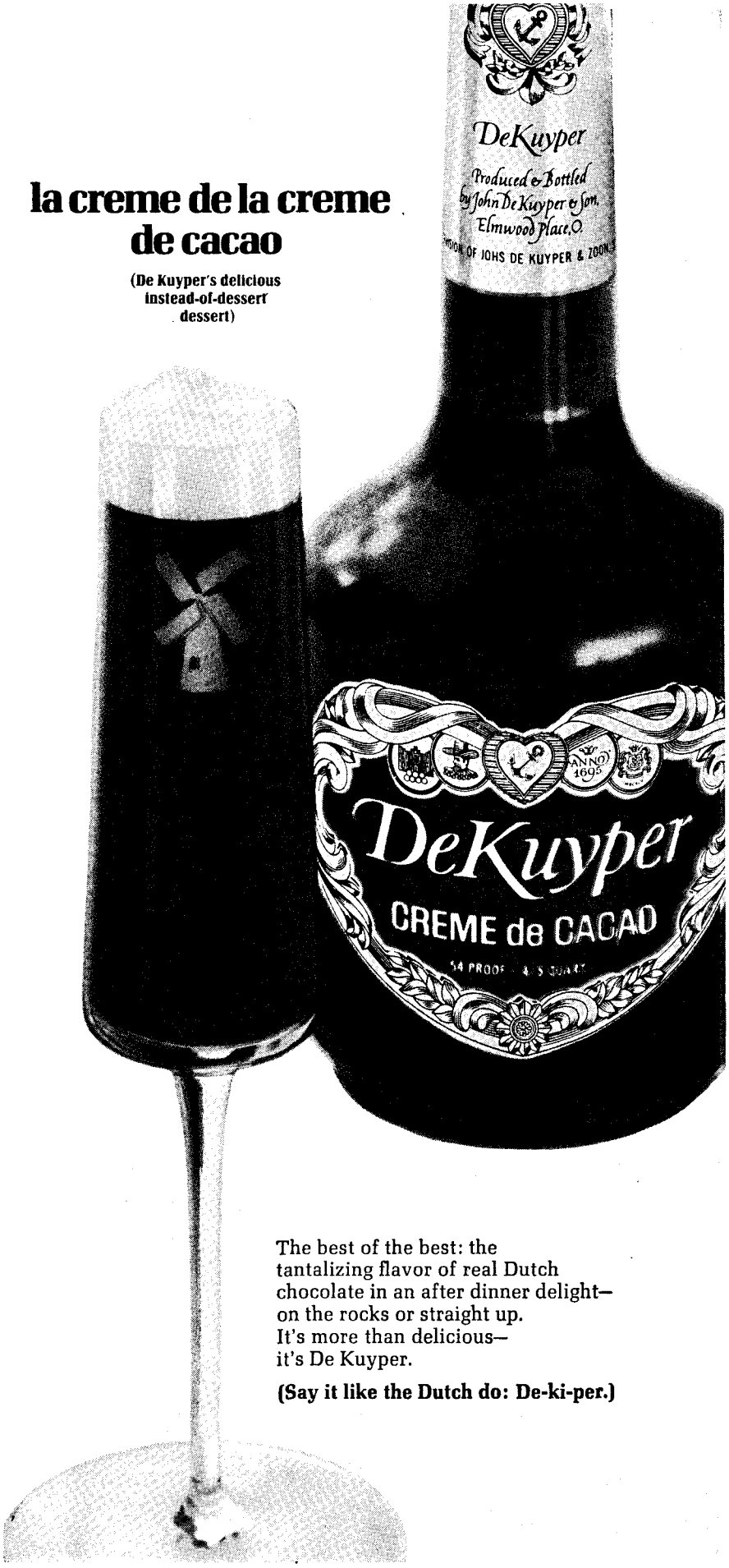
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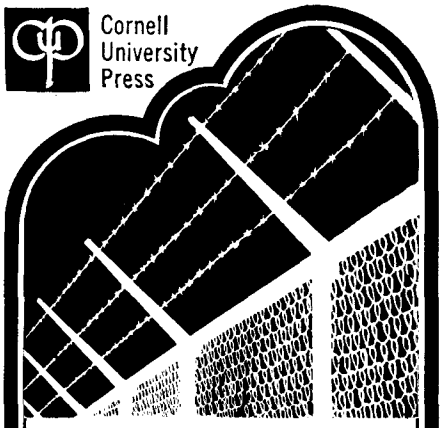

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with the idyllic period in his parents' marriage when the estate of Yasnaya Polyana resounded with voices of children at play and there was little foreboding of future tribulations and tragedy. At that time Ilya's father was at work on *Anna Karenina*—a book which, incidentally, he held in very low esteem. "My tedious and vulgar Karenina," he called it while still working on the novel. His opinion of *Anna Karenina* did not improve with time: "What's so difficult in writing about an officer falling in love with a married woman? There's nothing difficult in that, and, what's more, nothing good either. It's bad and it serves no purpose!" According to Ilya Tolstoy, his father's irritation with the novel was at least partly motivated by a belief that *Anna Karenina* was, in a sense, an anticlimactic sequel to *War and Peace*, repeating numerous situations and copying some of the earlier work's protagonists. Nevertheless, he and his wife both worked on the novel assiduously, as they had on the previous one:

> When *Anna Karenina* began to appear in the *Russian Herald*, long galley proofs were sent to Father, which he corrected and revised. At first only proofreader's marks, punctuation marks, and letters omitted were written in the margins, but little by little words were changed, then sentences, lines were crossed out and others added, till the proof sheets were so blotched and blackened that it was impossible to send them back in that state; no one but *maman* could decipher the black web of signs, transpositions, and deletions.
>
> She would sit up all night making a fresh copy of the whole thing. In the morning the new pages, covered with her small clear handwriting, would be neatly piled on her table, ready to be sent back by post "when Lyovochka gets up." But first *papa* had to take them to his study to look over them "for the last time," and by evening it was the same thing all over again: everything had been rewritten and scribbled over.

A remarkable institution in the Tolstoy household was "The Postbox," where members of the family deposited letters, poems, and sundry announcements, which were all then read aloud at the family table. Though unsigned, their authors were as a rule readily identifiable. It is remarkable that long before his "conversion" Leo Tolstoy used "The Postbox" as a confessional, and that his ostensibly humorous self-portrait anticipates those of his traits that are normally associated with his later years. The portrait was part of a jocular series entitled "Medical Bulletin of Inmates of the Yasnaya Polyana Lunatic Asylum":

> (Lev Nikolayevich) Sanguine temperament. Belongs to harmless category. Patient is subject to mania called by German psychiatrists *Weltverbesserungswahn* [mania for reforming the world]. The crux of his madness is that the patient considers it possible to change people's lives by words. General symptoms: dissatisfaction with the existing order of things, condemnation of everyone except himself, an irritable garrulity irrespective of his audience, frequent transitions from fury and exasperation to an unnatural, lachrymose sentimentality. Particular

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

NUMBERS GAME

If you subtract T. S. Eliot's quartets (4) from Pirandello's characters in search of an author (6), you'll wind up with 2. Carry on with the problems set forth below by Helen Pettigrew of Charleston, Arkansas. Check your arithmetic on page 62.

a. Multiply Shakespeare's ages of man by his gentlemen of Verona: ___
b. Divide the daffodils Wordworth saw at a glance by Dana's years before the mast: ___
c. Add Tennyson's light brigade and T. E. Lawrence's pillars of wisdom: ___
d. Multiply the number going to St. Ives by the blackbirds baked in a pie: ___
e. Subtract Santa's reindeer (à la Clement Moore) from those Arabian nights: ___
f. Subtract the day's eyes from the night's (à la Bourdillon): ___
g. Divide Verne's leagues under the sea by his days needed to travel around the world: ___
h. Multiply Wilkie's world by Buchan's steps: ___
i. Subtract Dumas's musketeers from his years after: ___
j. Divide Creasey's decisive battles by Jerome's men in a boat: ___
k. Multiply Snow White's dwarfs by the gables of Hawthorne's house: ___
l. Divide the men on a dead man's chest by the Fates: ___

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symptoms: busying himself with unsuitable and unnecessary occupations, such as cleaning and making boots, mowing hay, etc. Treatment: complete indifference of those surrounding the patient to what he says; occupation of a kind that will consume all the patient's energy.

In addition to various members of the Tolstoy family, Ilya's book portrays some of the visitors to Yasnaya Polyana, both famous and obscure. Among the former are the poet Afanasy Fet, the short story writer Vsevelod Garshin, the painter Nikolai Gay, and Ivan Turgenev. The latter group includes Tolstoy's sincere followers, some hangers-on, and a few would-be high priests of the Tolstoyan creed. Except for representatives of the last category, who are described in rather caustic terms, Ilya Tolstoy speaks warmly of all, even of his father's old adversary Turgenev. The final chapter, written after his mother's death (and hence absent from the 1913 version of the book), though quite justified in its conclusions, does little to enhance the value of the work. It is a polemic against those who in their eagerness to canonize the sage of Yasnaya Polyana presented his wife as an evil angel. In reality, according to Ilya Tolstoy, her sole sin was being an ordinary mortal, a woman puzzled and frightened by the ways of her great husband. Over the years the man she married had changed from a normal Russian aristocrat into a quasi-religious public figure.

Besides providing an excellent translation of the text itself, Miss Dunnigan supplied the volume with nearly forty pages of notes, most of them on materials found in the monumental ninety-volume Soviet edition of Tolstoy's complete works. While some of the notes are enlightening, many are quite useless. The general reader will gain little from being informed precisely where in the Russian archives one may locate such-and-such a letter by or to Tolstoy, while scholars will find fault with much of the documentation (*e.g.*, with the procedure of citing titles of Russian books in English). Also, as a rule, this kind of scholarly scaffolding is justifiable only when it serves to explain a work *by* a great writer, not a book about him, and certainly not a volume of reminiscences written at least partly as an act of filial piety. True, Russian editors sometimes prepare such extravagantly annotated editions of memoirs, normally on the occasion of a major novelist's jubilee, a traditional time for scholarly excesses. This year, however, marks the centennial of Dostoevsky, not Tolstoy.

Maurice Friedberg, a professor at Indiana University, is the author of a study of "War and Peace."

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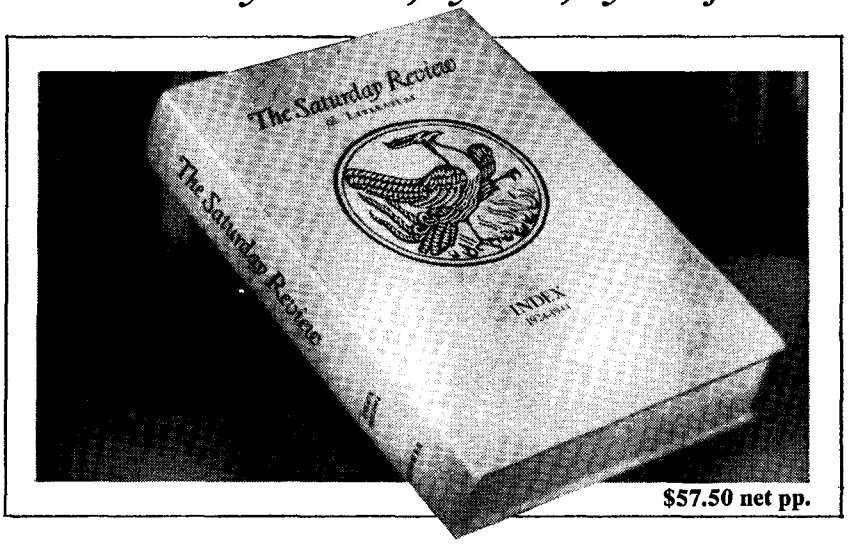

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Benito Mussolini with Adolf Hitler—their partnership caused Il Duce's undoing.

DUCE!:
A Biography of Benito Mussolini

by Richard Collier

Viking, 447 pp., $12.50

Reviewed by Gabriel Gersh

■ The worst of fates is to outlive your greatness. It is even more unpleasant than to have your body hung upside down and defiled. Benito Mussolini suffered both. He was the first of the twentieth-century demagogue-dictators, inventor of the term "fascism," and ruler of Italy from 1922-43. Admired by many European conservatives, he was courted as the savior of peace by Neville Chamberlain and Lord Halifax and accepted as an equal by Hitler. Had he died in 1936, at the peak of his power, he might have been accorded a respected place in history. But war, with its grim consequences, brought the test of reality. Mighty Italy turned out to be a sham, and Mussolini a sham along with it.

Twenty-six years have passed since the death of *Il Duce*, and it is now possible for us to probe without rancor the paradoxes and complexities in the man. Richard Collier has attempted this task with mixed results. His biography is thoroughly researched, since scores of interpreters, secretaries and other assistants, 454 eyewitnesses and the resources of the *Reader's Digest* helped the author to gather the vast material from which *Duce!* was fashioned. Rich in drama and adventure, Mussolini's career has the ingredients for an exciting narrative, and Mr. Collier captures some of the fateful highlights of the dictator's life: his ouster from power, the daring rescue from captivity, his love affair with Claretta Petacci, the sequence of events that culminated in the defilement of their bodies. Yet little new is added to the story of Mussolini, to the exploration of the intricacies of his personality, or to the assessment by others of his impact on history.

The product of industry such as Collier's must make the judicious grieve. How effectively can the fervor of the early years be re-enacted by the memories of minor participants? Surely the effect is distorted by the profusion of peripheral details that seem to satisfy no interest other than the author's need to adduce eyewitnesses for every aspect of the narrative.

The Mussolini portrayed in these pages is not the man of iron will and infallible judgment so dear to Fascist propagandists, but a clever journalist and orator who, believing only in action, craved to dominate and impress, yet rarely felt sure of himself. Behind his blusterings and the marble-like passivity which he delighted to affect was a highly complex character given to fitful moods, impulses, and terrible self-deception.

How did such a man rule an intelligent and civilized people for so long? Mussolini liked to ask himself this question, and he was sure that historians and psychologists would ask it when he was gone. *Il Duce* had his answer: "My power was no more than the will of the Italian people." He had ruled them with their consent, and he failed because they betrayed him. In all Mr. Collier's pages there is not a single word from him of remorse, not a single acknowledgment of responsibility for his nation's ruin. Everyone was to blame but himself.

The relationship between Mussolini and Hitler is a central theme of the book. Reading Mr. Collier's account of their partnership, one must conclude that it was the cause of Mussolini's undoing. Before the war he had intended to follow an independent foreign policy that would demonstrate Italy's status as a great power. But, because he was ambitious for spectacular gains and underestimated Allied, and particularly American, strength, Mussolini subordinated himself and his people to Hitler's strategy.

Given Mussolini's blunders in World War II, what made Hitler put up with him as long as he did? Certainly the German generals and other Nazi leaders regarded *Il Duce* as both unreliable and a nuisance and would neither have rescued him from captivity nor have made him head of a "Social Fascist Republic." Yet Hitler, a man not given to excessive loyalty, remained faithful to the end. This was the "brutal friendship" of which Professor F. W. Deakin gave an authoritative account in his book of that title in 1962. Adding a few fresh details, Mr. Collier skillfully retells the same story.

His recapitulation of these fateful years enables us to compare the reign of Mussolini with that of subsequent Italian governments. In the years since his death, Italy under the democrats, whom he despised, has made incomparably greater material progress than in twenty years of Fascism. Her leaders, freed from illusions of Roman grandeur, have patiently, constructively contributed to the development of a democratic Europe, which Mussolini was incapable of doing. Even the trains in Italy run just as punctually as under *Il Duce*'s stern vigilance.

Gabriel Gersh's specialty as a writer is Mediterranean history and culture.

OUT OF MY TIME

by Marya Mannes

Doubleday, 264 pp., $7.95

Reviewed by Patricia MacManus

■ Midway in her autobiography Marya Mannes speaks of having had, during adulthood, "a façade so assured, it seemed, so buoyant and certain that only the few who knew me best saw the ghost of fifteen praying to be beautiful and loved." Yet, she was not only a Junoesque beauty, but talented, with a combustible attraction for men that must have ruptured many a psyche in other women. Nevertheless, the quoted remark is a random example of the rueful note that sounds through this chronicle, which in Miss Mannes's words, seeks to summon up and sort

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out "the reality of a woman who fought for the freedom to be herself long before the fight was formalized, and who —because she never rode a crest— often crested too soon or too late, with few looking."

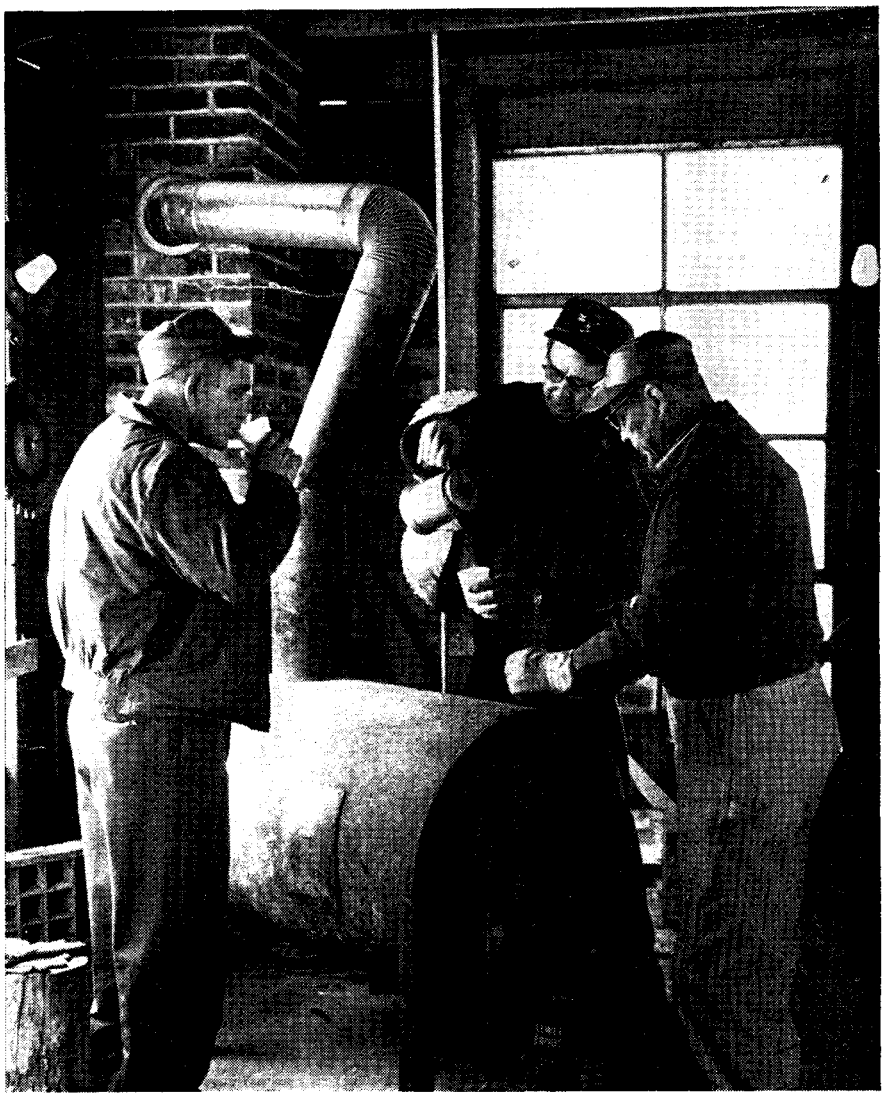
In fact, the sense of a good *many* people looking and attending pervades these recollections of sixty activity-churned years—recollections that are sometimes more implicitly than explicitly revealing of a woman whose lusty appetite for life seems to have left a certain unappeased hunger, despite feasts aplenty.

Born into a distinguished musical family (her mother was Clara Damrosch, her father David Mannes), the young Marya grew up in New York City in a home rich with music, books, creativity; one warm with parental devotion and encouragement of the play-acting and writing that the ebullient youngster flung herself into from an early age. A star student at school and already an embryonic rebel against the "female" status quo, the adventure-bent girl refused a college scholarship and won consent to a year in England to study sculpture. There she "fell in love with the race of men" and had her first romantic affair with one of them.

Coaxed home, the tentative sculptor gave in to the compulsive writer: plays, stories, poems, essays poured forth on a largely unheeding world. Still she persisted, hating "the idea of obscurity" and heady with "visions of the creation of immortal beauty." Her own beauty was, in Miss Mannes's view, "less help than hindrance. . . . Men found it hard to take my ambitions seriously." Judging by the copious dollops of her early unpublished writings tediously included here (her editor must have been out to lunch), apprenticeship pitfalls, not pulchritude, were the true hindrance.

Eventually the professional surfaced, and the Mannes name became eclectically familiar in magazine journalism, from *TV Guide* to the *New Republic*, on subjects as disparate as films and abortion-law repeal. Among other credits were a *Vogue* editorship, a long-time post as staff writer for *The Reporter*, five published books, and a wartime OSS assignment in Spain—the last reported with a self-depreciating drollness which is one of the author's most beguiling traits. More recently public television and the speaker's platform have been arenas for the Mannes crusading zeal. Withal, she says, "Success has eluded me"—objectively unconvincing, subjectively revealing from so ubiquitous a careerist.

Miss Mannes's intermeshed personal saga veers allusively between confes-



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sional self-exposure and commendable protectiveness of others. Thus, in sketching the rise and fall of her three marriages, the husbands are unnamed, as is her one child, whom, by her own haunted admission, she failed as a mother. Love affairs are, for the most part, generically referred to; but the questing, sensual woman emerges clearly, claiming—pre-Women's Lib—the same right as men to sexual freedom. Again, there is the threnody of unfulfilled desires and aspirations, "tolling the failure in love of the stronger woman." A *cri de coeur* which raises but doesn't ponder the question of what that stronger woman ultimately sought in free-form meetings and matings, other than fugitive sexuality.

And therein is a key to *Out of My Time*: it reports rather than examines, is molded in reaction rather than reflection. A book of multi-happenings, its protagonist sometimes runs with the hare, sometimes hunts with the hounds of her conflicting drives. High-spirited, wryly humorous, and packed with vivid evocations of people and events, Marya Mannes's *apologia pro vita sua* is nonetheless shot through with the pathos of a divided self in search of clues.

OLD MORALS, SMALL CONTINENTS, DARKER TIMES

by Philip F. O'Connor

University of Iowa Press, 186 pp., $5.95

Reviewed by H. L. Van Brunt

■ It has been said that the Irish are natural storytellers—which is no more true than that they are or are not anything else. Judging from my paternal grandmother, I would say the Celts are similar to poets: just like everybody else, only more so. One characteristic that does seem to mark the Irish or Irish-American writer is a fascination with people—characters. The stories in Philip F. O'Connor's first book, *Old Morals, Small Continents, Darker Times*, buttress my own memories of the intense—but peculiarly abstract—Irish curiosity. This kind of interest in others is, of course, particularly suited to a writer—who must feel the emotions of his characters and yet be removed from them.

From the first story in this collection, "The Gift Bearer," to the last, "Mastodon's Box," O'Connor demonstrates a remarkable facility for creating entirely believable characters with a few, sure strokes. That is a feat most writers who have been worrying their craft for only eight years cannot brag of. The author's command of techniques is also singular, ranging from straightforward narrative with temporal sequences to an almost hallucinatory incantation in which time is merely the space the characters walk around in. And all of O'Connor's styles work, for each is inseparable from the milieu and subject he is dealing with.

For instance, "The Gift Bearer" is narrated by a child to whom the contradictions in adult behavior are strange and disquieting. The flow of O'Connor's prose here is as translucent as Hemingway's. The boy's reaction to the transformation whiskey effects in his father is disbelief, chagrin. His disillusionment, however, is replaced by something infinitely more interesting. The visiting uncle—the gift bearer—who has gotten his brother drunk is driven off by the boy's mother in rather disgraceful haste. Reflecting on his uncle, a loner in rebellion against the limitations of human nature itself, the boy realizes:

> In some way my uncle could never be changed, harmed or destroyed, never touched. . . . What this part of him was, or whether it was good or bad, remained a mystery to me. I knew only that . . . it had somehow communicated itself to me, was part of me.

Thus the naïveté is changed to wonder.

"Mastodon's Box," on the other hand, relies for its effectiveness on the stops, starts, and jerks of a mind whose synapses are shorting out. This parable of the predicament of the artist who must live in two worlds simultaneously is as interesting for its style as some of the other, more accessible stories are for their characterization. Yet even in a story such as this one, where stylistic considerations predominate over subject and setting, the author never lets his language get out of control. The lineaments of this "box" are blurred—but they are meant to be.

This baker's dozen of O'Connor's tales should appeal to a large audience. All the stories are serious, some more so than others. As my grandmother said when I wished I were all Irish, like her: "A little bit leavens the spirit; too much weighs it down." If you can't find an absorbing story in *Old Morals, Small Continents, Darker Times*, you probably don't like to read. George P. Elliott judged this book best of the 250 entries received in the 1971 $1,000 Iowa School of Letters Award for Short Fiction. If a major commercial publisher doesn't pick up the option to Philip F. O'Connor's next book, someone is missing a hell of a good bet.

H. L. Van Brunt is a published poet.

"Now, there's a fisherman's fisherman."

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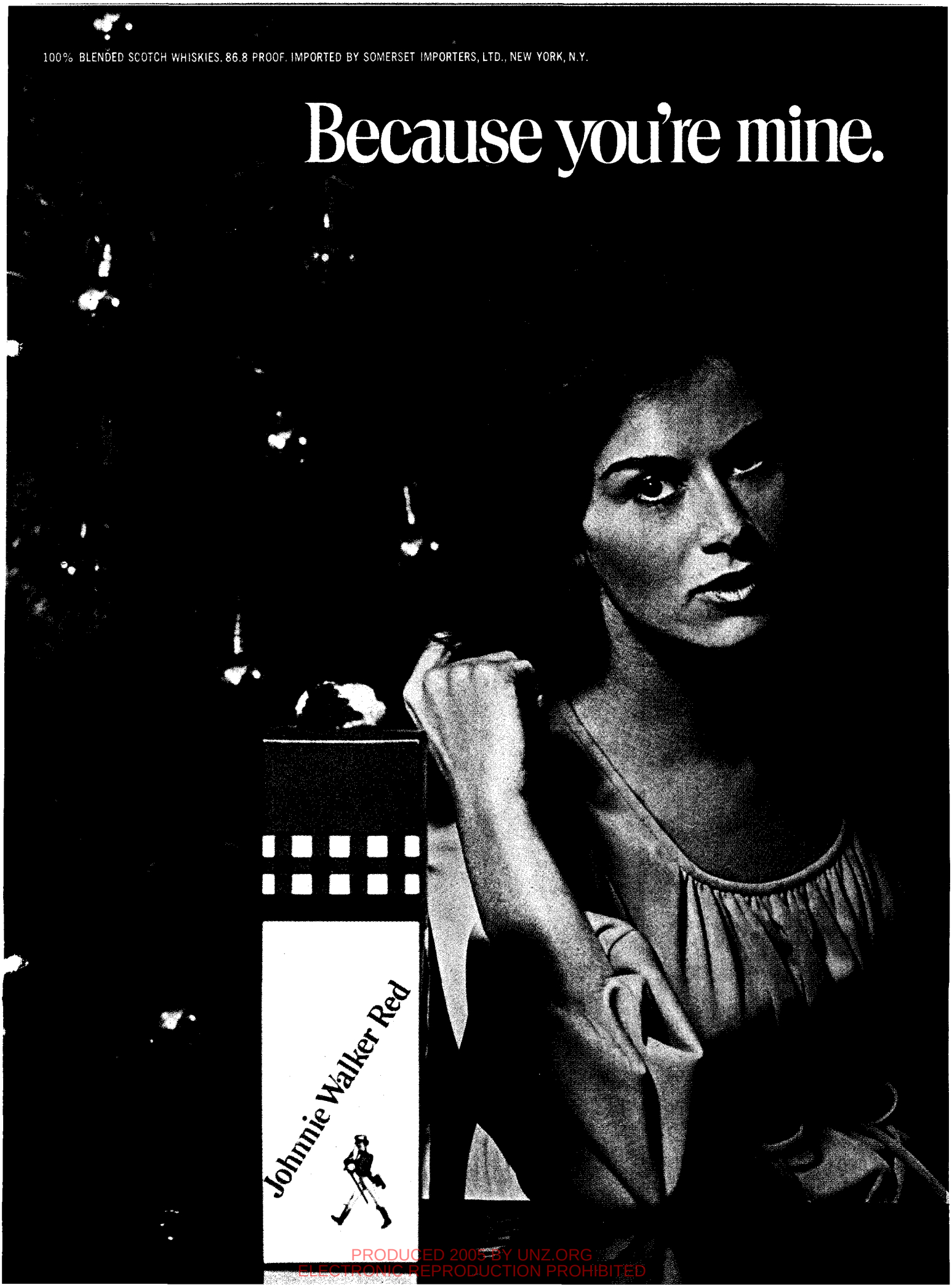

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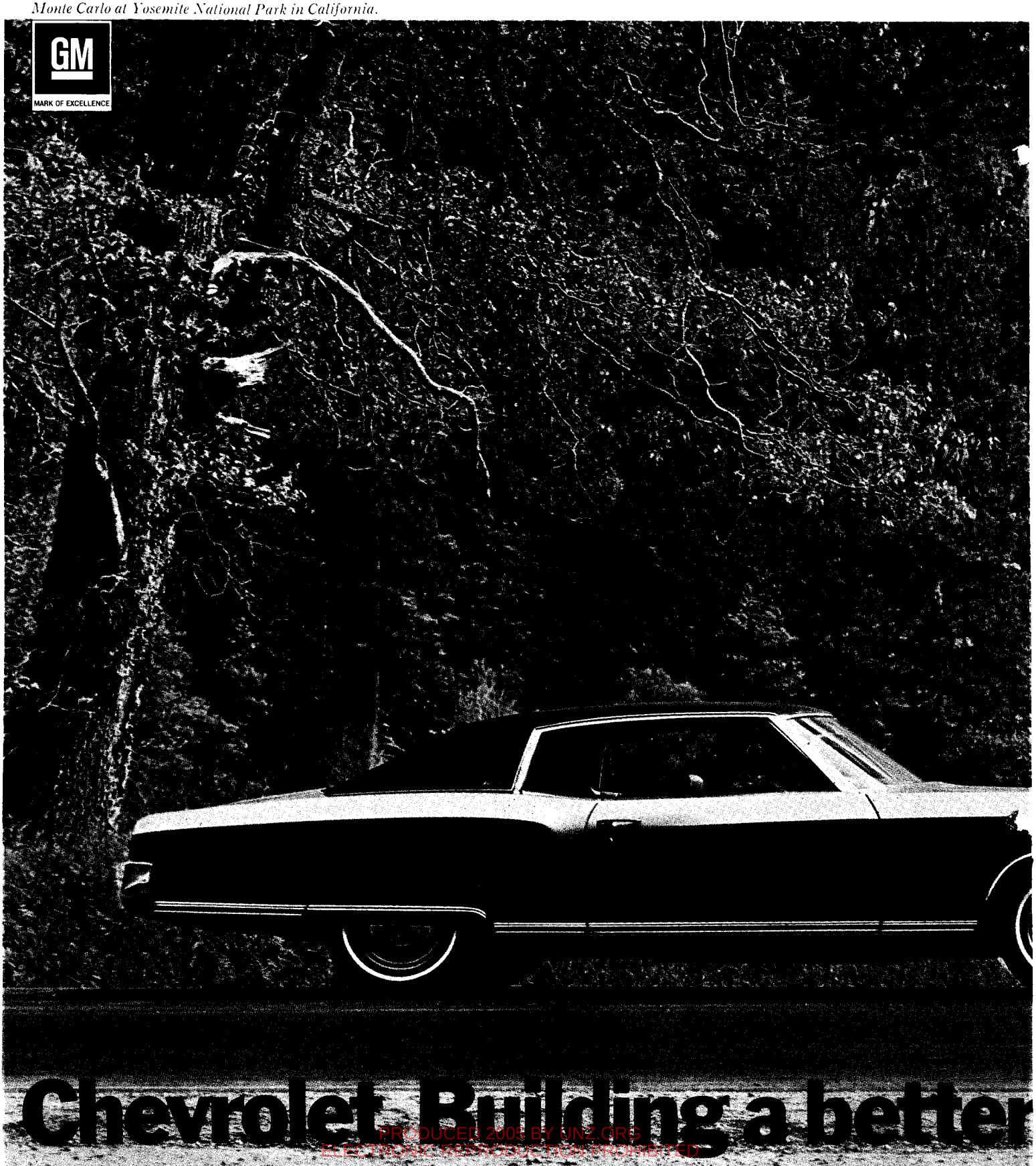

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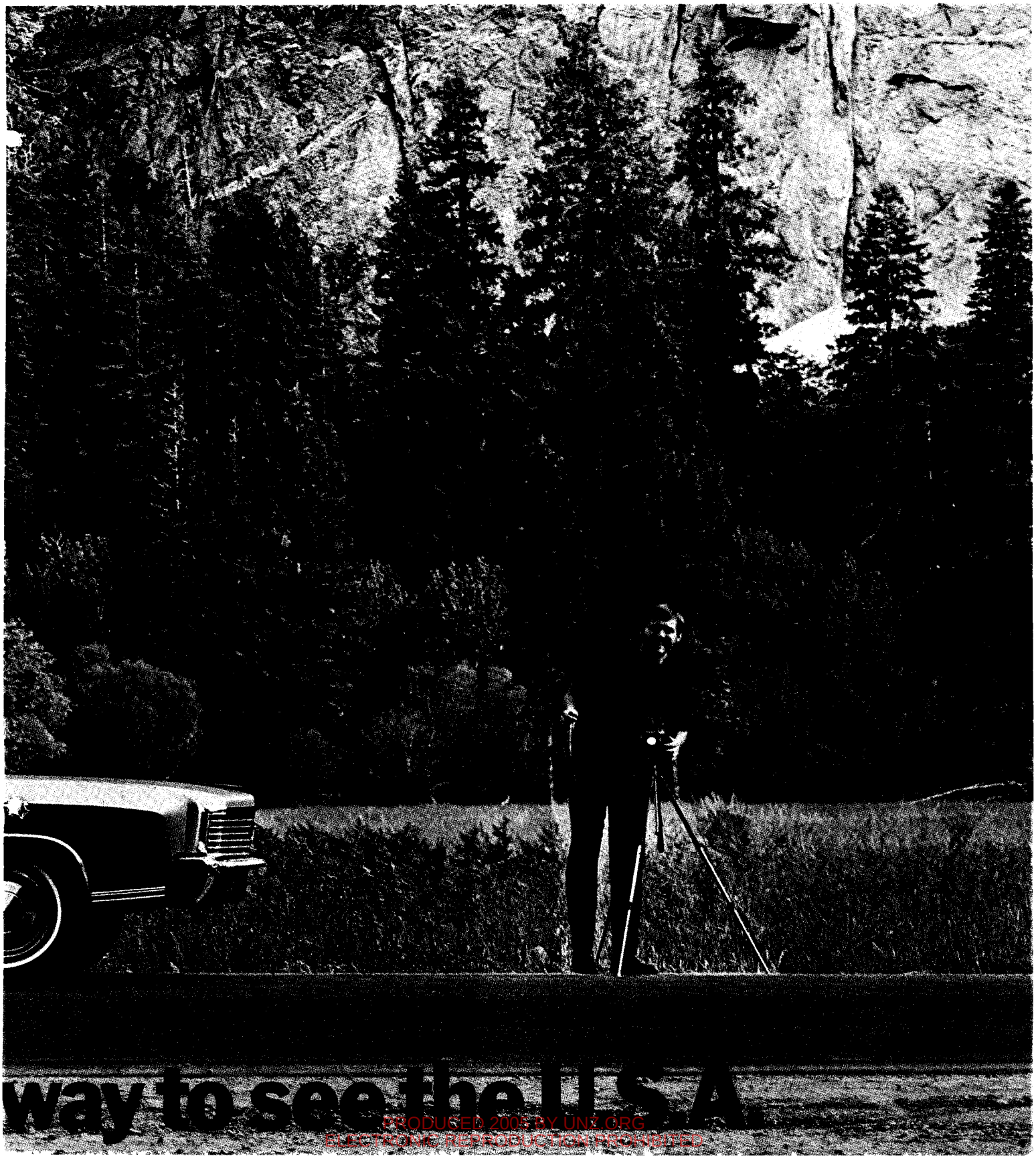

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THE TOWER IS EVERYWHERE

by Richard Jones

Atlantic-Little, Brown, 288 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by Brenda M. Biram

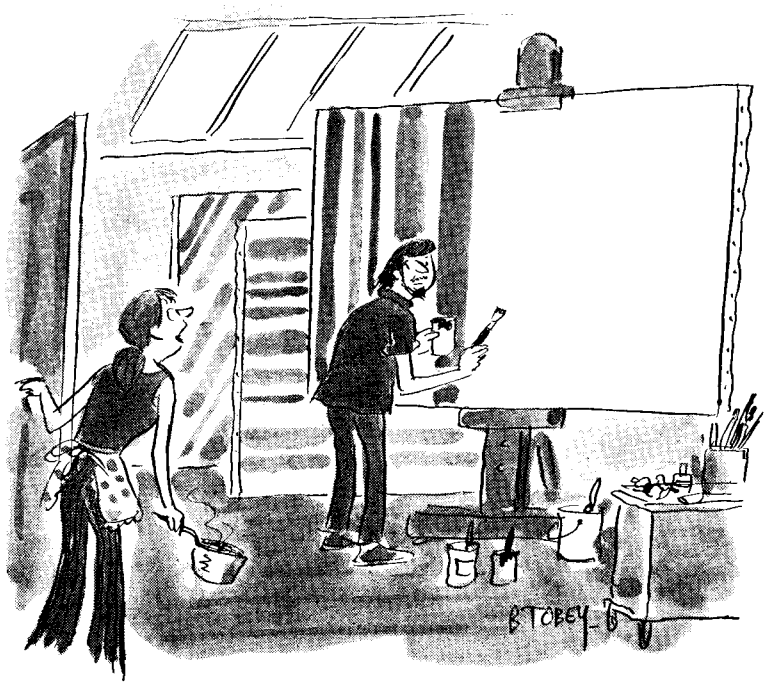
■ I suspect that Richard Jones's novels are an acquired taste. His first, *The Three Suitors*, made friends in high places, and their enthusiastic comments appear on the dust jacket of his third, *The Tower Is Everywhere*. Mr. Jones is a poet, and his prose leans in the descriptive passages to the evocative. He writes about Wales, for whose landscape he appears to have a lover's perceptive regard. And he writes about people—in a manner for which I have yet to acquire a taste. Jones has been likened to Ivy Compton-Burnett, and it can be said with justice that his characters share a one-dimensional quality with hers. There is, however, a difference. When a pack of cardboard figures startle and delight the reader with their brutal frankness, mentioning the unmentionable on page after page with a relentless and dispassionate wit, the result is high comedy. A similar cast is given dialogue of this caliber by Mr. Jones:

> "Is there someone else?"
>
> "I suppose it's pretty obvious. She's got a thing about Robert, and I can't make out whether she wants to marry him or looks on him as the week's good cause."
>
> It was the funniest remark Ramsey had heard for days and he laughed until he shook.

But the laughter is not infectious.

The epigraph to *The Tower Is Everywhere* comes from *The Crying of Lot 49*, by Thomas Pynchon. It describes a maiden who, "having plenty of time to think, soon realizes that her tower, its height and architecture, are like her ego only incidental: what really keeps her where she is is the magic, anonymous and malignant, visited on her from outside and for no reason at all." It is in these terms that Marian Thomas, the indulged daughter of overunderstanding parents, is presented. Spoiled, arrogant, tenderhearted, with artistic leanings but only slight talent, she is insulated from rational life by vanity and naïveté. Marian is a good enough candidate for the tower, but she is maddening rather than mysterious, and the author has not been able to endow her with charm.

The period of a Christmas visit to her home in a Welsh village, which Marian extends because her life in London attending an art school has become "unreal," is the time span of the novel. In chapter one a train deposits Marian at the local railway station; in chapter twenty-four another train takes her away, but from a more distant town, probably symbolizing her alienation from Dyffryn village life. In the interim her parents —her father is the principal of a nearby teachers' training college, her mother the well-to-do daughter of local landed gentry—watch Marian become bored with one suitor and unsuitably entangled with the married son of farming neighbors, who epitomize rustic narrowness and solid worth as the



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Thomases represent well-intentioned but ineffective liberal sophistication.

This pastoral episode, in which nothing of any obvious importance happens, could, in the hands of a stylist, have provided some delightful reading, but neither Marian herself nor the manner in which her story is told elicits a sympathetic response, at least in this reader. The book's most attractive passages are those where the watercolor loveliness of the Welsh landscape and the sordid but homely surroundings of the least savory of the local pubs are painted with an affectionate brush; the novel's least attractive quality is its condensed characterization. Marian's final retreat from a tangle of severed relations brings to a welcome end a book that is occasionally good, rarely bad, but almost unremittingly indifferent.

Brenda M. Biram is an editorial consultant for Johnson Publishing Company in Chicago.

THE PEOPLE EATERS

by Hollis Alpert

Dial, 311 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by Arthur Cooper

■ The hero of Hollis Alpert's disappointing fifth novel is Robert Mackey, a thirty-six-year-old editor who wheels his ego around the corridors of *Metropolitan* magazine like Sammy Glick on roller skates. Fiercely on the make, Mackey schemes for the editor's suite once occupied by the late Charles Percival, the magazine's founder, even as Percival's eulogy is recited. Mackey callously jettisons his comely mistress so that he might easier bed the widow Percival, who turns cut to be as cold as poor Charles's corpse. No matter, though. Joan Percival controls a huge block of stock which will give her no small voice in the selection of her husband's successor.

Alack, Mackey still fails to get the job. Instead it's awarded to loyal, lackluster Mort Bellish, who, unlike Mackey, feels the venerable *Metropolitan* is just fine the way it is and in need of no further editorial pizzazz. Nothing daunted, Mackey determinedly sets out to establish a competing periodical that will reflect his own journalistic concerns. "Frankly," Mackey tells a colleague, "what I care about is sticking a needle in this city's ass." He calls his weekly *New York Scene* and assembles a staff of the bitchiest writers around to wield the needle. The magazine would be more aptly named "New York Obscene." Mackey focuses on the city's underside—and he reaches a new low with a scurrilous series that purports to "penetrate the veil" of *Metropolitan*.

Enough. *The People Eaters* aspires toward an inside view of those compulsive seekers of success who inhabit the well-appointed warrens of the influential national magazines, those hedonists addicted to easy sex and Lucullan lunches at the Plaza's Oak Room, those adrenal caballers who lust for the plushly carpeted room at the top where they know they can do a better job than the incumbent. Alpert, one would think, has been around magazines long enough to provide this fly-on-the-ego sort of novel.

A former *New Yorker* staffer, Alpert, of course, writes about movies for *SR*—and he does so knowledgeably and with skill. But I wish he were a better novelist. Only Mackey emerges from *The People Eaters* in more than one dimension. I found myself squarely in his corner for the simple reason that, bastard though he is, Mackey is the sole character who resonates vitality. But Alpert's dialogue lacks the ring of verisimilitude, and his plot is so obviously manipulated that one can almost glimpse the puppeteer's strings.

Worst of all are the sexual passages, which are as unconvincing as they are passionless. Any writer who boils a pot pours as much kinky sex as he can imagine into his product. Alpert, however, handles sex so clumsily that he sounds like a dropout from some Famous Writers School on Erotic Writing. The book's best scene, ironically, is a luncheon where Lois Jackman, the sex-obsessed author of the best-selling *The Love Merchants*, is neatly demolished. I suspect that Miss Jackman's relationship to a living pop novelist whose afflatus is likewise lodged in her thighs is purely intentional. Indeed, Alpert's focus is so narrow that those so inclined will accept his novel as a *roman à clef*.

Arthur Cooper is associate editor of Newsweek, for which he also reviews fiction.

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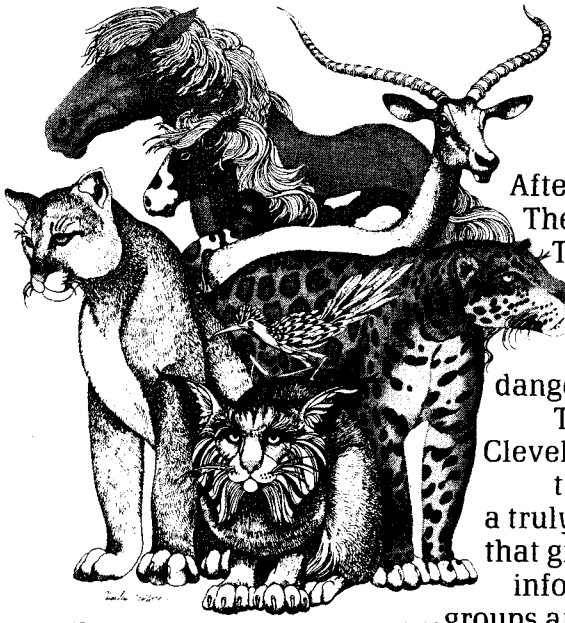

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THE WAR FOR THE UNION
Vol. VII: The Organized War, 1863-1864

by Allan Nevins

Scribners, 532 pp., $15

THE WAR FOR THE UNION
Vol. VIII: The Organized War to Victory, 1864-1865

by Allan Nevins

Scribners, 448 pp., $15

Reviewed by Glydon G. Van Deusen

■ Allan Nevins hoped to write a detailed history of the Civil War era, the whole to be entitled *The Ordeal of the Union*. Originally it was projected as a series of ten volumes which would begin with the year 1847 and proceed through the great conflict and the period of Reconstruction. Nevins envisioned it as political history with a solid social background.

The fruit of his labors, and prodigious labors they were, started appearing in 1947, when the first two volumes—also entitled *The Ordeal of the Union*—were published. These and the next two volumes covered the period that ended with the outbreak of hostilities. The next four dealt with the war itself. Of these, the seventh came out last July and the eighth in September.

But their author never saw them in print. He died at his home in Menlo Park, California, on March 5, 1971, at the age of eighty.

Volumes seven and eight, covering the years 1863-1865, were composed, in part at least, under difficult conditions. I was at the Huntington Library (where Nevins did his writing) in the fall of 1967. Although he had fallen victim to a crippling illness, he was still working. The drive that had propelled him so many years was unimpaired, and his determination to finish the story of the Civil War itself was undiminished. That his was the master hand in the completion of these volumes is obvious. They have had careful editing by his publisher, but the style and the concepts that underly that style are typically Nevins.

All of the eight volumes have pace. One is carried on a current of narration that moves smoothly and forcefully onward. This was true in the initial volumes; it is equally true in Nevins's treatment of the last two years of the war. From Vicksburg and Gettysburg to Appomattox is a familiar story but the reader's interest does not flag, for here it is retold with clarity and an infectious sense of excitement. Nevins eschews controversies where authorities conflict and dispute is end-

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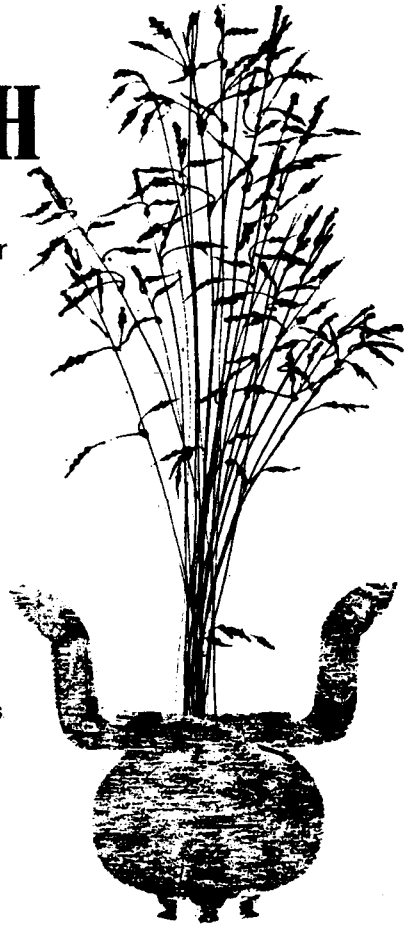

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less. He simply states what the situation was—and moves on.

One of the most striking features of these last two volumes is their breadth. This is no simple tale of battles and military maneuvers. There is graphic description of the politics of wartime. Great emphasis is laid on social and economic conditions as they affected the war and were affected by it. In particular, one excellent chapter, "The Sweep of Organization," demonstrates the way in which the multiform demands of war accentuated not only the pace of organization in the army, navy, and volunteer agencies but also helped to change and improve various forms of industrial capitalism. Thus the requirements of war fostered the advance of telegraphy and the means of transportation, the development of great ordnance companies, progress in the medical and health services of the nation. They stimulated large banking and business enterprises. Nor was general science immune. The National Academy of Sciences, founded in 1863 and destined to become foremost among the intellectual lighthouses of the time, was born as a direct result of the war. When peace finally came, many of America's military leaders, fresh from their experience with the necessities of organization, returned home to lead various forms of business enterprise.

Professor Nevins takes pains to correct widely held erroneous views of the war. Many still believe that the South could have exported vast quantities of cotton before the Northern blockade of its ports became effective. Yet the 1860 cotton crop had been disposed of before the Confederate government became firmly established, and when the 1861 crop was harvested no ships were available to ferry it across the ocean. Northern accounts of the struggle have not adequately portrayed the wanton plundering and destruction that characterized the conduct of the boys in blue as they surged into Virginia, Tennessee, Mississippi, and Louisiana. Not merely Georgia was made to howl. Again, it has not been generally recognized that the Union blockade of the South became practically equivalent to a protective tariff on cotton from India and a bounty on the subcontinent's shipping and trade. Nevins also points out how doubtful it is that anxiety for Northern wheat played any significant part in keeping the British government from recognizing the Confederacy. In these ways he helps to adjust our perspective on the war.

If search for historical truth is one of the objectives of these volumes, another is to write so as to command popular attention. The vivid characterizations so evident in all the pre-

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ceding volumes of *The Ordeal of the Union* is maintained in those reviewed here. Lincoln remains the hero, a man who made military missteps, was at times tactless with members of Congress and aloof with some of his Cabinet, but who knew when to keep his temper and when to lose it; he was a master of both restraint and timely action, the sagacious yet simple leader who always referred to Jefferson Davis as "that tother fellow."

Davis is judged much more severely. Nevins recognizes the awful difficulties that he faced and his courage in facing them but, he writes, "The primary faults of Davis were narrowness, frigidity and pride; he had little breadth, little magnanimity, little warmth or imagination—qualities fundamental in his great antagonist in Washington. The basic ideas of Jefferson Davis were, in fact, conventionally Southern, and limited." Although Grant ranked intellectually "far below both Stonewall Jackson and Lee," he had strength of character, was "a clear, simple thinker," modest, a man of action with, nonetheless, a "strong instinct for obedience to the civil arm." Lesser individuals receive brief, pungent characterizations. Montgomery Blair, Nevins notes, was "characteristically devious" in seeking to block Chase's elevation to the Supreme Court. Fighting Joe Hooker was "athletic, red-faced, rather seedily handsome." The "serpentine" Henry Winter Davis could speak "with a note of sour Radical vindictiveness."

In addition to these dramatic per-

FRASER YOUNG
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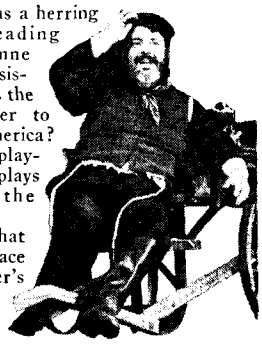

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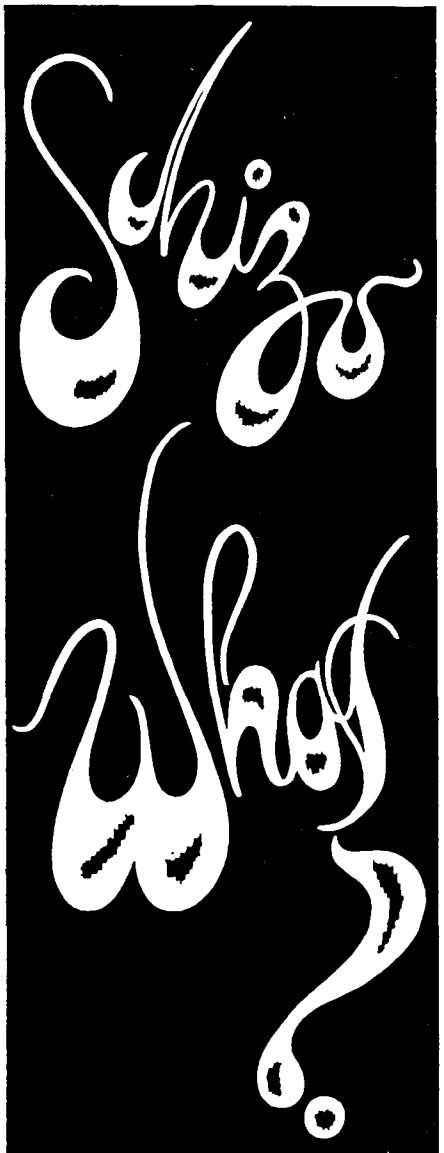
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sonal touches, Nevins employs with great effect striking statements and figures of speech. The Civil War was the "first great railroad war of world history." "The mailed fist of war was smiting the Republic hard, but the impact of change on many fronts, economic, cultural and social, diverted men's attention from its blows." Whether Grant could mount a coordinated offensive in the summer of 1864; whether the North had recruited a sufficient preponderance in manpower for its armies; whether it had a decisive military advantage in men, guns and equipment were questions "as fiercely menacing as if written by fire on an inky sky."

How does Nevins assess the impact of the war upon American life? While he believes that the demands of the struggle and the examples it afforded had considerable effect upon industrial enterprise, he admits that the changes of the period sprang largely from internal forces—the westward movement, increased productivity, the accumulation of capital—that had no direct connection with the war itself. He draws a vivid picture of the North in its postwar trauma, caught up in a welter of recklessness, extravagance and corruption, eager for excitement as evidenced by its raucous Fourth of July celebration in 1865—a people unprepared for peacetime but possessing an underlying soundness that gave great promise of things to come. Nevins's portrayal of the South is equally vivid, a country impoverished, exhausted, its soldiers deserting by the thousands in the last year of battle—a land ravaged and desolate yet "cleared for new tillage. . . . Much was being destroyed in the South, but much had to be destroyed if a better land, with better institutions and ideas, was to be born." As Nevins sees it, the war was a terrible cathartic, more essential for the ultimate well-being of the South than of the North.

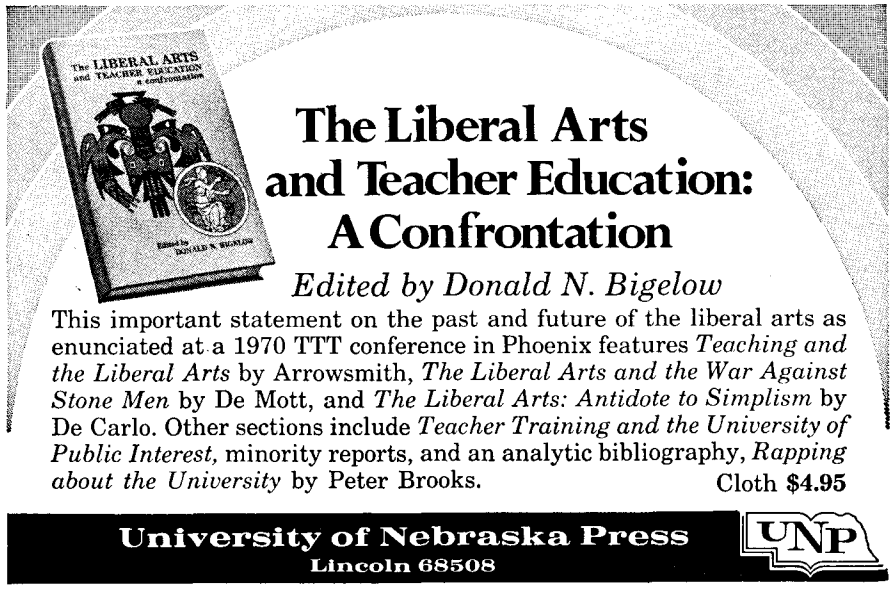
He has no patience with the dictum that there has never been a good war or a bad peace. Emerging from the Civil War was a "new and far stronger nation." For this nation realized that it "stood at the close of one era and the beginning of another, a sense which gave millions a new hopefulness and a more convinced belief in the national destiny." To Nevins it is an "evident fact that the perspective of all mankind had been sharply and decisively revolutionized by Union victory in the war." And the war, as it developed, had become a spiritual necessity for the health of the American people. The nation emerged from the conflict with a sense of freedom that was far more important than any other result of the fighting, and it found at hand immense and varied resources for building a new and greater America. The toil and trouble of that building Nevins leaves to other historians to depict. It will be difficult to find any who are equipped to take up the pen that Allan Nevins has laid down.

Glyndon G. Van Deusen, who is Research Professor of History Emeritus at The University of Rochester, is the author of "William Henry Seward."

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

a. 14 (7 × 2), b. 5,000 (10,000 ÷ 2), c. 607 (600 + 7), d. 24 (1 × 24), e. 993 (1,001 − 8), f. 999 (1,000 − 1), g. 250 (20,000 ÷ 80), h. 39 (1 × 39), i. 17 (20 − 3), j. 5 (15 ÷ 3), k. 49 (7 × 7), l. 5 (15 ÷ 3).

Correction: In the October 30 quiz, entry c. should have read "Arthur K." (for Koestler).



The Liberal Arts and Teacher Education: A Confrontation

Edited by Donald N. Bigelow

This important statement on the past and future of the liberal arts as enunciated at a 1970 TTT conference in Phoenix features *Teaching and the Liberal Arts* by Arrowsmith, *The Liberal Arts and the War Against Stone Men* by De Mott, and *The Liberal Arts: Antidote to Simplism* by De Carlo. Other sections include *Teacher Training and the University of Public Interest,* minority reports, and an analytic bibliography, *Rapping about the University* by Peter Brooks. Cloth **$4.95**

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Chess Corner No. 163

Impregnable. Invincible. Bobby Fischer, America's chess paladin, achieved an unprecedented record of victories with the defeat of Tigran Petrosian of the Soviet Union, a former world champion, in their twelve-game final qualifying match. Fischer is now scheduled to play Boris Spassky of the Soviet Union, present world champion, for the title.

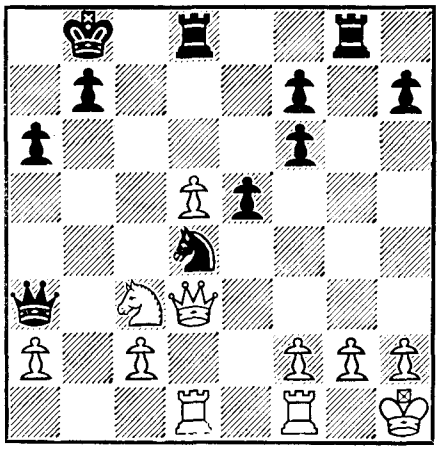
The grand plan of the appended Fischer-Petrosian game—the first in their match—seems to be lacking. Instead a motley of tactical schemes reigns supreme. For example, the amusing bit, after 19 O-O, QxN fails, and for good and sufficient reason. Why? After 20 QxQ, it seems that 20 . . . N-K7ch retrieves all.

But 20 QxQch changes the complexion of things.

Of Bobby Fischer it has been said: "He has so much good chess at his finger-tips, if you cut off his head, he would still play good chess!"

SICILIAN DEFENSE

	Fischer White	Petrosian Black	Fischer White	Petrosian Black
1	P-K4	P-QB4	11 N-R3	P-Q4
2	N-KB3	P-K3	12 PxP	BxN
3	P-Q4	PxP	13 NPxB	Q-R4
4	NxP	N-QB3	14 Q-Q2	O-O-O
5	N-N5	P-Q3	15 B-B4	KR-N1
6	B-KB4	P-K4	16 R-Q1	B-B4
7	B-K3	N-B3	17 B-Q3	BxB
8	B-N5	B-K3	18 QxB	N-Q5
9	QN-B3	P-QR3	19 O-O	K-N1
10	BxN	PxB	20 K-R1	QxRP



21	P-B4	R-QB1	31 N-B3	RxP
22	N-K4	QxQ	32 RxP	RxP
23	PxQ	R-B7	33 P-KR4	N-K6
24	R-Q2	RxR	34 RxP	R-Q8ch
25	NxR	P-B4	35 K-R2	R-QR8
26	PxP	R-K1	36 P-R5	P-B5
27	R-K1	N-B7	37 RxBP	RxP
28	R-K2	N-Q5	38 R-K4	NxP
29	R-K3	N-B7	39 K-N3	R-R4
30	R-R3	RxP	40 N-K5	Resigns

—Al Horowitz.

This woman could wreck our Foreign Aid Program

Last spring when her husband died, Dona Sofia in Brazil was left with a son to support, no home, no money, no way to make a living.

But you didn't find her waiting in line for charity. Instead, she went to one of our World Neighbors workers, and applied for an $85 loan from our revolving fund.

Then, she built an oven out of mud and sticks, bought flour, baked bread, and with the help of her son, sold enough loaves to survive.

But that was last spring. What has happened to Dona Sofia since then? Well, first of all, she has discovered that small doughnuts sell better than large loaves of bread. Then she added fruits and vegetables . . . carefully cultivated her customers . . . built a larger oven.

Also, she built a small house, then took in two orphan children who were near starvation!

And don't forget the $85 loan. Already, she has paid back $60, and now that same money is going toward helping others help themselves.

Dona Sofia will probably never cost the U.S. taxpayer anything. And because she has kept her self respect, she will continue to be our friend.

This is what World Neighbors is all about. Since 1952 we have been proving that give a man a fish, you feed him for a day. Teach him *how* to fish, you feed him for a lifetime.

Right now we are at work in 21 countries, helping people like Dona Sofia, offering a hand up, not a hand out.

If you are tired of seeing your hard-earned dollars earn so few returns overseas, yet you want to share your blessings with the less fortunate—then you are invited to write World Neighbors, today.

☐ Yes, I want to know more about World Neighbors.
☐ Enclosed is my gift of $_____
☐ Please send me information about your color, sound film, A HAND UP.

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The island that brought you Dr. Doolittle now brings you a groovy new hotel.

St. Lucia is the kind of island where you can talk to the animals without going bananas. An island paradise that was picked from hundreds of islands as the location for the film, "Dr. Doolittle."

And now St. Lucia has a knockout of a new hotel. It's called the Vigie Beach Hotel. And it has everything you'd expect to find in a great hotel. On an island you never expected to find. For rates, reservations and free brochure, write **Vigie Beach Hotel** St. Lucia, West Indies

See your travel agent. Represented by I. Oliver Engebretson

With four golden beaches, a full mile of ocean front and the prettiest place in Antigua, we felt we had to do something special. So all our water sports ... sailing, swimming, skiing, snorkeling, and skin diving, are complimentary to our guests. And tennis, too!

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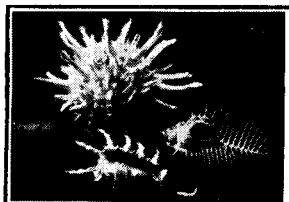

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Turkish Art

Continued from page 26

motion itself was paramount. Their art is full of real and imaginary beasts leaping with the same sumptuous rhythms that electrified much which they put hand to. As "action painters" who depended on line and light rather than pigment, they produced images of quicksilver velocity.

Not to be missed are numerous tombs (*türbeler*) of Seljuk rulers and their families, for death is omnipresent and omnipotent in Turkey. Buildings dedicated to the departed are singularly honored everywhere, especially in Kayseri, a Cappadocian city that ranked only second to Konya as a Seljuk center. Here a large group of tombs is concentrated. These conically shaped stone *türbeler*, as a rule modest and compact, recall the early circular wooden tents of Anatolian tribesmen and at the same time echo Kayseri's spectacular backdrop, a snow-covered extinct volcano rising abruptly above mosques, markets, and tombs. Windowless, sealed, and on occasion overgrown, Seljuk mausoleums have a reticence that the more ostentatious Ottomans were later to eliminate.

For the most amazing, though not the most beautiful, Turkish tomb, one must return to Konya and visit the burial place of Mevlâna Celaleddin Rumi, a thirteenth-century poet-philosopher who founded the Maulawiyah, or "whirling dervishes," a delirious religious order based on an Oriental belief in the interaction of physical rites and total mystic faith. Pilgrims still come in throngs to raise their hands, palms out, in a peculiarly poignant Moslem gesture of worship. They stand in awe before Mevlâna's tomb, an immense casket draped in a Turkish rug and surmounted at one end by a turban-like nest from which emerges what resembles a large phallic object. Other similar but smaller tombs of followers and family surround the great one, creating a veritable forest of masculinity. Elsewhere in this semi-mausoleum, semi-museum one finds carpets, manuscripts, ceramics, and musical instruments, all connected with or specially designed for dervish ceremonies, but it is the burial area that emphasizes how Asiatic, occult, and cabalistic were the practices of this land.

In contrast, tiny modern graveyards are infinitely human. Usually located near rural villages, the little burial plots melt obligingly into the land. So, too, do the primitive adobe and stone dwellings of these dun-colored settlements. But it is the graves that are not easily forgotten, defined as they are merely by uncarved fieldstones. Leaning drunkenly in open, unwalled cemeteries, these lonely little markers make death an authentic return to earth. Nothing could be closer to nature's own methods and nothing could be further removed from the pomp of Moslem history.

"OK, there ain't no Santa Claus! How does a senior citizen who lives in the North Pole and is a philanthropist strike you?"

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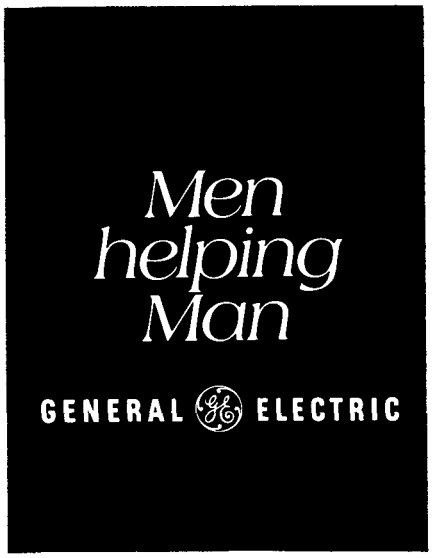

If that were just a slogan, the next two pages would be blank

Before a company signs its advertising with "Men helping Man," that company had better be trying to do something about problems like pollution... crime... transportation... heart disease ... the energy crisis. That company had better be trying to do something about some of the biggest problems facing the country and its cities today.

General Electric is.

In fact, General Electric is probably working in more of these problem areas than any other company.

The reason for this is the unique scope of GE technology. Over 18,000 scientists and engineers are probing deeply into hundreds of different fields, many of which GE pioneered.

On the following two pages are some of the things GE people have been working on. None represents a total answer to the country's problems, of course.

But we think you'll agree they're clear examples of "Men helping Man."

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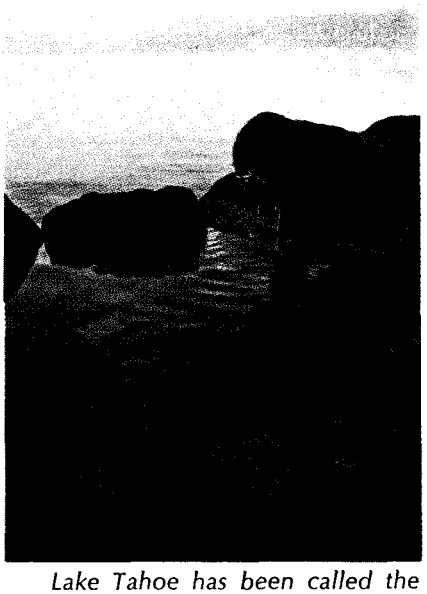
With GE's help there's at least one lake still pure enough to drink.



Lake Tahoe has been called the most beautiful lake in the world.

To keep it that way, the people who live there wanted one of the most advanced and effective sewage treatment systems in the world.

With General Electric's help, they now have it on the lake's south shore.

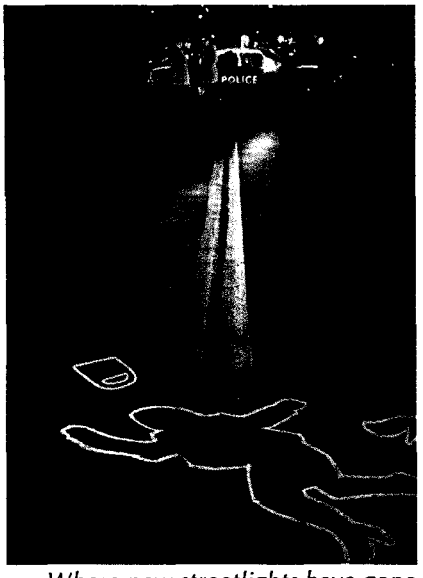
Water from the system, like the lake itself, is pure enough to drink. But, even so, it's pumped over an 8,000-foot mountain pass into a reservoir for swimming and fishing.

The people of Tahoe want only pure mountain streams flowing into the lake.

General Electric motors, controls, meters and GE service people help keep the whole sewage-treatment system working.

GE also has a new idea for purifying water. A new membrane, developed through GE research, may lead to a home filtering unit that will keep viruses and bacteria out of your drinking water.

People can live without street lights. Sometimes.



Where new streetlights have gone up, the crime and accident rate has gone down.

In cities like Detroit, New York, Indianapolis and Hartford, new streetlighting systems from General Electric have helped cut night crime in lighted areas by better than 50%.

Across the country, many new systems use GE's Lucalox® lamps. The most efficient source of white light ever invented. Lucalox puts out twice as much light as the best mercury systems . . . on no more electricity.

Streetlights are only one way GE is helping fight crime and accidents.

High-speed saws—with a cutting edge of General Electric Man-Made™ diamonds—are being used to cut narrow, parallel grooves into roads at hazardous curves.

The grooves give cars a firmer grip in wet weather. And cut accidents by as much as 85%.

We helped make the working day an hour shorter in Philadelphia.

For many Philadelphia commuters, the eight-hour day doesn't seem as long as it used to. Because they now save up to an hour in travel time every day.

They ride the country's first automated rapid-transit system.

It's the new Port Authority line between downtown and the New Jersey suburbs.

General Electric motors move the trains along at up to 75 miles an hour. GE automatic controls keep them running 2 minutes apart during rush hour.

The full round trip is a good hour faster than the driving time. And a good deal more relaxing.

GE is working in other ways to help people travel.

For the future, General Electric is continuing its research into a practical battery to power a broad range of electric vehicles for transportation.

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"I died three years before she was born."

"Before I passed out, I remember thinking, 'This is what it's like to die.'"

Five years ago, before his granddaughter was born, Bernie Wallach had what might have been a fatal heart attack.

But he was lucky enough to be near a hospital with General Electric coronary-monitoring equipment.

The equipment gave doctors an instant electronic reading of Bernie's condition. Later, it kept watch over every beat of his heart for signs of another attack.

GE coronary-monitoring equipment improves a heart patient's chance of survival by about 30%. And people like Bernie Wallach are alive today because of it.

It's only one way GE helps medical science fight heart disease. Another is a GE artificial lung just introduced which greatly increases the time doctors have for open-heart surgery.

A match puts more smoke in the air than a nuclear power plant.

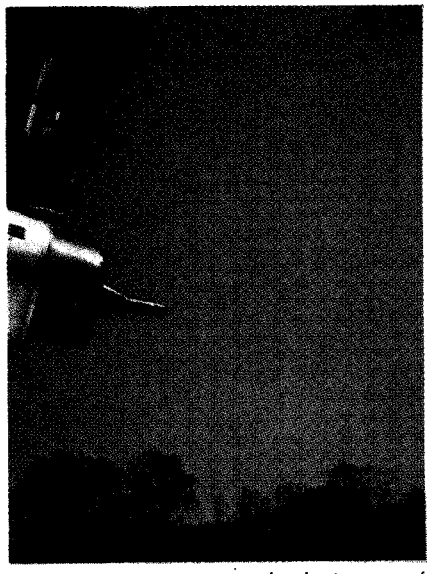
Nuclear power plants don't burn anything to make electricity. And where there's no fire, there's no smoke.

That's why so many people concerned about the environment now favor nuclear power. It's just about the cleanest way there is to make electricity.

Safety has always been the first consideration in building nuclear power plants. Take radiation, for example. A typical plant adds an average of less than 5 millirems/year of radiation to the natural radiation of its site. That's less in a year than the extra radiation you'd receive on one round-trip cross-country jet flight.

Fourteen years ago, GE built the first nuclear power plant ever licensed. Today, GE is helping develop a "breeder reactor." A breeder makes more fuel than it uses. In the next 20 years, breeders should begin making the job of meeting the country's demand for electricity easier.

This is a picture of the exhaust from our new jet engine.



This is an unretouched picture of our newest jet engine running at full take-off power. Where's the smoke? There's no smoke at all.

The engine in the picture is on a test stand. But virtually smokeless engines just like it are now in airline service on the McDonnell Douglas DC-10.

There's more to jet exhaust than just smoke, of course. Our goal is to one day make jets run totally clean.

Jet noise is another problem. But while there's still a long way to go, GE has already succeeded in making the DC-10 engines quieter than those on other commercial jets. Even though the new engines are more than twice as powerful as most engines now in service.

GE has been chosen by NASA to help solve aviation industry noise problems. By 1973, we hope to have developed the technology needed to get engine noise well below anticipated federal standards.

Men helping Man

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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Phoenix Nest

Edited by Martin Levin

Insectual Politics

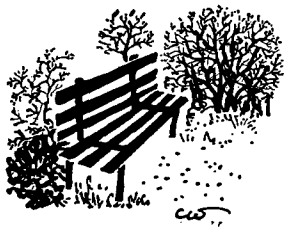
SHED A TEAR for the male honeybee. He's been the lowliest nonentity for so many centuries that he's barely tolerated in bee society. Outnumbered by females ten thousand to one, he has to watch idly while they run the shop. All day, morning to night, the females buzz busily from hive to flower and from flower to hive, bringing in nectar and pollen. They make the wax combs, process the honey, take care of the kids in the communal nursery, and keep a spotless house. If their hollow tree or wooden hive develops splinters, they haul in resin to varnish it smooth again. When the weather is hot, they stand near the door and fan, forcing air through the hive, and when it's very hot they spread water over the combs to keep them cool.

It's a pure case of discrimination. Equal honey for equal work? Hah! The drone swallows his pride along with the honey the maidens feed him, because he can't work at all. They didn't issue him any wax-making or nectar-gathering equipment. He can't even sting anybody.

This second-class nothing has only one value in life. He is, alas, a sex object. When the old queen begins to falter in her egg laying, the practical citizens dethrone her and crown another one. The new young ruler waltzes up into a coronation flight, giving the drone the old come-hither. Overcome by passion and hope, he follows. For one mad moment he thinks he's liberated.

Then the honeymoon ends. The bride deserts the groom and starts laying eggs. No matter to her that he believed all those sweet buzzings. No matter to her that he dreamed of a cozy hideaway for two and Planned Parenthood makes three. She's through with him. Forever. When their children come toddling into the world—at the rate of from one to three thousand a day—he's underwing, so out he goes. The queen will keep delivering every day for the rest of her five-year life, but she won't need him for *that* again. Once was enough. Three million babies from one joyful interlude? He doesn't know whether to crow or cry.

Banished from the hive, he sits on a sunny leaf and meditates. That chauvinist *used* him. To the females go the meaningful lives. *They* are the ones who stagger home loaded with nectar, who turn it into honey, who feed the children, carry out the garbage, build the combs, patch the hive, fight off intruders. All *he* can do is sit—irrelevant,



non-contributing, a sometime plaything.

Is that a smirk on his unnecessary mandibles? Impossible.

—BARBARA EVERETT.

Guess Who Came to Dinner?

PERSEPOLIS, IRAN. (By a correspondent who was detained. Not there, here.)

The Shah says his country is 2,500 years old.

Mao, whose country is twenty-two years old, wasn't invited.

Hirohito was out of town.

Pompidou wasn't there.

Golda Meir, whose country is 3,000 or fifty-three or twenty-two years old, wasn't asked.

Spiro was there.

Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego were represented by the Hotel Darius, where the uncrowned guests stayed. Those on the "A" list had marble bathtubs in plastic tents. (If *The New York Times* is slanting the news again, they're going to get it.)

Moshoeshoe of Lesotho was there.

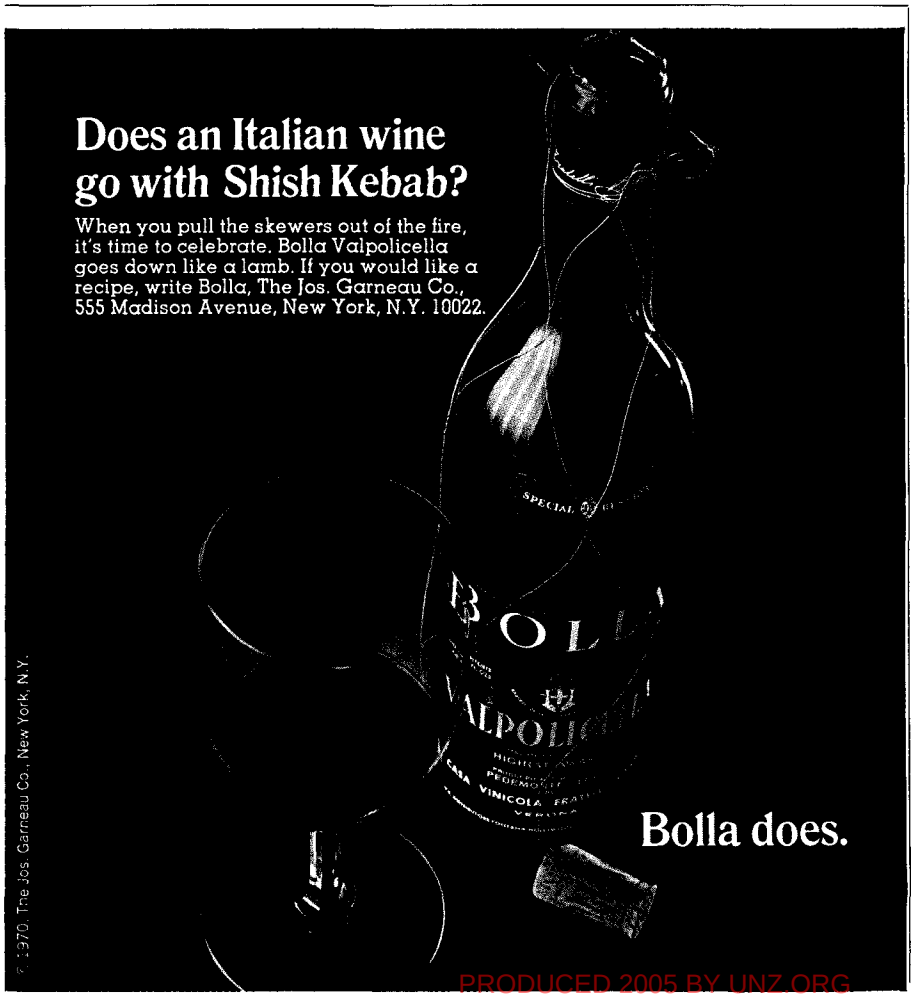
Waiters were flown in from Paris, Monaco, and Switzerland. (In Iran, the average daily wage is $2.50.)

The folks ate from a menu that suited every taste: quail eggs stuffed with (Iranian) caviar; mousse of crayfish tails; stuffed roast lamb with truffles; champagne water ice. Then, ninety peacocks baked and reconstructed with their plumage; nut and truffle salad; creamed figs; and raspberries in port. *Vins compris.*

Sheik Abdul Azziz el-Khasmi of Ra's al Khaymah was there.

Those statements that appear above are, as many of our finer writers write, true facts. A false fact, but maybe not necessarily so, is what I hope one diner said to a waiter at the end of the meal:

"Would you mind putting my peacock in a doggie bag."—HENRY MORGAN.


Does an Italian wine go with Shish Kebab?
When you pull the skewers out of the fire, it's time to celebrate. Bolla Valpolicella goes down like a lamb. If you would like a recipe, write Bolla, The Jos. Garneau Co., 555 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.
Bolla does.
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Booked for Travel

David Butwin

Riding the New York Range

QUIZ: Where is the oldest cattle ranch in the United States? If your thoughts range west of the Mississippi to the open plains, you are thousands of miles off, for Deep Hollow Guest and Cattle Ranch is much closer to Midnight Cowboy Country. In fact, from New York City you have to travel *east*, out across Long Island to the very tip called Montauk Point, where Long Island Sound meets the Atlantic Ocean and where on a given day you can ride the dunes and sweeping moors on horseback or go down to the sea and fish for cod and porgies.

It is hard to believe that such a stretch of undeveloped, uncorrupted land can exist so close to the stone chasms of New York, but actually there is a price for all that peace: If you don't have a car or plane of your own, you have to take the Long Island Rail Road from Pennsylvania Station. First, there's a change at nearby Jamaica from a modern, comfortable commuter coach to one of the lurching, squealing LIRR relics, and then an interminable ride east across the island, altogether a more than three-and-a-half-hour journey. In that time, with the help of a jet, you could be in Marlboro Country.

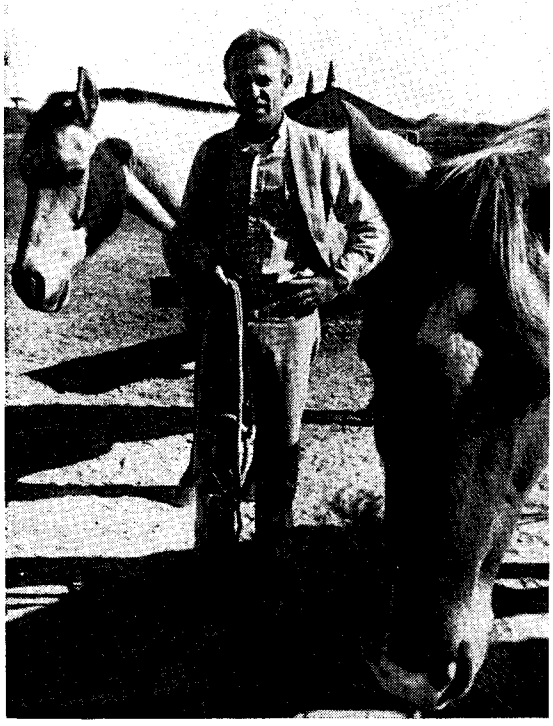
But when the city lies under a persistent heap of gray cloud, a man would set off on foot for Montauk, 125 miles away, just to escape Manhattan. And the cheering fact about climatological conditions in this area is that you can often outrun a bad day in New York and find totally different weather out on the island. Such was the case on the last Thursday in October, for by the time we half-dozen assorted passengers and several trainmen had reached the Hamptons, the clouds were parting and the colors of autumn, though a week or two past their best, were catching a warming sun.

If a mammoth scheme had been carried out in the 1920s, Montauk would not enjoy its relative obscurity and peace a half-century later. Carl Fisher, the founder of the Indianapolis 500 and the man who built Miami Beach, tried to reshape Montauk in his own image, an act that might have succeeded but for the Crash of 1929. Envisioning an exclusive resort on the sandy tip of Long Island, Fisher set about building hotels, yacht clubs, casinos, and other touristic monuments in an imposing but not unsightly Tudoresque style. He also planned to dredge the sound so that transatlantic steamers could call at Montauk and passengers could make rail connections to the city.

His colony, such as it was, failed to survive the Crash and gradually went to seed. When I first visited Montauk a year and a half ago, Fisher's half-timbered luxury hotel, the Montauk Manor, stood in shabby disrepair on a hillside like an abandoned castle on the Scottish moors. Taken over by a Long Island real estate firm, it has since been sandblasted to restore its white stone walls, shored up in places, and redone as condominium apartments whose somewhat smallish units run from $22,500 to $65,000 and more. Another curiosity Fisher left behind is a tall, angular brick building that once served as his office and headquarters and now, as Montauk Improvement, Inc., looms strangely above the main traffic circle. By the water, the Deep Sea Marina Restaurant scarcely hints of the activities that took place inside when it was a gambling casino called the Island Club. Local citizens, proud and aware of the Fisher-left lore, talk of the night the club was raided with Mayor Jimmy Walker in attendance, and how he was rushed into the kitchen, fitted with a white jacket, and disguised as a waiter until the bust was completed.

Montauk's bond with history goes back to the seventeenth century when cattle herds were first driven across the island to graze on the rich grasses near the eastern end, an area now thick with bayberry and shag and small clumps of trees. From 1720 to 1895, when the railroad finally reached Montauk, up to 6,000 cattle, horses, and sheep were in residence each year. Roaming along with the animals, the herdsmen stayed in cabins they called First House, Second House, and Third House. First House has disappeared, Second is a museum in the unincorporated town of Montauk, and Third, built in 1747 and rebuilt in 1806, is now the Deep Hollow Guest and Cattle Ranch. Home on the Eastern range.

No doubt the best-remembered horseman at Deep Hollow, and throughout Montauk, is Teddy Roosevelt. It was to Montauk Point that TR and his Rough Riders repaired at the conclusion of the Spanish-American War to undergo a month-long quarantine at Camp Wikoff, named for the first officer killed at San Juan Hill. At Wikoff, Roosevelt was prevailed upon to run for Governor of New York, and forty-five days after leaving Montauk he won the election. One wall of the ranch's lounge is covered with photographs of the encampment, Teddy standing out from the others with his crew cut and granny glasses. There is a red battle flag bearing the word "Progressive" and the year "1912," a banner his supporters probably waved at the national convention when he split the Republican Party to run on a separate ticket.



—*Mark Chester*

Dickinson and Deep Hollow friends—salt air, red sumac, and solitude.

Of those winding-down days at Montauk, he wrote: "We would gallop down to the beach and bathe in the surf, or else go for long rides over the beautiful rolling plains, thickly studded with pools which were white with water lilies." And: "Galloping over the open rolling country through the cool fall evenings made us feel we were out on the great western plains and might at any moment start deer from the brush, or see antelope stand and gaze far away, or rouse a band of mighty elk and hear their horns clatter as they fled away."

Elk and antelope have departed Montauk, but white-tailed deer still roam the brush, a fact I verified on a foggy night when a family of three deer suddenly showed up in the headlights, then sprinted away unharmed. According to Jack Dickinson, Deep Hollow's resident cowboy, the brush also conceals pheasant, quail, woodcock, rabbit, fox, and raccoon, and bird-watching is so good (Montauk is on the Atlantic Flyway) that devotees of that sport congregate each autumn for a weekend of spying. Dickinson, brought up in the area and a fully accredited cowboy with specialties in cutting and roping,

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remembers herding cattle on Long Island as recently as the mid-1950s, a time when cows were shipped up by railroad from Texas to be fattened on the Montauk plain before being sold for slaughter. Dickinson's grandfather Phineas moved out to Third House well before the Civil War, and his father, at the age of ten, had the rare treat of watering Teddy Roosevelt's horse during the 1898 quarantine.

Jack Dickinson happily surrenders top billing at Deep Hollow to the ranch foreman (or forewoman), his pretty niece Peggy, one of the more accomplished riders in the East, with medals to prove it. Jack deferred to Peggy and let her take me out riding on a sunlit afternoon at the warmest peak of Indian summer. It was only my third time in the saddle, so she picked out a docile, dull-brown horse named Buck, who stopped to munch on every clump of grass along the paths through the reddened bayberry and sumac. We rode away from the only reminder of modernity, the hum of auto tires on the main road, headed across a valley cut by a tiny, spring-fed stream, and climbed to the top of Squaw Hill, where the Montaukett Indian wives used to do their Monday wash and where rocky ledges still remain from ancient villages. Up there we breathed the special Montauk fragrance of salt air and dried leaves and, while Buck ate the last green grass in sight, looked out across the sound toward Connecticut and Rhode Island, both hidden by fog.

There are some 2,000 acres for riding, including the Deep Hollow property and adjacent state- and county-owned land, and although the horses prefer the solid ground above the beach, you can ride down to the shore as Teddy did. At this uncommonly warm period, when Jack Dickinson and a few others were hoping for chill weather to greet the upcoming hunting season, people were strolling the beach in bathing suits, and some indeed were diving in. The beach on the Atlantic side is so free of commercial clutter that, except for a few houses and hotels spotted here and there in the overhanging green hillside, you can walk or ride for miles in near solitude.

If anyone on Montauk qualifies as a latter-day Carl Fisher, it is Nick Monte, who owns Gurney's Inn and recently purchased the Deep Hollow Ranch. For years, under a different management, Gurney's had carefully sorted its clientele to keep things "ultra-WASPish," in Monte's words. Then Monte happened by one day in the mid-1950s, fell for the splendid location and cluster of shingled cottages above the beach, and went back to the family restaurant in Brooklyn, Monte's Venetian Room, to tell his six brothers (and partners) what he had found. In 1956, the Montes bought Gurney's Inn and immediately set about changing its Gentleman's Agreement reputation. Perhaps the only barriers remaining after fifteen years are financial, a double room with meals (tasty and Italian) running $56 to $63 a day. By 1974, Monte will add a terraced wing of rooms, each with a bidet, and such other extras as an indoor swimming pool, health rooms, and a forty-five-degree-inclined elevator on the hillside. The plans, as I suggested to Monte, sound more Catskills than Montauk, but he claims the present aura will be retained.

His ideas for the ranch, whose condition has declined under various managements, are also ambitious, but at least at Deep Hollow there is room to expand. Not long ago he flew out to Colorado to observe firsthand the workings of a dude ranch with a five-star rating in the Mobil Guide (a source of envy to Monte, whose resort rates four stars). "I thought I'd see Western costumes and typical Western food, but all they had were lamb chops, roast beef, and chef's salads," he said. So he'll move ahead on his own, with advice, of course, from the Dickinsons. One of the plans is to increase the cattle herd, now down to a dozen black Angus. And someone ought to consider lowering the $6-per-hour riding fee.

No matter how many cows and cowboys are added, Montauk will continue to be noted for its primary hallmark: fishing. Cod, bass, bluefish, white marlin, swordfish, the strangely named and bony porgies, and even sharks are among the creatures taken from the waters near Montauk. Whether by surf casting, excursions in small private craft, or the large "open boats" that take eighty fishermen at $10 a head, sportsmen consider Montauk the richest grounds in the East.

Montauk's harbor is crowded with 150 different fishing vessels, and life there never stops regardless of the hour or season. I found Captain Lester Behan on his open boat, the *Peconic Queen II*, preparing for the next day's 4 a.m. departure for the usual anchoring spot thirty-five miles east at Cox's Ledge. Once a month, Behan's green-and-white iron heap heads out to the wreck of the *Andrea Doria*, sunk in 220 feet of water fifty miles off Nantucket in 1956. "Usually you have to give a sunken ship ten years to build up the colonies of fish, but we started going there well before that," Behan said. "You see the foreign fishing fleets

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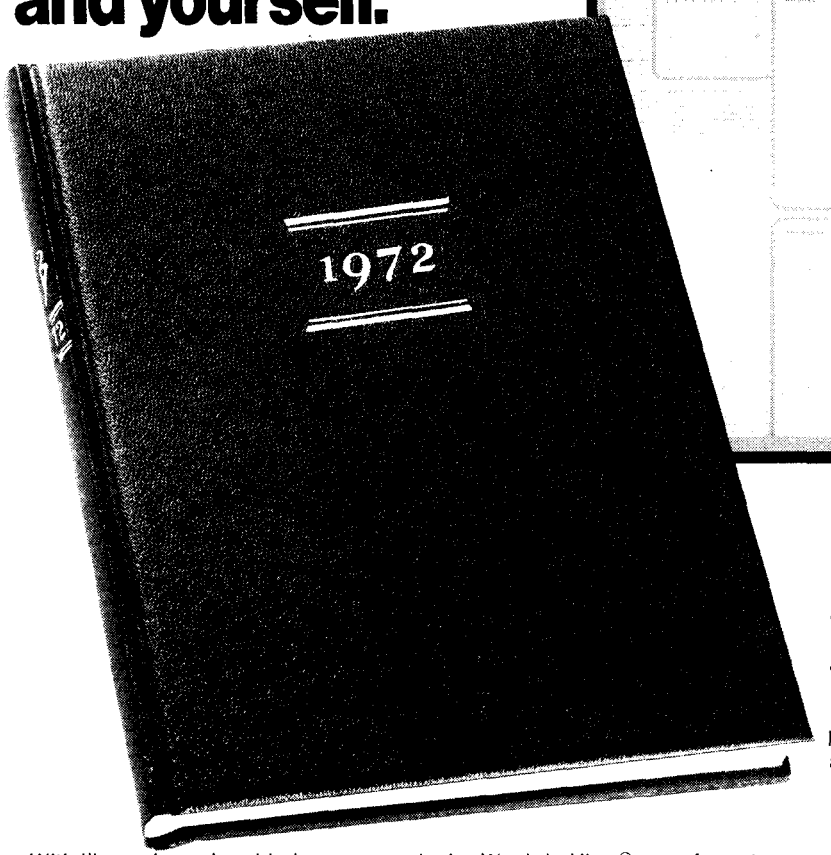

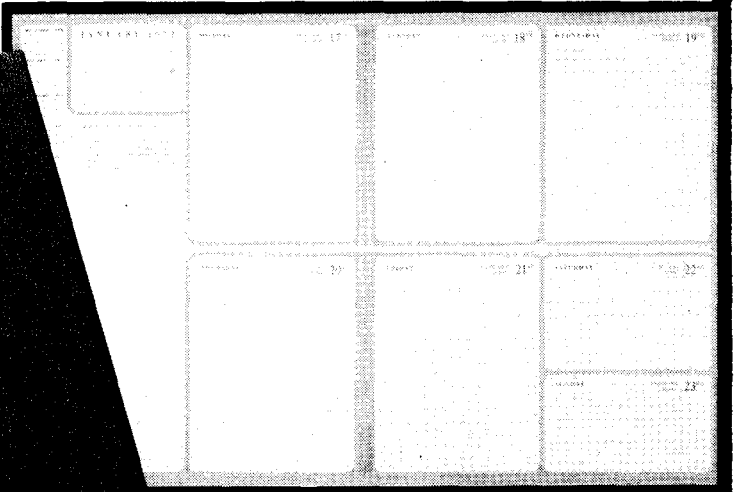

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Before I left Montauk on a warm, hazy Saturday afternoon, Jack Dickinson, apparently disappointed by my slump-backed riding style, took me out for a private lesson at the old polo stables, another Fisher legacy. "This is a gelding," he said of his favorite quarter horse, Indian Cody, and then proceeded to prance about the small enclosure, stopping and starting the animal as though it were a delicate machine. When I got up on the $2,000 horse (ten times the worth of the balky Buck), the contrast between the two was alarming. It was as easy as riding a Ford Pinto. That night, at a Halloween party back in Midnight Cowboy Country, I was describing my lessons and the resultant soreness to a horsewoman of obvious talents. "If it just hurt in the rear, you would have been riding wrong," she said. "It's a good sign if it hurts you here in the thighs."

After that, I didn't dare tell her why I wasn't sitting down.

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World of Dance

Walter Terry

A Rich, Rich Palette

TODAY'S American black dance, almost always rooted in modern dance techniques and fed and flavored by the jazz the American Negro originated, frequently and understandably concerns itself with themes of protest, of racial and social unrest. This focus is not something that developed recently with the emergence of Black Power. A quarter of a century ago, Pearl Primus created a powerful solo, *Strange Fruit* (to the song of the same name), and thirty-five years ago, Charles Weidman (white) first presented his now celebrated "Lynch Town" (in the suite *Atavisms*) on Broadway. At about the same time, the late Helen Tamiris (also white) produced her *How Long Brethren* (a major art protest on behalf of the Negro) under the auspices of the Dance Division of the Federal Theater Project of the WPA. American dance, white and black, has long used choreographic eloquence to battle injustice.

But black dance has a heritage not bounded by contemporary times or by the frontiers of America. Not long after *Strange Fruit*, Miss Primus, an anthropologist-ethnologist as well as a dancer, sought out the dances of her ancestors. Grants from foundations enabled her to study in detail the ancient dances of Africa and even to aid newly emerging countries in preserving tribal dance wealth and in giving it contemporary theatrical outlets. Katherine Dunham, the great pioneer of this century's Negro art-dance, centered her performing career upon Afro-Caribbean native dances.

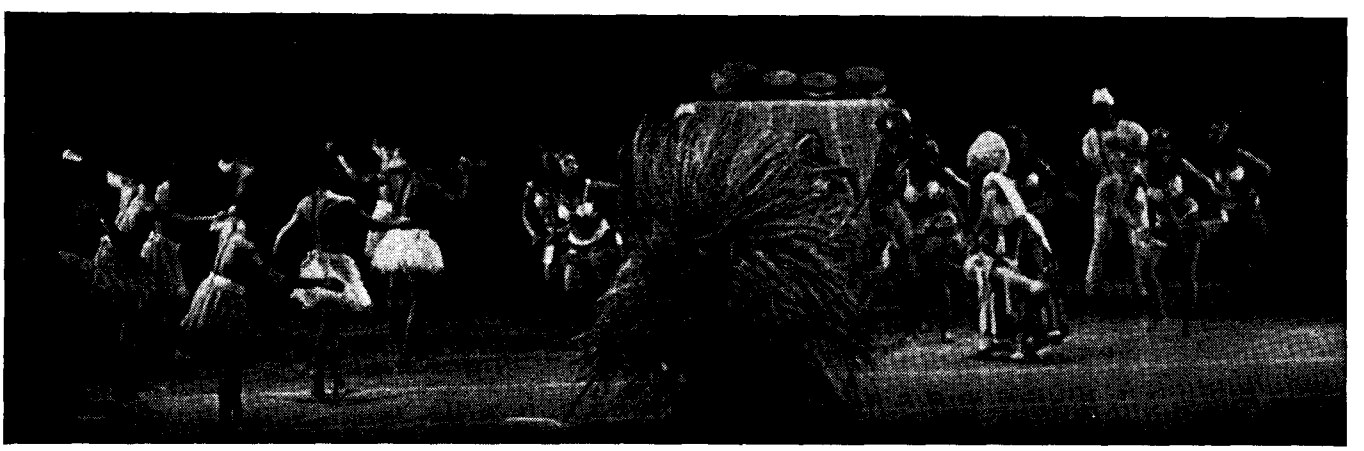
Increasingly, we are seeing on our stages the classical dances of Africa. Les Ballets Africains, a superb troupe from Guinea, was one of the first to visit us. Then came tastefully theatricalized village and ritual dances from, say, Mali and Ghana. This October and November have had as a very special highlight an Afro-Asian Festival in the big opera house of the Brooklyn Academy of Music. The first African company to perform there was the Senegalese National Dance Company, directed by Maurice Sonar Senghor (nephew of President Senghor of Senegal), in a program called *Illustration of Blackness*. This was, of course, African blackness on stage through which the people celebrated a good catch from the sea or a rich harvest from the land, lovely bare-bosomed girls walked with elegance of step or teased the males with flexible hips and flirtatious eyes, and the men displayed muscular and rhythmic prowess in fabulous acrobatics.

The Senegalese program, representing different tribal dress, customs, and rhythms, ranged from the lovely music of the kora, a twenty-one-string lute, to the wild and wonderful whirlings and rollings of a performer costumed as a rakish haystack—one never saw face or feet, only flying stalks of grain apparently held together by centrifugal force. In these dances, scenes, songs, skits, and ceremonies, West Africa—from whence came many American slaves—now celebrates upon modern stages ancient heritages of classical dance accomplishments.

Several units of this festival, including the Ritual Acrobats of Persia (which I'll describe at a later date), have been and will be on tour in America. It is important, I think, that all Americans be privileged to savor, even briefly, the traditions of other lands as recorded in their dances. Last year, teen-agers at New York City's High School of Performing Arts devoted part of a dance program to a reconstruction of African dances. The hairdos, perhaps, looked more Harlem than Takoradi, but the youngsters were listening for the ancestral footsteps, and they heard them. But blackness has many shades and tones, and our guests from Africa are reminding American blacks of this rich, rich palette.

The City Center Joffrey Ballet, which has been giving some stunning performances during its fall season at the City Center, slipped slightly, or badly, depending on the individual viewpoint, with its final novelty of the season, *Weewis*, choreographed by Margo Sappington, who used to be a Joffrey dancer and later went on to somewhat different fame as a contributor to *Oh! Calcutta!* Her ballet, to a commissioned rock score by Stanley Walden (played by Virgin Wool), has three pairs of dancers: two boys (pals or lovers? I think pals), a deeply erotic male-female duo, and a belligerent boy and girl in constant confrontation. Some of it is fun, but it rambles and falters and misses. However, the dancers—Gary Chryst, James Dunne, Rebecca Wright, Christian Holder, Susan Magno, Tony Catanzaro—are simply terrific.

The week before, the Joffrey troupe had presented the premiere of *Kettentanz*, created by the company's chief choreographer, Gerald Arpino. In contrast to the rock *Weewis* (by the way, the title means nothing at all—Miss Sappington just likes to make up amusing sounds), Arpino's piece is set to music of the senior Johann Strauss and of Johann Mayer. It is light and gay and very dancy—rather like Michael Smuin's *Gartenfest*—and although it won't disturb you with profundities, it will make you smile and tap your foot and think that life isn't half-bad.



—*Frank Derbas*

The Senegalese National Dance Company—the "haystack" in the foreground is a live, whirling, seemingly faceless and footless dancer.

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Music to My Ears

Irving Kolodin

Thomas at the Philharmonic; Magda Olivero; "Candide"

FOR HIS first appearance before a Philharmonic subscription audience, Michael Tilson Thomas, the young associate conductor of the Boston Symphony, provided a program that was something like a play within a play. It began with a suite from Handel's *Water Music* as a curtain raiser and ended with Mozart's C-major (No. 34) Symphony as an after piece. But the core of the musical drama was concentrated in the works between by Ruth Crawford, Carl Ruggles, and Alban Berg.

In these, the abundantly talented Thomas was more a participant than the spectator he appeared to be vis-à-vis Handel and Mozart. Amid the cross fire of styles, the conductor's aptitudes found their focus most sharply in the *Seven Early Songs* of Alban Berg. The choice of Evelyn Lear as the soprano soloist added an extra value to the Philharmonic's season-long retrospect of Berg through her completely comprehending projection of the sentiment-drenched texts of Rilke, Lenau, Sturm, etc. (set by Berg between his twentieth and twenty-third years).

Here, for those who chose to make the association, was the source of the lyric essence that Berg mocked, distorted, and distilled into the tortured love-hate turmoil of his life's last major stage work, *Lulu*. It might be regarded as stretching the relationship unduly to affiliate the songs of 1905-08 with the music drama of the 1930s. But it just happens that Berg chose the pre-*Lulu* time of the late Twenties to pick up these songs again and convert the piano parts into the richly sonorous, post-Straussian orchestral colors that were heard in this performance. It was, perhaps, a way of regaining an identity with that lyric essence preparatory to rendering it in another analytic, even psychoanalytic, way in *Lulu*. Of course, it helped to point the way to such a thought that Miss Lear, as well as being an excellent musician (she received a special round of applause from the Philharmonic's horn section as the tribute due a former colleague) and a fine vocalist, is a very good Lulu. Her understated, almost confiding, beautifully sustained performances did credit to her imagination as well as her insight.

There were somewhat lesser rewards in Thomas's programing of the well-written Andante from a string quartet by the late Ruth Crawford (the wife of musicologist Charles Seeger, hence mother of singers Pete and Peggie Seeger). Why not the whole quartet? As for Carl Ruggles's *Men and Mountains* (inscribed to the memory of the self-willed, iconoclastic composer who died only weeks ago in Bennington, Vermont, at the age of ninety-six), it makes a powerful rumble of sound in exemplifying the thought of William Blake embodied in its title, but the echoes it arouses relate more to promise than fulfillment.

In the opening and closing segments, Thomas impressed me as concerned primarily with solving their tonal problems and less with communicating spiritually with his audience. All the intellectual connotations were rigorously observed—even to the use of four bassoons, four horns, and four oboes in the Symphony to balance the large string sections—but warmth, wit, finesse, and the other human attributes that endear Mozart to the multitudes who do not comprehend his science were insufficiently served, likewise, the vivacity, brio, and eloquence in the Handel.

There was tumult and shouting at the season's first concert by The Little Orchestra Society in Philharmonic Hall, but it was not in response to the works of Gabrieli, Pergolesi, and Petrassi conducted by Thomas Scherman. It related, rather, to the first New York appearance of the fiftyish Magda Olivero, once a reigning favorite of the Italian opera stage. Having lately resumed a career that was interrupted by marriage and "retirement" in 1941, the Olivero effort on behalf of two segments of Cilèa's *Adriana Lecouvreur* (of which she was a pre-Tebaldi exponent) and two Puccini excerpts (Mimi's "Addio" from Act III of *La Bohème* and Manon Lescaut's "In quelle trine morbide") of necessity partook of retrospect. But it was hardly of necessity—save physical—that the emotions were threefold exaggerated, the musical line pushed into conformations to suit the singer's convenience or seasoned with Giglian sobs. By application of all her considerable technical means, Olivero managed to float a high tone here and there or fade a phrase with cunning effect, but the basic sound of the voice was thick and unvibrant. The audience appeared to be infiltrated by a sizable portion of those American Opera Society devotees who react with indiscriminate abandon to "personality," without regard for intonation or good musical order. Olivero had a problem more suited to her present vocal capacities in Poulenc's *La Voix Humaine*, a monodrama in which the performer's life hangs by a thread, the thread of a telephone line relating her to an outside world of despair, frustration, and, eventually, defeat. Here her intensity conveyed much, though in an Italianate way rather than the Gallic one of the inimitable Denise Duval.

WASHINGTON, D.C.

HAVING QUALIFIED admirably in its initial usage by Alberto Ginastera's new opera *Beatrix Cenci* in the opening weeks, in October and November the Opera House of the Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts was put to the test of its secondary purpose as a home for "musicals" and served no less well. It helped no little that the work was a revival of Leonard Bernstein's *Candide*, with its sophisticated scoring and demanding vocal roles. But the audience response from all sections of the house to the skilled efforts of Frank Porretta in the title role, Mary Costa as Cunegonde, Rae Allen as The Old Lady, Joshua Hecht as the King of Hesse, etc., showed that the environment is a mutually congenial one.

At its opening in New York (December 1956), *Candide* was heavily beset

by the problems that resulted from an unsuccessful merger of Lillian Hellman's intentions, as adapter of Voltaire's novella, and Bernstein's preferences as composer. The Hellman name is absent from the billing page of the present version, the Bernstein music has been extended to include some new material, and it is now closer to an operetta than a play with music. Indeed, when it gets fully into its tripping stride in Part II, it makes an American flavored blend of Offenbach, Gilbert and Sullivan, and Broadway, to which the verses of Richard Wilbur and John Latouche make a creative contribution.

The production, evolved on the West Coast by the Kennedy Center in collaboration with the Los Angeles and San Francisco Light Opera associations, is colorful (Oliver Smith's responsibility) and well paced (Michael Kidd was the last in a series of directors). It profits particularly from the participation of Miss Costa, who not only sings the intricate "Glitter and Be Gay" with practiced ease but invests the role with multidimensional values of comedy, sentiment, and audience appeal that are more in her than in it.

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In recent months American higher education has been subjected to an avalanche of reports, critiques, analyses, and proposals for change. They range from the reports of the prestigious Carnegie Commission on Higher Education, headed by Clark Kerr, and HEW Secretary Elliott Richardson's influential task force, headed by Frank Newman, to the writings and recommendations of individual scholars and critics. But nearly all, and especially the more eminent critics, call for radical rethinking of the entire higher education enterprise.

One may well wonder why, after a decade or more of unprecedented growth, affluence, and apparent success, our colleges and universities should suddenly be faced by so many demands for fundamental reform. There are, of course, a number of obvious reasons: the upgrading of the high schools during the 1950s and 1960s that made many freshman-year programs obsolete, the earlier maturing of young people and their greater sophistication as a result of exposure to so many sources of knowledge and experience outside the classroom, and the growing insistence on more schooling in preparation for the world of work—not to mention the more overt pressures for change exerted by the civil rights movement, the student rebellion, and, more recently, Women's Lib.

But these factors and forces, relevant as they are, fail to explain the widespread demands for radical change. Rather, it appears that these demands aim much more deeply than mere accommodation to surface, and sometimes transient, pressures—that they challenge the very assumptions on which higher education is founded. Two examples will illustrate the point.

The first concerns the assumptions we have made about who is capable of "college level work." In the past, higher education has always been designed primarily to serve an elite—whether social or intellectual. But the pressures of recent years have forced open the door of the Academy to admit a far wider range of individuals than ever before, and the results have been revealing. Many questions remain, but analysis of the experience of many institutions with "high risk" students has called into serious question our assumptions about who is college material, and who is not. Late last month, for instance, Oberlin College reported that entering black students have test scores that average 100 points lower than white students, but that both groups graduate with point averages that are nearly identical.

The second assumption that is being challenged concerns the kinds of studies that should comprise higher education. Our colleges and universities have proved beyond doubt their capacity for developing the kinds of knowledge and skills demanded by a technological society. But, in the process, they have often ignored almost all the rest of the wide spectrum of human talents. We have, for example, been called a nation of visual illiterates—not least because we have rarely placed the same value on the ability to communicate in the visual and performing arts that we have placed on the ability to communicate in the languages of mathematics or physics. The point was well made recently by Dr. John Ziman, professor of physics at the University of Bristol. Writing about the highly trained specialists who dominate so much of our society, he observed: "We must somehow sensitize these earnest, owlish experts early to think of people, of pain, of freedom, and of beauty."

The contemporary critiques of higher education demand not the destruction of our colleges and universities, but a fundamental rethinking of their role in the modern world. Their message is that superficial tinkering and accommodation to transient pressures are not enough. —J.C.

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Financing Schools: Property Tax Is Obsolete

THE CALIFORNIA DOCTRINE

by ARTHUR E. WISE

On August 30, 1971, the Supreme Court of California announced what may become as historic a decision as *Brown vs. Board of Education*. In *Serrano vs. Priest*, the court tentatively concluded that the state's public school financing system denies children equal protection guaranteed under the Fourteenth Amendment, because it produces substantial disparities among school districts in the amount of revenue available for education. The problem to which the case was addressed can be simply stated by an example. The Baldwin Park school district expended only $577.49 to educate each of its pupils in 1968-69, while the Beverly Hills school district, in the same county, expended $1,231.72 per pupil. The principal source of this inequity was the difference in local assessed property valuation per child: In Baldwin Park the figure was $3,706 per child, while in Beverly Hills it was $50,885—a ratio of 1 to 13. Furthermore, Baldwin Park citizens paid a school tax of $5.48 per $100 of assessed valuation, while Beverly Hills residents paid only $2.38 per $100—a ratio of more than 2 to 1.

The idea that the unequal allocation of educational resources within a state might be unconstitutional was first suggested only during the mid-1960s. It was not that the allocation of educational resources among school districts within a state suddenly became unequal in the mid-1960s, nor were these inequities suddenly discovered. Rather, the inequities in school finance were, for the first time, viewed in the light of the then prevailing egalitarian thrust of the U. S. Supreme Court.

The Court, under Chief Justice Earl Warren, had been embarked on a campaign of guaranteeing fundamental rights to dispossessed minorities and had precipitated broad social change. In 1954, the Supreme Court declared that, at least as far as race is concerned, public education is a right that must be made available equally. Beginning in 1956, the Court began to attack discrimination based on wealth in a series of cases concerned with rights of defendants in criminal cases. In 1962, the Court moved to eliminate geographic discrimination by requiring legislative reapportionment. By 1966, the wealth discrimination argument had been extended to voting rights in a case that eliminated the poll tax.

In the context of this historic trend, a Constitutional attack on inequities in educational finance seemed eminently feasible. Many parallels among the rights at stake were possible. More important, perhaps, was the fact that the Warren Court had demonstrated a willingness to guarantee individual rights when legislatures failed to act. State legislatures had been struggling with miserly state school finance equalization formulas for at least as long as they had failed to reapportion themselves.

The California equalization suit was not the first such suit to be prosecuted. Earlier there had been unsuccessful efforts in Illinois and Virginia to challenge the Constitutionality of school finance legislation. The California court took pains to distinguish between the case before it and the earlier ones. The earlier complaints had contended that "only a financing system which apportions public funds according to the educational needs of the students satisfied the Fourteenth Amendment." The lower courts had found the notion of "educational needs" too nebulous a concept with which to deal, and the U.S. Supreme Court had affirmed their decisions that held that the equal protection clause did not apply to school financing. However, the U.S. Supreme Court was obliged to render a judgment when these cases were appealed to it from the lower courts because of a technicality. According to the California court, the U.S. Supreme Court's affirmance of these decisions was substantially the equivalent of a decision not to become involved in the issue at that time. Furthermore, the California court thought that its case was different in that it involved the simpler principle of discrimination on the basis of wealth. It should be pointed out, however, that the earlier cases had perhaps erred because they contained a remedy in the complaint. The California complaint simply attempted to

"We are called upon to determine whether the California public school financing system, with its substantial dependence on local property taxes . . . violates the Fourteenth Amendment."
CALIFORNIA SUPREME COURT
SERRANO VS. PRIEST

ARTHUR E. WISE, associate dean of the Graduate School of Education at the University of Chicago, is the author of *Rich Schools, Poor Schools: The Promise of Equal Educational Opportunity*, one of the earliest and most influential studies in the field.

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California Supreme Court—Seated (left to right): Justice M. McComb, Chief Justice D. Wright, and Justice R. Peters; standing (left to right): Justices L. Burke, M. Tobriner, S. Mosk, and R. Sullivan.

have the present system of finance declared unconstitutional.

There were three steps in the reasoning of the California court as it reached its decision. First, it noted that "the U.S. Supreme Court has demonstrated a marked antipathy toward legislative classifications which discriminate on the basis of certain 'suspect' personal characteristics. One factor which has repeatedly come under the close scrutiny of the High Court is wealth." The California court reviewed precedents in which the High Court had invalidated wealth classifications that infringed on the rights of defendants in criminal and voting rights cases. It appeared to the court that California's school financing system does discriminate on the basis of the wealth of a district and its residents.

While the court had substantial judicial precedent for finding wealth a suspect classification, it did not have judicial precedent for finding education a "fundamental interest." Such a finding was an important second step for the theory that the court was attempting to develop. The court relied upon a number of decisions that "while not *legally* controlling" are "persuasive in the factual description of the significance of learning." The classic expression of this position came in *Brown vs. Board of Education*:

> Today, education is perhaps the most important function of state and local governments. Compulsory school attendance laws and the great expenditures for education both demonstrate our recognition of the importance of education to our democratic society. It is required in the performance of our most basic public responsibilities, even service in the armed forces. It is the very foundation of good citizenship. Today it is a principal instrument in awakening the child to cultural values, in preparing him for later professional training, and in helping him to adjust normally to his environment. In these days, it is doubtful that any child may reasonably be expected to succeed in life if he is denied the opportunity of an education. Such an opportunity, where the state has undertaken to provide it, is a right which must be made available to all on equal terms.

"We are convinced that the distinctive and priceless function of education in our society warrants, indeed compels, our treating it as a 'fundamental interest.'"
SERRANO VS. PRIEST

These cases, together with the court's own analysis of the importance of education, compelled it to treat education as a "fundamental interest." "Education," the court stated, "is the lifeline of both the individual and society."

The final step was a determination of whether the California school financing scheme, as presently structured, constituted a "compelling state interest." Finding that education is a "fundamental interest" and that the present method of school financing interferes with no "compelling state interest," the court declared:

> The California public school financing system, as presented to us by plaintiffs' complaint supplemented by matters judicially noticed, since it deals intimately with education, obviously touches upon a fundamental interest. For the reasons we have explained in detail, this system conditions the full entitlement to such interest on wealth, classifies its recipients on the basis of their collective affluence and makes the quality of a child's education depend upon the resources of his school district and ultimately upon the pocketbook of his parents. We find that

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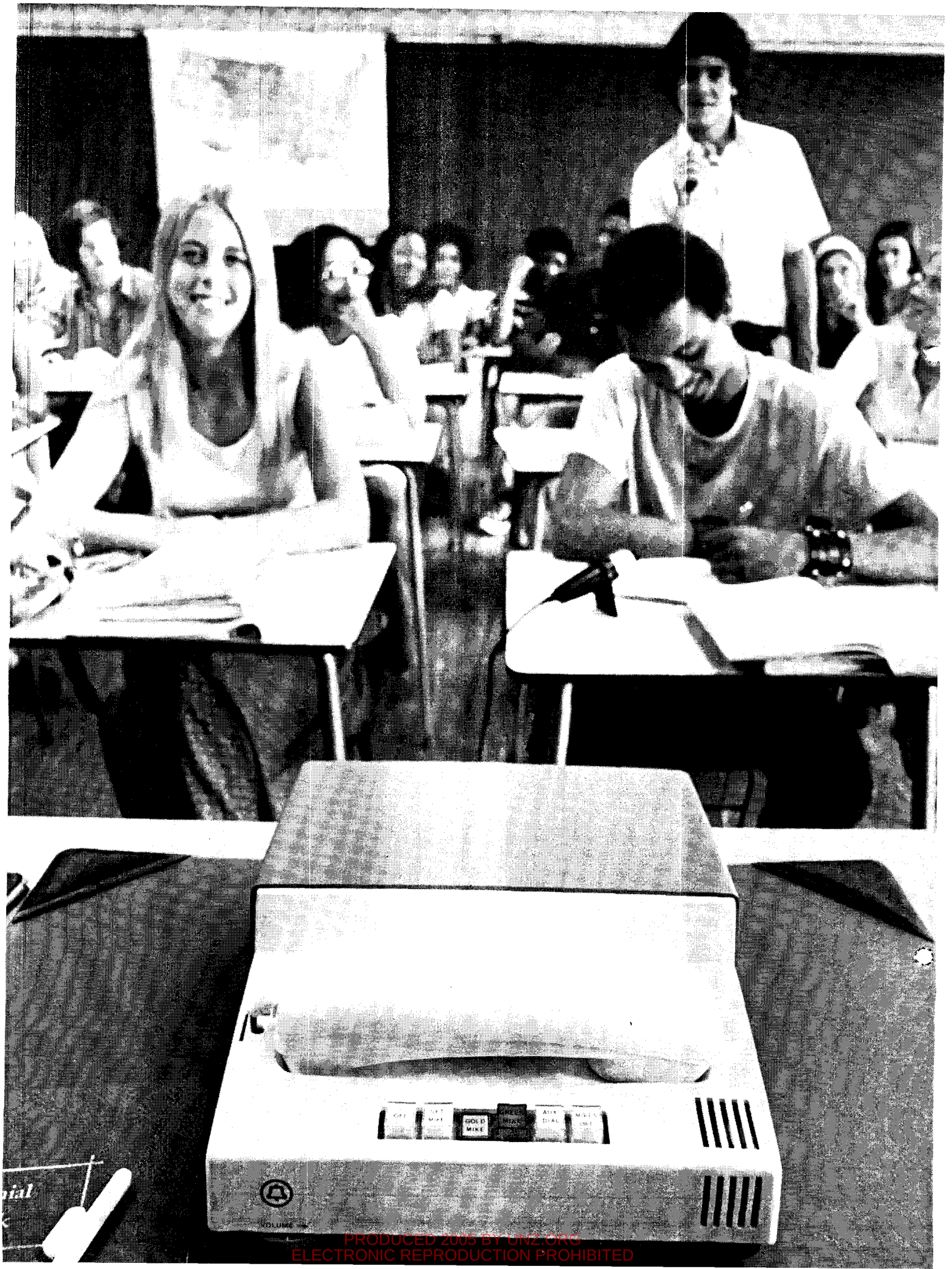

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such financing system as presently constituted is not necessary to the attainment of any compelling state interest. Since it does not withstand the requisite "strict scrutiny," it denies to the plaintiffs and others similarly situated the equal protection of the laws.

To this point the court was supporting the proposition that the quality of public education may not be a function of wealth other than the wealth of the state as a whole. [See *SR*, April 17, 1971, p. 76.] This proposition would permit educational quality to vary from school district to school district so long as each district had an equal capacity to raise funds for education. Thus, for example, a community that chose to tax itself at the rate of 1 per cent might have available $400 per student, irrespective of the wealth of that community. A community that chose to tax itself at the rate of 2 per cent might have available $800 per student, again irrespective of the wealth of that community. The state in this scheme commits itself to the specified level of expenditure per student regardless of what it raises by the local tax. The state gives aid in exactly the amount that local resources are insufficient to reach the specified expenditure. This scheme, known as "district power equalizing," is apparently, however, inconsistent with the principle of territorial uniformity.

The court took some pains to argue that territorial uniformity in school finance is constitutionally required. "Where fundamental rights or suspect classifications are at stake," said the court, "a state's general freedom to discriminate on a geographical basis will be significantly curtailed by the equal protection clause." In support of this interpretation, the court first relied upon the school closing cases in which the U.S. Supreme Court invalidated efforts to shut schools in one part of a state while schools in other areas continued to operate. Secondly, the court relied upon the reapportionment cases in which the U.S. Supreme Court held that accidents of geography and arbitrary boundary lines of local government can afford no ground for discrimination among a state's citizens. "If a voter's address may not determine the weight to which his ballot is entitled, surely it should not determine the quality of his child's education."

This analysis is consistent with the more egalitarian proposition that the quality of a child's education may not be a function of local wealth or of how highly his neighbors value education. In other words, it would prohibit variations in the number of dollars spent on any child by virtue of his place of residence. It would apparently permit variations based on educationally relevant characteristics of the child. One point that remains unclear in the opinion is whether the equal protection clause applies to children or to school districts. If it is children who are entitled to equal protection, then the quality of a child's education could not be subject to a vote of his neighbors.

"We need not decide whether such decentralized financial decision-making is a compelling state interest, since under the present financing system, such fiscal freewill is a cruel illusion for the poor school districts."
SERRANO VS. PRIEST

It should be clear that the California court simply declared the present system of school finance unconstitutional. It (fortunately) did not prescribe solutions, but apparently left these to be developed by the California legislature. However, because the opinion is somewhat hazy, it is unclear what new plans will be acceptable to the courts. The next steps are in the hands of the defendants and the trial court to which the case was remanded.

(On October 21, the California Supreme Court issued a clarification of its earlier ruling, pointing out that it had not yet actually struck down the school finance system, but had merely ordered the case returned to the trial court. Apparently, however, the trial court, if it determines that the facts are as alleged, must find the system unconstitutional.)

In the weeks since the California equalization decision was announced, perhaps as many as twenty or thirty challenges to school finance legislation have been made throughout the nation. In the first of these to be decided, a federal district court in Minnesota has ruled, on grounds similar to those in the California case, that Minnesota's school financing system is unconstitutional. The court retained jurisdiction of the case but deferred further action

Comparison of Tax Rates and Expenditure Levels in Selected Counties in California

(1968-1969)

County	*ADA*	*Assessed Value per ADA*	*Tax Rate*	*Expenditure per ADA*
Alameda				
Emery Unified	586	$100,187	$2.57	$2,223
Newark Unified	8,638	6,048	5.65	616
Fresno				
Coalinga Unified	2,640	$ 33,244	$2.17	$ 963
Clovis Unified	8,144	6,480	4.28	565
Kern				
Rio Bravo Elementary	121	$136,271	$1.05	$1,545
Lamont Elementary	1,847	5,971	3.06	533
Los Angeles				
Beverly Hills Unified	5,542	$ 50,885	$2.38	$1,232
Baldwin Park Unified	13,108	3,706	5.48	577

Some districts with low expenditures per child in Average Daily Attendance (ADA) have correspondingly low tax rates, but in many other cases the opposite is true. Often districts with very low expenditures per ADA have unusually high tax rates, as a result of their limited tax base, while the tax rate is comparatively low in "wealthy" districts.

—Table and text adapted from the decision of the California Supreme Court in *Serrano vs. Priest*.

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until after the current Minnesota legislative session.

One of the most important outcomes of these lawsuits is their effect upon legislative bodies. To be sure, the California and Minnesota decisions explicitly call for responses from the state legislatures. However, the years since the legal theories were developed have seen an unprecedented level of school finance activity on the part of political bodies. While other factors have undoubtedly played a part, the threat of impending lawsuits may have served as an impetus to action in an area that has been characterized by legislative intransigence.

The concept of "full state funding" has entered the vocabulary of education. President Nixon has appointed a Commission on School Finance and is reported to be "deeply conscious of the inequities and the inadequacies of the property tax as the principal source of support at the local level for the cost of education." The Advisory Commission on Intergovernmental Relations has recommended that the states assume "substantially all" of the responsibility for financing local schools in order to grant property tax relief and ensure equal educational opportunity. Governor William Milliken of Michigan has been endeavoring to achieve broad reform in educational finance in that state for the last two years. Reportedly, the Fleischmann Commission in New York State will recommend, before the end of the year, full state assumption of the costs of education, imposition of a statewide property tax, stabilization of spending in wealthy school districts, and ultimately greater spending in districts with poor, disadvantaged youth.

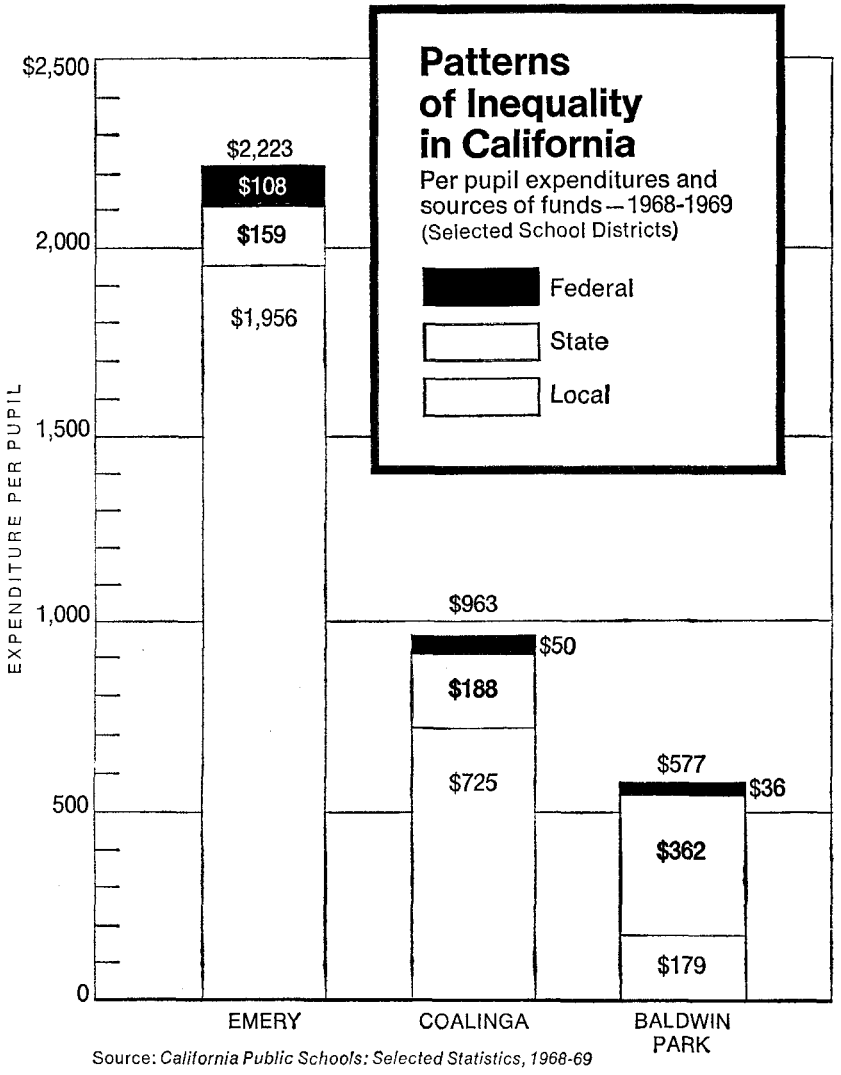
"If a voter's address may not determine the weight to which his ballot is entitled, surely it should not determine the quality of his child's education."
SERRANO VS. PRIEST

It is quite conceivable that *Serrano*, or a similar case, will be appealed to the U.S. Supreme Court in the near future. If it should refuse to review the decision, the effect would be to leave the judgment standing in California. The California legislature, under the supervision of the trial court, would have to develop a new school finance system, and the pace of filing suits in other states might be quickened. The California Supreme Court, a prestigious state court, would have established a precedent that, though certainly not binding on other courts, would carry some weight. One would expect decisions on both sides of the question. At that point, the U.S. Supreme Court would probably feel compelled to hear a case in order to establish a single interpretation of the equal protection clause in this area. By that time one or more states would have grappled with the implementation of a *Serrano*-type decision and have demonstrated whether or not school finance systems can be operated along lines consistent with *Serrano*.

On the other hand, it is possible that the U.S. Supreme Court would agree to hear an appeal on a *Serrano*-type decision immediately. The Court may be anxious to dispose of this potentially troublesome affair. Indeed, under certain circumstances, the Supreme Court is obliged to accept an appeal and render a judgment. Under present circumstances most observers would not predict that the decision would be upheld, and a negative judgment would spell the end of judicially induced school finance reform for some time. For this reason many legal experts believe that an appeal to the U.S. Supreme Court should be postponed for as long as possible.

The next months, indeed years, will be a time of substantial confusion in the history of American public school finance. A principal outcome of *Serrano* will be to free legislatures from the strictures of the past to experiment with new models of school finance. Efforts at reform will be aided by a growing discontent with the local property tax.

In sum, *Serrano*-type lawsuits are designed to attack our school finance systems that effectively deliver more educational resources to children in wealthy communities and less to children in poor communities. The suits have as their objective squaring the reality of school finance schemes with the rhetoric of equality of educational opportunity.



Source: *California Public Schools: Selected Statistics, 1968-69*

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Financing Schools:
Property Tax Is Obsolete

ANATOMY OF A REVOLUTION

by HAROLD HOWE II

It is an article of faith in America that every citizen should have an equal chance. We pride ourselves on a system of government and an open society designed to turn this principle into a fact of life. Any informed American knows, however, that all people do not have an equal chance in the United States. Wealth still gives special privilege; race confers abiding handicaps; inappropriate distinctions are made on the basis of sex. Our society is not wide open to people who are different, who speak another language, who are somehow out of the mainstream of the middle-class culture.

And nowhere are our ideals of equality further from reality than in the way we finance our schools. But it is possible that revolutionary change may be just over the horizon. It may be that the early 1970s will turn out to be the time in which these inequalities become a major issue in every legislature in the land. On August 30, 1971, the Supreme Court of the State of California decided by a majority of 6 to 1 that the system of financing schools in California through local property taxes vio-

HAROLD HOWE II, former U. S. Commissioner of Education, is vice president in charge of education and research at the Ford Foundation.

—Zimbel, Monkmeyer

"If the quality of staff, size of class, and provision of special services have any meaning at all, this inequality of expenditure produces an inequality of educational opportunity."

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lates the equal protection clause of the Fourteenth Amendment to the U.S. Constitution.

The court declared:

> We have determined that this funding scheme invidiously discriminates against the poor because it makes the quality of a child's education a function of the wealth of his parents and neighbors. Recognizing as we must that the right to an education is a fundamental interest which cannot be conditioned on wealth, we can discern no compelling state purpose necessitating the present method of financing.

As an educator rather than a legal specialist, I read the decision as a powerful argument indeed. It casts a shadow over the legality of the entire system of financing public education and clearly documents the inequalities that characterize present practice. It finds that the efforts of the state at equalization are "inadequate to offset the inequalities inherent in a financing system based on widely varying local tax bases." It sets aside—as unrealistic for poor school districts—the argument that a district that wants to can have good education by taxing itself adequately: ". . . affluent districts can have their cake and eat it too; they can provide a high-quality education for their children while paying lower taxes. Poor districts, by contrast, have no cake at all." It argues that fortuitous location of highly assessed commercial properties in a school district creates imbalances that ought to be irrelevant in planning educational financing.

Up to World War II, we were trying to get every youngster into school. Since then, we have become more concerned with whether the school he enters gives the pupil a fair chance. Numerous studies have documented the failure of the schools to serve poor children adequately, particularly blacks, the Spanish-speaking, and American Indians.

The federal government has financed special add-on programs on behalf of those groups of young people who seem to be especially ill served by the schools. The landmark Elementary and Secondary Education Act of 1965 recognizes the inequalities in American education and provides special funds to schools where there are concentrations of poor people. The Headstart, Upward Bound, and Follow Through programs have similar objectives. But federally financed programs, which have attracted so much attention in recent years, pay for only a very small part of U.S. education. At present, only about 7 per cent of all school funds come from the federal government. The bulk comes from state authority—about 40 per cent directly, and some 55 per cent from local property taxes levied by localities that are creatures of the state. While there are differences among the states, in general they leave it to local boards to raise through property taxes the money needed to run their schools.

This local system means that a youngster's chance for a quality education depends in a very large measure on the accident of where he lives and attends school. Disparities among states have attracted some notice in recent years as wealthier states have received migrations of poorly educated children from poorer states. (A child who happens to be born in Mississippi receives an elementary school education that costs annually about $521. If he lives in New York State, his citizenship brings him, on the average, the advantages of what $1,370 can buy in the way of good educational service.) Less well known is the equally glaring gap between have and have-not areas within states, even comparatively wealthy states.

A wealthy school district with a high assessed property valuation per child spends more for each child's education than a poor district with a low assessed

—Shackman, Monkmeyer

". . . the well-run, high-expenditure district provides its pupils with many opportunities that would benefit the child from the lower-expenditure district."

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valuation per child. Within New York State, for example, are school districts with an annual expenditure per child of $2,000 per year, and other districts that spend only $700 per year. Similar disparities can be documented in almost every state in the country. (A notable exception is Hawaii, whose schools are supported 100 per cent by the state.) If the quality of staff, size of class, and provision of special services have any meaning at all, this inequality of expenditure produces an inequality of educational opportunity.

Paradoxically, this system also results in the poor paying more heavily for inadequate education than the rich do for the higher-quality variety. Some states employ "equalization formulas" designed to ensure that money from state tax resources will flow to local school districts in a way that helps to equalize expenditure on education among the districts. But these efforts, compromised by political horse trading in state legislatures and departments of education, rarely come close to equalizing the actual resources devoted to each child's education.

We have become so deeply immersed in the sanctity of local control of the public schools that until recently there was very little criticism of the inequalities it perpetuates. The California decision has exposed these inequities to the full glare of national publicity and, in effect, has redefined the rules of the game in the annual legislative battles over educational appropriations.

But the California decision leaves unanswered the question of how schools are to be financed. It simply says that the present system is not legally acceptable. The California legislature has the job of designing a new system that will give children the equal protection of the laws. There are several ways California (or any other state where it may apply) can respond to this decision.

It might seem that the easiest thing would be to remove the taxing authority of local school districts. Under such a system the state could presumably abandon the property tax and seek other forms of taxation, or devise a system of property evaluation that is comprehensive and fair throughout the state. The state would provide funds to each district on the basis of a statewide formula involving numbers of students at different levels. Such an approach immediately confronts problems. Educational costs vary considerably within a state. The cost of living in upstate New York is about 10 per cent less than in New York City, so that teachers' salaries, a major component of any system's expenses, must be higher in the city in order to be fair. Janitorial services, repair services, construction, and the like vary from place to place. Vocational education, because of the high cost of equipment, and the teaching of handicapped children are exceptionally expensive. Spending exactly the same amount on each child in a state, therefore, does not provide equality of services.

The politics of enacting real equalization programs are bound to be tough.

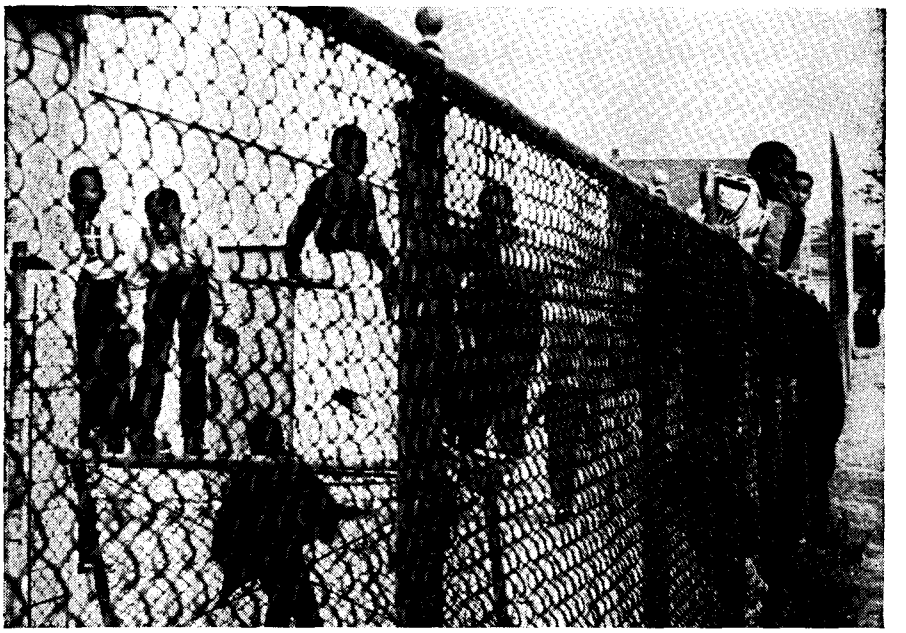
"Affluent districts can have their cake and eat it too; they can provide a high-quality education for their children while paying lower taxes. Poor districts, by contrast, have no cake at all."
SERRANO VS. PRIEST

Realistically it will be difficult to equalize expenditures at today's average level because such an approach would reduce teacher salaries, or educational services, or both, in high-expenditure districts. On the other hand, equalizing expenditures at or near the level in very high-expenditure districts would require substantial additional state revenues. A state might, however, set a basic per pupil expenditure at the level now being spent in, say, the eightieth percentile district—one with high expenditures but not the highest. Districts previously spending more or less than this one could gradually adjust to the new expenditure norm, phasing into different salary and expenditure arrangements over a period of a few years.

Other suggestions have been advanced. One involves defining the educational needs of students in different categories (handicapped, disadvantaged, vocational, etc.) and setting up a level of expenditure for each across the state. A school district would receive funds from the state in accordance with the number of pupils in each category.

Another suggestion, proposed by John Coons, *et al.*, in *Private Wealth and Public Education*, seeks a "power equalizing" relationship among districts. The amount of annual revenue per pupil any district received would be tied to the *rate* at which it chose to tax itself. A rich district would presumably want a high pupil expenditure, so it would tend to vote a high property tax rate. The excess it raised over the amount it was allowed to keep would go to the state for equalizing distribution to poor districts (which would be unable to raise through local property taxes all the schooling money they needed). For example, suppose the legislature provided that all districts might tax real property at rates from 1 to 3 per cent. If a district taxing itself at 2 per cent raised $800 and the level of support per student at that rate were $1,000, it would be subsidized $200. Alternately, if a district were wealthier and raised $1,200 per student at 2 per cent, $200 would be redistributed to poorer districts. The key feature here is not the wealth of the district, but how hard it chose to tax itself.

Income, sales, and other taxes could replace property taxation in part or in full. Thus the California decision opens up for re-examination the whole structure of state taxation and raises the possibility, admittedly remote, that



—Helen Nestor, Monkmeyer

"... perhaps ways can be devised to put the lighthouses in Watts and Harlem ..."

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—Perry Ruben, Monkmeyer

Gross differences in funding do affect children's opportunities.

some states may seek a fundamental reform.

A major effect of implementing the California decision should be to provide, finally, sufficient resources for improving schooling among the children of the have-nots of our society. Compared with the present volume of federal funds to assist the disadvantaged, the reallocation of state and local resources—as noted, more than 90 per cent of the funding of schools—would be a vastly more significant influence. In addition, more equal distribution of state and local funds would help the federal programs to accomplish their "compensatory" objectives. The theory of compensatory education is that it should provide school services for children with special needs over and above those normally provided. In fact, these programs are only able to help the poor catch up a little with the school services that the rich already have. Recently, the federal government has been telling the states that they must make their districts financially comparable before they can receive compensatory funds, but it is doubtful whether political leverage alone can make the states act. If the California doctrine can force districts to be more equally financed, the federal programs can assume their proper compensatory function.

Not only would the poor, the disadvantaged, and the victims of racial discrimination be helped by the doctrine of the California decision, however. Middle America has much to gain also. Many of the school districts in the deepest fiscal difficulties are those of the new middle-income and blue-collar suburbs that must raise almost all their school funds from taxes on housing. These districts often have more children per residence and little or no industrial and commercial tax base. The result is a lower assessed valuation per child than in wealthier suburbs and some urban areas. While incomes are well above the poverty level in blue-collar suburbs, property taxes are high, school costs are mounting, school expenditures are frequently inadequate, and taxpayer revolts against spending more on schools are increasing. Such communities would gain significantly from an effective equalization plan supported by state funds.

"We have determined that this funding scheme invidiously discriminates against the poor because it makes the quality of a child's education a function of the wealth of his parents and neighbors."

SERRANO VS. PRIEST

But even if means for equalizing expenditures are found, an even more difficult issue remains. Underlying the California Supreme Court decision is the assumption that increasing expenditures in low-cost schools will enhance educational opportunity—an assumption that is not universally held. Those trying to hold down school costs point out that some 75 per cent or more of all money for schools goes into salaries. They argue that if you pay teachers, administrators, and janitors more, you end up with the same people doing the same job at greater expense—"Maybe the teachers will drink Scotch instead of beer, but the schools won't change. Why not find out what's wrong with what the schools are doing and explore different practices?"

This general argument finds some support in *Equality of Educational Opportunity*, the massive study of U.S. education directed by James Coleman and Ernest Campbell in 1965 and 1966. Comparative data from a very large sample of schools and students suggested that the differences among American public schools in class size, buildings, equipment, teacher skills, library services, and other inputs that can be easily changed by spending more or less money seemed to have relatively less effect on success in school than social class, as indicated by family income. The Coleman Report conclusions were disturbing to American educators who had long assumed that the way to get more out of education was to put more into it. (Previous studies of higher education had indicated that high-cost colleges produce no measurable educational improvement over low-cost colleges, but none of these has attracted any serious attention. The Coleman study was larger-scale, national in scope, and visible. Commissioned by the Congress in the Civil Rights Act of 1964, it could not be ignored.)

The Coleman conclusions are not universally accepted, however. In particular, the type of averaging of school data in the Coleman analysis is thought by certain scholars to minimize the effect of better school financing on the learning of students. Also a recent study by James Guthrie and his colleagues in Michigan indicates that poor children who received high-quality school services did significantly better on mathematics and reading tests than other poor children who received a lower quality of school services. The state of California also determined in 1969 that, while added funds do make a difference in performance of disadvantaged children, there is a certain "critical mass" of additional services necessary if the difference is to be meaningful. California found that adding about $300 per child per year in compensatory education funding can produce significant results. A Connecticut analysis arrives at about the same conclusion. The differential expenditure between have and have-not school districts in the same state is frequently more than $300 per child per year. In any case, we can expect that the last word on this subject won't be said for a long time.

It seems to me that, without significant changes in educational practice, simply providing modest amounts of

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New Brunswick Experience

IN JANUARY 1967, the Canadian province of New Brunswick instituted the kind of school financing program that many critics of the American system would like to see implemented here. Under the plan the province assumed the full cost of financing education with the goal of providing a single standard of education to all communities. As part of a total reorganization, it abolished the local county governments and reduced the number of districts from 422 to 33. Each district works out its budgetary details in consultation with the central department of education and regional advisers. The budget request is then submitted to the treasury and ultimately to the legislature for approval. In addition, local boards may undertake supplementary programs following voter approval.

To finance the equal opportunity program, which more than doubled education costs, New Brunswick restructured its tax system by eliminating property and nuisance-type taxes and enacted a uniform real estate tax of 1.5 per cent of market value as determined by provincial, rather than local, assessors. Sales taxes increased from 6 to 8 per cent, and a 10 per cent surtax on income was levied.

New Brunswick pays its teachers a uniform salary scale for various levels of competence. Nevertheless, within the budget and a suggested teacher-pupil ratio of 1:23, each district is free to hire as many of the best-qualified people as it can attract. To ensure teacher support at the outset, the province wisely agreed to pay the salary schedule of the highest paying district. Today salaries are determined through collective bargaining between the province and the teachers' union.

Reaction to the New Brunswick program is generally favorable. State take-over of school costs has resulted in a more equal provision of services and has fixed political responsibility for school support. Particularly in the French-speaking areas, there has been a noticeable upgrading of the educational program. Critics still point to the high dropout rate and the sense of frustration with the limited degree of autonomy afforded local school boards. Nevertheless, present discussions focus more on refining the program than on abolishing it.

—SHEILA CANNING.

additional money has a low payoff. I do believe, however, that the kinds of *gross differences* in funding, on which the California decision is based, do affect children's opportunities. Having worked in the public schools of Newton, Massachusetts, and Scarsdale, New York—both high-expenditure districts—and having worked also in North Carolina in a position that took me into many low-expenditure schools, I would assert that the well-run, high-expenditure district provides its pupils with many opportunities that would benefit the child from the lower-expenditure district.

Even before the California ruling, the system of school financing through local school districts had ceased to make sense in many respects. A common, statewide property tax or some other system for state financing should mean more rational administration and planning in many areas. The sad story of local bond issue defeats across the country, for example, raises questions about the common sense of a system that leaves a child at the mercy of the local voters for adequate school housing. Double sessions and ancient, unsafe buildings on the one hand and ill-conceived monuments to local pride and the local athletic boosters on the other demonstrate the extremes of abuse by local school boards. The simple lack of information, or loyalty to local contractors and architects, frequently prevents school buildings from being as inexpensive or serviceable as they might be. In a state that centralizes these activities, planning for new school buildings and financing their construction should be done more efficiently. Although state education departments have a long way to go in modernizing their building regulations to allow the advanced systems of construction, they are more likely than local boards to promote change.

Local school boards also have something to gain, despite the fact that they can be expected to face the implications of the California decision reluctantly. As an ex-superintendent of schools, I can recall the endless hours spent haggling over fiscal and tax issues by a board genuinely interested in educational values. Imagine a school board that could say to its constituents, "Here are the funds we have from the state to run our schools next year. Let's talk about the most advantageous way to use them for the children." Boards now give so much attention to the *means* of education that they frequently neglect the important subject of the *ends*. Taxpayers' groups, along with the self-appointed saviors who profess to have the interests of children at heart, but somehow always want to cut the budget, could still grind their axes, but they would have to do it at the state capitol. Back in the school district the conversation could turn on education. The problem of slicing the pie would still be there for the local school board, as well it should be, but the size of the pie would be fixed by the state, equitably.

A major question is who will decide on teachers' salaries, the state or the school district. Statewide collective bargaining has an obvious appeal to the organized teaching profession. Teachers' organizations have opposed decentralization of city schools because of the potential loss in leverage in dealing with multiple education authorities over a variety of issues, and they may welcome centralization of fiscal authority at the state level for corresponding reasons. In *The New York Times* of September 12, Albert Shanker, the president of New York City's United Federation of Teachers, supports the California decision, saying, "It opens the way for a new era of school financing—the kind of state and federal support for education that the labor movement and teacher unionists have been advocating for years."

Finally, the California decision, raises questions of diversity and control. It is an axiom of American politics that control and power follow money. As school finance is monopolized by the state, what would states be likely to do that they are not doing now in controlling the education options of school boards? They might move to complete standardization of education, decreeing what is to be studied, for how long, and in what manner, thereby adding to the already extensive requirements for teacher certification and similar matters. While there are abuses in any system, I believe strongly that we need less, rather than more, participation by the state in the day-to-day affairs of the schools.

Without becoming oppressive, however, the state can provide important services to the schools and stimulate them to consider improvements. States might consider two models. One consists of the relations between state universities and colleges and state educational authorities in the U.S. While these differ from state to state, most state authorities trust campus professionals to run their own affairs. State universities, for example, can hire their own teachers without an elaborate licensing or certification system, and they can plan their own curricular offerings and methods of teaching. State approval is required only when a totally new activity or department is involved. On the other hand, the state does the planning to avoid duplication, control costs, and guaran-

(Continued on page 95)

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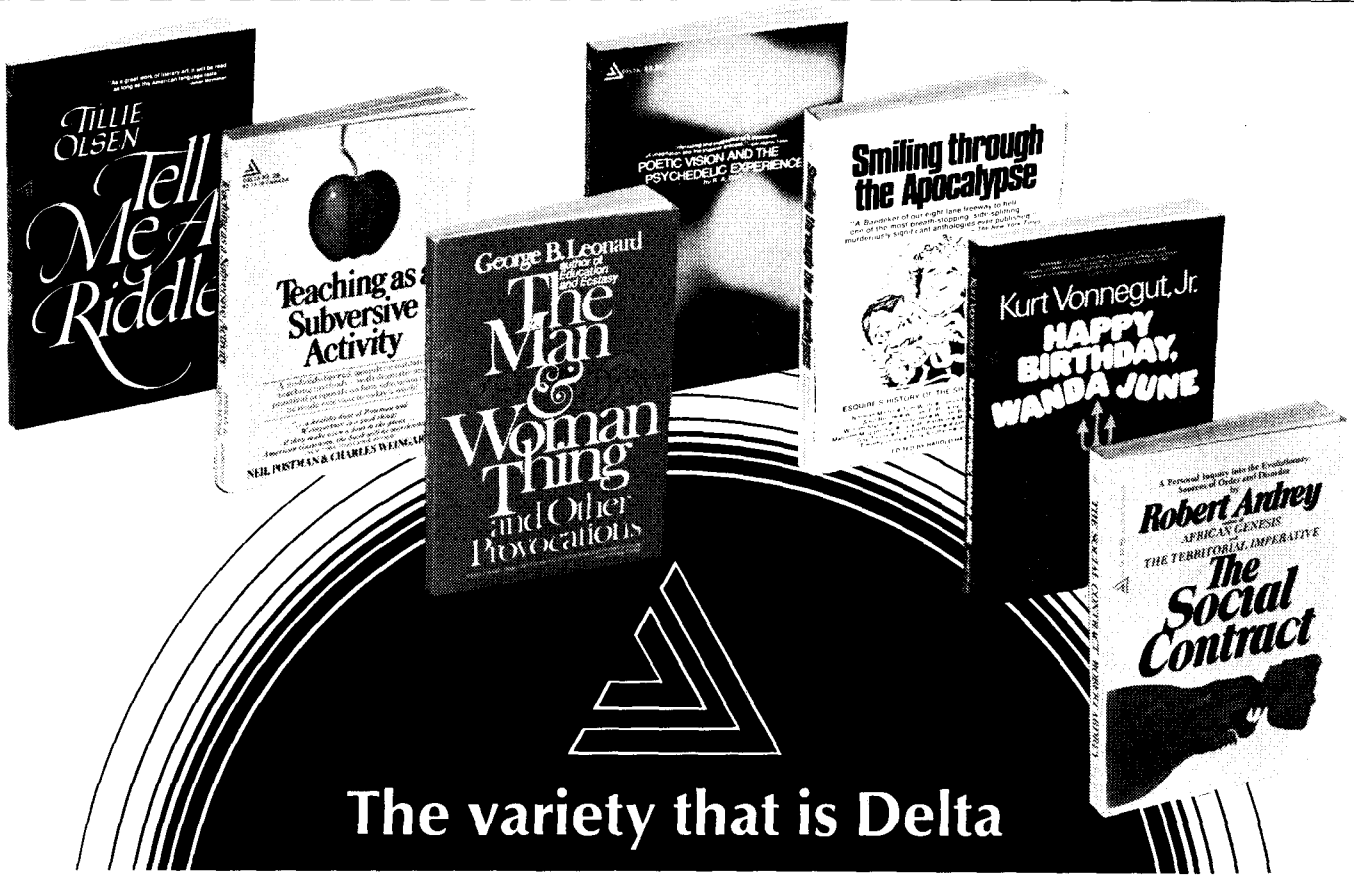

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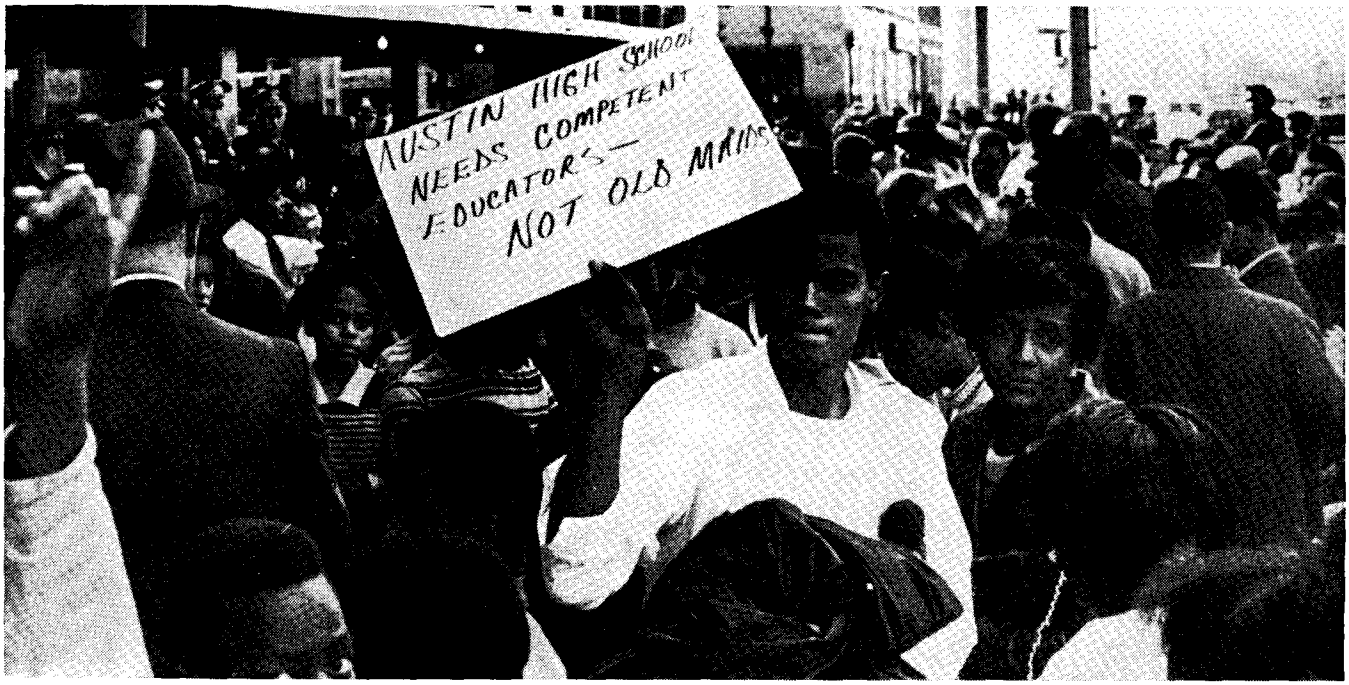

—*Wide World*

"Black Monday," October 1968—Students demand "more black teachers, black principals, and black history."

Education of a School Board Member

by JACK WITKOWSKY

When I was appointed to the Chicago Board of Education in 1968, I was convinced that I could make a contribution toward better education. A real estate consultant, I had served on two Chicago housing development groups and had been a consultant on various urban renewal projects in Chicago as well as several other cities, including Cleveland. Good public schools, I believed, were the principal key to urban stability.

I served only two years on the Board of Education and left with a feeling of frustration, having accomplished only a minimum of what I had set out to do. The fault, I believe, was more the system's than mine. Until urban school systems change dramatically, we will continue to be unable to educate children in the great city schools. The responsibility for changing that system rests with school boards.

In Chicago, the Board of Education operates in controversy. Mayor Richard J. Daley appoints the board members, supposedly from a list of nominees submitted by an impartial committee. In 1968, the terms of three board members expired and two other board members resigned. One of the three whose terms had expired was Frank M. Whiston, a seventy-year-old real estate broker who was not expected to seek reappointment. Several civic groups approached me about serving on the board, and I felt my knowledge of real estate, planning, and finance could be useful after Whiston's retirement.

Events did not go according to schedule. Though the nominating commission did not recommend Whiston, Mayor Daley, who has a reputation for doing things his own way, reappointed him anyway. (At the time, Whiston had a lucrative contract with the city to manage the Civic Center.) However, the Mayor also appointed me to fill the last two years of the term of one of the resigning board members.

After the swearing-in ceremony at City Hall, I walked two blocks to attend my first Board of Education meeting. The board's meeting room is a large, somber, two-story chamber with a rail separating the members from the public. Members sit at swivel chairs around heavy desks in a horseshoe facing the president's podium.

I had barely taken my seat when the board began the annual election of its president. Whiston was promptly nominated for another term, and nominations were closed. The roll was called. My name was first. I did not look favorably on Whiston because of his age; yet I felt that because of my lack of knowledge about the board, I had no choice but to vote for him.

Whiston got the votes of five other board members, just enough to be reelected president. Then came the election of a vice president, and the only nominee was Thomas J. Murray, the dean of Chicago's labor establishment and a conservative, even older than Whiston. This time, to give an indication that I felt that the board needed younger leadership, I passed my vote. To get the necessary six votes, Murray had to vote for himself, and he did.

In addition to Whiston and Murray, my fellow board members were:

Mrs. W. Lydon Wild, a schoolteacher before she married a prominent Chicago industrialist; easily identified by her mink coat and cigarette holder; active in Catholic lay charities; a personal friend of Mayor Daley.

Dr. Bernard S. Friedman, a research chemist who moved from an oil company to the University of Chicago; a mild-mannered, compassionate man seeking to improve the lot of the inner city.

Warren H. Bacon, a black man of superior intellect; an industrial rela-

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JACK WITKOWSKY, a real estate consultant, served on the Chicago Board of Education from 1968 to 1970.

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tions expert with a major steel company; an independent who actively opposed the city's Democratic establishment.

John D. Carey, a steel union organizer, concerned mostly about the financial aspects of the labor movement; became the new board president after Whiston's death in 1970.

Mrs. Carey B. Preston, an articulate black woman; educated at a Southern black university; well versed in the problems of the ghetto; extraordinarily active in the Urban League.

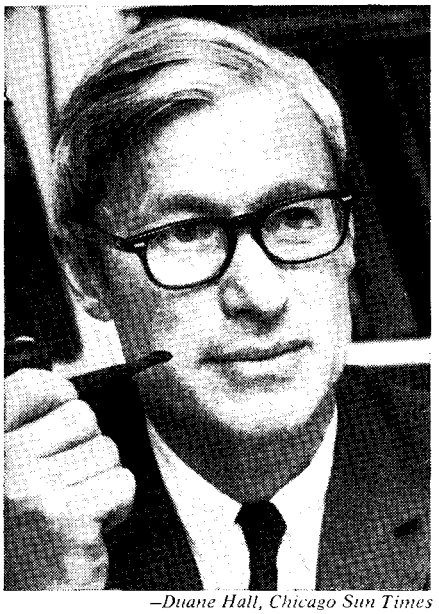
Mrs. Louise A. Malis, an ambitious woman with a long-standing interest in education; worked her way through the Parent-Teacher Association to gain her seat on the board.

Mrs. Wendell Green, the widow of Chicago's first black judge; wrote her master's thesis in the 1920s on the plight of the Negro but had become a supporter of Benjamin Willis, the former school superintendent who was anathema to most Chicago blacks.

Harry M. Oliver, Jr., a socialite and Republican; showed great interest in the needs of the children but resigned in frustration in 1969 because he felt no progress was being made under Whiston's leadership.

It seemed to me that many important areas of expertise were missing. The board needed a highly qualified lawyer, an expert in education from a local university, and a labor relations expert. Instead it had two men who represented the interests of organized labor. Taken as a whole, the board members worked hard to improve education. And probably all shared my frustration when our efforts showed so few results.

What are the results that public schools are supposed to achieve? This is a critical issue that the board members seldom discussed. We were too caught up with the petty details of day-to-day operation of the schools. For instance, in December of 1969 the Chicago Board of Education faced its most serious financial crisis in recent history. The superintendent of schools had told us we needed $21-million in new money just to avoid cutting back programs in 1970. The Chicago Teachers' Union was threatening to strike if it did not get a pay raise. But when the eleven members of the board met on the afternoon of December 10, they devoted a scant fifteen minutes to the money shortage, but hours in heated debate over whether to comply with a community's request to name a school for W. E. B. DuBois, the black sociologist who at ninety took out a card in the Communist Party. The community's request finally won. But because the board had wasted its time on an irrelevant issue, once again the children of Chicago lost.



—Duane Hall, Chicago Sun Times

Jack Witkowsky—"left board with a feeling of frustration."

Nor did we confront the critical issue of integration. Once in a while we would discuss the social benefits of integration, but never in my two years did we take a single major step designed to break up a system in which 90 per cent of the black elementary pupils attend nearly all-black schools.

Chicago is an ethnic city. At one time only Warsaw was said to have more people who were born in Poland. There are also large groups of Germans, Irish, Swedes, Lithuanians, and Bohemians. These groups settled in their own communities and continued tight neighborhood ties. When the immigration of blacks from the South began in force after World War I, neither the political leaders nor the school system knew what to do with the newcomers. Chicago is now the most segregated city in the country, with streets and railroad tracks dividing whites from blacks much as the Berlin Wall divides East Berlin from West Berlin.

As the student population grew in the Forties and Fifties, the school buildings became totally inadequate. Benjamin C. Willis, the superintendent at the time, responded with a massive building program, mostly in the inner city. Critics called him a racist for devising a program designed to keep schools in their own segregated neighborhoods. Under intense pressure from the blacks, Willis resigned in 1966 at age sixty-five. James F. Redmond, the new superintendent, had integrated the New Orleans school system, and he quickly issued his proposals for integration in the "Redmond Plan." He called for the busing of black pupils into white schools and for the construction of large schools on the periphery of the ghetto that would draw students of both races.

The board adopted the Redmond Plan in principle, but it voted to bus a mere 500 black children, and these only from severely overcrowded facilities. The white community responded with a massive protest. From then on the board did not discuss the Redmond Plan, and Redmond did not fight for it. Now even the blacks have given up on integration and are instead demanding quality schools for their own communities. Integration is the law of the land, but it still isn't being enforced in Chicago.

The format of the Board of Education's bi-monthly meetings appeared to be designed to minimize the board's effectiveness. By the time the board struggled through the superintendent's agenda, which often included more than 100 items, members had little time or energy left to discuss their own suggestions about the critical issues facing the school system. Many items, such as purchases and the granting of workmen's compensation, were legal technicalities, and items of no great consequence consumed considerable time.

The board had only a few standing committees, and even fewer of them exercised much power. Those that did, such as the collective bargaining committee, were chaired by Whiston's conservative cronies. There was a regular opportunity at board meetings for committee reports, but only after the superintendent's agenda. Seldom did anything significant come out of the committee reports. The general public had an opportunity to address the board only twice a year, during hearings on general policy and the budget. The board consistently refused to let the public discuss current problems during its regular meetings. Friedman, an independent, was appointed chairman of a committee to study board procedures, but when he began to suggest giving the public greater opportunity to speak up, Whiston removed him from the committee and replaced him with Mrs. Wild, one of his most ardent supporters.

In particular, the board did not listen to the very persons it was supposed to be educating—the students. In October of 1968, the city's black high school students became organized and made the familiar demands: more black teachers, more black principals, more black history. Thousands of students walked out of their schools on several consecutive "Black Mondays." The students wanted to present their

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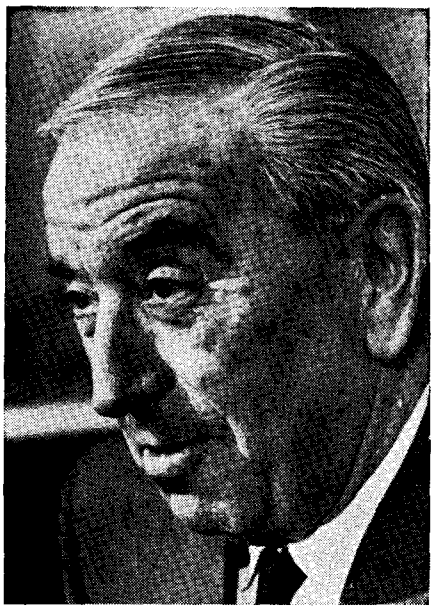
demands to the board in person—a reasonable enough request. But it was only by a close vote that the board agreed to hold an extraordinary night meeting to listen to the students. Murray, the vice president, refused to appear, and Whiston, the president, sat livid with rage as student after student condemned his board. He gaveled the audience down at the slightest applause, and when one of the protest leaders raised his fist and shouted a black power slogan, Whiston abruptly adjourned the meeting.

The board was remote from its students and parents by choice, but the general superintendent, the one man with the power to make important changes in the school system, was remote by bureaucratic necessity. Each teacher reported to a principal, who reported to a district superintendent, who reported to an area superintendent, who reported to the deputy superintendent, who reported to the general superintendent. Each official above principal had his own staff of experts. In all, the board had 40,000 employees. In organizations of this size buck-passing becomes a way of life. When a community demands action, low-level employees frequently pass the buck on up the line until it reaches someone so remote that he cannot be subjected to community pressure. In theory the board was the high-level representative of the community, but most of the board's employees were remote from board members. Bigness made it difficult for board members to get the simplest information about the school system. No one knew, for instance, how much money was being spent at each school. Only in my second year were board members told the educational results of pupils at each school based on standardized tests. A dismal picture emerged, however, and the report was not repeated.

As the end of my two-year term approached, Whiston's leadership once again was being challenged. The year before, Harry Oliver resigned from the board in frustration, and Mrs. Green was retired because of age. To replace them, Mayor Daley chose two names submitted by his nominating commission: Alvin J. Boutte, a black banker, and Mrs. David Cerda, a Puerto Rican social worker. Their appointments meant a net gain of one for the board's independents. That meant the independents had six votes—a majority.

As the presidential election approached, it appeared that the independents would support the candidacy of Warren Bacon, who was generally our most articulate spokesman. But as happens so often in Chicago, the best-laid plans went astray. Just before the election, two terms expired—mine and that of Mrs. Malis, a Whiston supporter. Both of us sought reappointment and were recommended by the nominating commission, along with several other individuals. Mayor Daley reappointed Mrs. Malis, but for my term he named Gerald Sbarboro, a politically ambitious individual who promptly cast the deciding vote for Whiston for president.



—Jack Dykinga, Chicago Sun Times

Frank Whiston—"Livid . . . as student after student condemned his board."

So ended two of the most exhilarating, but ultimately frustrating, years of my life. I had spent perhaps 2,000 hours on school affairs—in professional time, some $80,000—but I had no positive evidence that the schools had improved.

I do feel, however, that I gained the competence to criticize the way big city school systems are now run. Great city school boards are seriously limited in what they can accomplish by the community's size and the board's remoteness from its constituents. If large urban school systems are to become viable institutions again, it seems clear that they must be decentralized; but I favor a somewhat different form of decentralization from that being tried in New York and Detroit. In the first place, much of the power now held by the general superintendent must be broken down into smaller units, and each of the local districts within the school system must be given considerable autonomy in running its own schools.

For instance, Chicago has twenty-seven school districts with about 20,000 students each, and this appears to be a viable size. Within this framework I suggest:

Each district superintendent should be left to operate his district in a manner designed to produce the best results in that district. Teachers and principals should be assigned to the district superintendent, not to individual schools, and the district superintendent should have the authority to place them where they would be most useful. Teachers should have union contracts to protect their job security, but district superintendents should be charged with the responsibility of replacing teachers and principals who are not producing, much as a company vice president has the authority to fire employees.

The district superintendent should be required to live in his district. If he fails in his ability to educate the community's children, the community should, in turn, have the power to have him removed.

The central board should function much like the board of a corporation, making use of evaluations by outside consultants in arriving at its decisions. It should allocate money to each district superintendent and allow each superintendent to spend it as he sees fit. Each superintendent should get a basic allotment for each pupil, with extra funds for poverty pupils and for old school buildings.

Each district superintendent, with the advice and consent of his principals and his staff, should, subject to state laws and broad policy decisions of the central board, determine curriculum and teaching methods.

Residents of each district should be free to form a district school board to oversee their schools. Residents in activist communities would probably want to do so; in other communities where the schools were functioning reasonably well, the residents might prefer to establish a more informal means of supervising their schools. In any event, the community should have a direct line to the central board of education.

The central board itself should remain, and a small central staff should be available to the general superintendent of schools; but the educational decision-making powers should fall on the community and the district superintendent. The central board should retain responsibility for raising tax monies and other funds, and it should continue to hire personnel, negotiate with employee groups, maintain records, and oversee the centralized purchasing division. But it should set policy only in the broadest of terms.

These steps would not instantly transform our schools into institutions of success. Effective programs and sufficient money remain important ingredients. But without these steps, public education as we know it in the great cities is doomed. With reforms such as these, it would at least have a chance to succeed.

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Quotable and Contentious

WHO PUSHED HUMPTY DUMPTY? DILEMMAS IN AMERICAN EDUCATION TODAY

by Donald Barr

Atheneum, 341 pp., $10

Reviewed by Willoughby Newton

■ To give Donald Barr's *Who Pushed Humpty Dumpty?* to another headmaster for review might have been, as Barr himself notes, "like giving an old whore a sex manual to review," but I did not find this particular manual dull. Barr, headmaster of the Dalton School in New York, is challenging, yes. Quotable, yes. Contentious, yes. Summarizing what he says is like trying to suggest the flavor of his cake by giving the reader a teaspoon of flour to taste, but then I remind myself of another remark of Barr's. What he says about headmastering applies equally to book reviewing: "I hope you will understand that in running a school [or reviewing a book] one trains oneself in the most severe of disciplines, that of withholding one's prejudices." I will try to be disciplined.

"Educators are notoriously incapable of distinguishing between their philosophical objectives and their actual accomplishments." Well, Barr is right, but, alas, the poor educator—it is not surprising that he should be blinded to the dreary, sometimes disastrous discrepancy between goals and reality. He alone may be responsible for his objectives, but the meddling of others is involved in his achievements.

As Barr sees the problem, educators evolve philosophies of education, some good, some bad, but these are not worked out *in vacuo*. Educators are not God, though they sometimes suffer from mistaken identity. The meddlers are the educational technologists who develop "scientific" techniques of testing and teaching, some good, some bad; the "curriculum industry" that produces programs of study, some good, some bad; the teachers who have accumulated skills, habits, and attitudes in teaching, some good, some bad. And then there are the students. They have no philosophy of learning, good or bad. All they have, at best, is curiosity, willingness, aptitude, and goodwill, but too few, too seldom are at their best. And parents? Some of them have neither a philosophy nor goodwill: They have a sense of duty but a dismal history of misunderstanding the nature and needs of their children.

In the first section of the book, "Parents and Their Consequences," Barr defines the collapse of the process of "moral education" (a phrase he borrowed from John Dewey). Basic to this failure are the reduction of the family unit with the removal of grandparents and various other supportive kin, the general loss of fatherhood, and the transiency of the American family. These factors have, among other ills, promoted persistent permissiveness. The collapse has been abetted by the technology of excitement, one telling effect of which has been that the child's "derived reverie" now comes from television, which is anti-intellectual, rather than from reading, which requires the child "to acquire a certain initial academic competence." This switch "has altered the modes of thought and feeling with which children grow"—for the worse.

Barr goes on to illustrate the consequences of the collapse, both proximate and remote: the collapse of discipline, the "mysticism" of drug addiction, the new "nationality" of adolescence, the increasing awareness of alienation, the seeming "superfluousness" of youth, the "sexual revolution," the campus confrontations, the revolt against reason, and the "enormous fatigue of trying to live without religion."

It is this first section of the book that will appeal most immediately to the majority of readers, and it should be required reading for educators and parents. The problems, to be sure, are not unfamiliar and have not escaped scrutiny in other places, nor are all of Barr's insights new, but they are provoking and fresh, and freshness is as rare as clarity in the pickled prose of most writers on the same subjects.

Next we have "Educational Strategies" and "The Technology of Education," which consider with the same fluency other problems, especially those arising from certain philosophies of education, which Barr finds suspect. This consideration may be of less interest to the general reader, but it will be of interest to the inquisitive mind.

It is in these sections, however, that Barr as partisan and controversialist (he rather cherishes his notoriety in the latter role) is also most evident. Among other people he confronts are William Heard Kilpatrick, with his "weedlike quickness of theorizing"; the "exasperating Paul Goodman"; John Holt, whose work "deteriorated into a *réchauffé* of progressive education"; the solipsistically subversive attitudes of educational reformers in the area of sex education; and the militancy of teachers. Among the positions he attacks are the anti-intellectual and misconstrued Freudianism of progressive education, the "executive leadership" theory of educational polity, and the grimmer misapplications of educational technology (the titles "The Engineering of Passivity" and "Our Multiple-Choice Society" tell the tale).

Finally, in "The Languages of Competence," Barr scrutinizes the possibilities of curriculums. For Barr, curriculum is, among other things, philosophy in action. Perhaps the best single expression of his attitude toward it is found in the statement, "The domain of a curriculum is one student," and its corollary, "The curriculum for each student should be a conversation, not a lecture."

In addition to the other qualities I mentioned earlier, Barr is exasperating —and for several reasons. The principal one is that while *Who Pushed Humpty Dumpty?* contains much of merit, a few of the items included—it is a compilation rather than a distillation—seem hardly worth preserving. And the fact that it is a compilation makes for an unnerving unevenness and an annoying repetitiveness. The continuity that Barr has provided between the items resurrected from his files (old book reviews, old speeches, old articles, and other occasional utterances) is of considerable interest, but the flaw remains a flaw. For all the joys, for all the stimulation, for all the questions asked and answered—perhaps not always to the reader's satisfaction—one leaves the reading with one serious reservation: Had this been a smaller volume, it would have been a better book.

Willoughby Newton is headmaster of the Wykeham Rise School in Washington, Connecticut.

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Revolution

Continued from page 88

tee services. This spirit could apply in a revised state system of schooling with fewer and larger school districts.

The second model is Britain's system of publicly supported schools. Local schools get most of their funds from the central Ministry of Education, yet they are fiercely independent and operate individual programs. The ministry maintains an "Inspectorate," but inspectors typically play a role that belies their title. They are not authority figures whose business is to check on the minutiae of administrative practice. They are stimulators of change and improvement, communication agents who disseminate good practice by persuasion, and experienced educators and teachers—rather than officious bureaucrats.

The question of diversity is, in some ways, a more troublesome one. Some diversity within the system may make for gains in the education of all. If we look at higher education, it is possible to argue that the development of a large number of strong universities in this country has been greatly assisted by the example of "lighthouse" institutions, the major private universities and a few state-supported institutions. Real quality and standards in higher education are to a degree preserved and maintained because there is a hierarchy of excellence. But the picture is less clear in elementary and secondary schools. Will leveling and homogenization of schools and schooling snuff out the lights? Not necessarily, by any means. School districts composed largely of the children of the poor never had the wherewithal to be lighthouses. In rethinking school finance, perhaps ways can be devised to put the lighthouses in Watts and Harlem instead of Beverly Hills and Scarsdale.

American public education has been given a significant chance for progress by the doctrine of the California Supreme Court. Governor William Milliken of Michigan had worked hard even before the California decision for legislation to move all school costs to the state budget. The governors of Minnesota and Ohio appear to have similar interests, and Governor Ronald Reagan of California has publicly urged statewide property tax reform. Perhaps the call from the California court will delay state legislative action until the U.S. Supreme Court *finally* resolves the Constitutional issues. Even then, there would be a long period of adjustment and difficulty. Seventeen years have passed since the Supreme Court handed down the *Brown* decision, and the schools are still in the process of desegregation.

Educators and laymen concerned about the schools should get to work now to ensure that no such anguished chasm develops between the promise of the California doctrine and its fulfillment.

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Letters to the Education Editor

Educating Women

FLORENCE HOWE in "Sexual Stereotypes Start Early" and Janice Law Trecker in "Woman's Place Is in the Curriculum" [both *SR*, Oct. 16] rightly deplore the stereotyping of the sexes in education. Why then do they stereotype so-called Freudian psychiatrists? How much do they know about psychoanalysis? That Freud discovered penis envy in women? That he admittedly did not understand woman? How long ago? In what environment and historical period? Do these anti-Freudians know that women were welcomed into psychoanalytic training from its inception and respected and admired by Freud? Do they know that *the* Freudian of today is Freud's daughter, Anna, certainly no sexual or psychoanalytic stereotype.

In the last fifty years psychoanalysis has progressed and expanded. However, we still find little girls who envy little boys their visible external organ. We also find that little boys envy their mother's capacity to have babies and to nurse them. If conflict over such envies persists unconscious, it emerges and is resolved in the psychoanalysis of adults. However, this is only one possible conflict among many, overshadowed by the unconscious problems of Love and Hate, particularly Hate.

We psychoanalysts are not hung up on penis envy—supposed inferiority of the female. Why are so many militant members of women's liberation groups hung up on psychoanalysis?

HILDA S. ROLLMAN-BRANCH, M.D.,
Beverly Hills, Calif.
(Dr. Rollman-Branch is associate clinical professor of law at the University of Southern California and a senior faculty member of the Los Angeles Psychoanalytic Institute.)

FLORENCE HOWE states that ". . . until the publication this month of two new books by the Feminist Press . . . there were no children's books about women doctors."

On my own bookshelves are *Doctor Elizabeth* by Laura Kerr and *The First Woman Doctor* by Rachel Baker. Both are for children. Any woman capable of going to medical school should be able to read by age fourteen *Child of Destiny* by Ishbel Ross. All of these are about Elizabeth Blackwell, M.D.

Frontier Doctors by Wyatt Blassingame and Richard Glendinning contains stories of nine physicians, one of whom is a woman.

These are books in my own collection. I am sure a little research would turn up more.

BETTY YOUNG O'DELL, M.D.,
Bradenton, Fla.

THE ARTICLE by Florence Howe shares many of the inconsistencies of more radical feminists. Dr. Howe tells us that we know nothing of innate sexual differences. Perhaps there are none; perhaps aggressiveness, like height, is more male than female, but with a large area of overlap. Once we concede that there are no exclusively male or female characteristics (aside from sexual ones), we must concede that education and society in general bring strong pressure to conform to a preconceived notion of behavior and occupation.

Rigid systems are at least fair to the extent that both sexes are penalized; the remedies thus far proposed accept the male-fostered concepts of the superiority of "male" occupations. Such "remedies" will meet increasing resistance and eventually fail, because they threaten men intolerably. By encouraging the entry of women into traditionally male pursuits, they permit a competition which men cannot afford to lose. A man, no matter how gentle, loving, and placid, cannot retire gracefully to the kitchen. Indeed, such remedies would be tolerated only if innate sex differences were extreme. In reality, the denigration of the domestic arts by educators and other feminists merely delays the profound changes in our thinking needed to create a society free of sexism.

JEFFREY MYERS, M.D.,
Philadelphia, Pa.

I FIND a statement of error in Florence Howe's article. Dr. Howe says that until the recent publication of two books by the Feminist Press there have been no children's books about women doctors.

In 1942, I wrote the first young people's (and first) biography of Elizabeth Blackwell. This book, *The First Woman Doctor: The Story of Elizabeth Blackwell,* has gone through countless editions. It has been published in England and translated into Turkish and Iranian. It is on all library and approved school lists. It is reviewed and listed in books on juvenile reading. It has been excerpted for use as a supplementary reader. It appears in anthologies. It was issued in paperback by Scholastic for extensive use in schools. I have met some young women who have become doctors because of reading about Elizabeth Blackwell.

Subsequently, I wrote first biographies of Dorothea Lynde Dix; Linda Richards, America's first trained nurse; and (in collaboration with my daughter, Joanna Merlen) Maria Mitchell, America's first woman astronomer. All have brought responses from girls who want to do things.

More research, Dr. Howe.

RACHEL BAKER,
Stamford, Conn.

First Things First

FOR ALL THE qualifications that make James Cass education editor of *SR*, he is glaringly uneducated in the knowledge of the city and ghetto and what makes for progress.

His editorial "First Things First" [*SR*, Oct. 16] is naïve. Remove the sports program from our city schools and you have quantities of boys roaming the streets available to pushers and without release for pent-up energy. What would you suggest to work better?

As for Mr. Tate, his was purely a political move to appear the big hero when he reinstates the sports program. Get educated, Mr. Cass.

MRS. M. NILES EDWARDS,
Ardmore, Pa.

I APPRECIATE the concern voiced by Mr. Cass over the priorities chosen in solving the financial crisis that besets the Philadelphia public school system. The premature termination of the school year and the elimination of so-called extracurricular activities from the school program would have been disastrous to the students, though perhaps the elimination of the 600 teaching positions would not.

It is unfortunate, however, that Cass directs all of his editorial energies to the well-publicized events and personalities involved in the controversy over varsity athletics. At this writing, I understand that many efforts of both interested businesses and citizens have achieved some success in keeping alive the school-sponsored programs in art, music, drama, and student publications.

As I see it, extracurricular activities (both athletic and artistic) build character for the simple reason that the student is doing something that involves his energies. I am first and foremost an educator who believes that students should spend their time developing to the utmost their talents. Given the present institutional objectives of public schools, merely moving the student from classroom to lecture hall does not seem to achieve this goal. If many of those 600 teachers view their roles as creators of an atmosphere for the fruition of the students' talents, their departure is sad indeed. If they do not, it is fortunate for all that those 600 are not in their classrooms this fall.

JAMES J. FITZPATRICK, S. J.,
St. Joseph's Preparatory School,
Philadelphia, Pa.

HOW IRONIC that the same issue of *SR* containing the articles on "Educating Women: No More Sugar and Spice" also contained Mr. Cass's editorial (albeit sarcastic) about the role of athletic programs in the schools. Obviously, football should not come before teaching and all other extracurricular activities, but most people will admit that competitive sports in the schools have some value. Yet the typical school system, while allocating hundreds of thousands of dollars for boys' sports, gives only a tiny pittance for girls' activities. Girls with talent in a sport like tennis often find themselves without a girls' tennis team, and at the same time forbidden to play on the same team as the boys. Girls with a serious athletic interest are often forced to hire private coaches at personal expense since the school coaches are only for boys.

Yes, let us put athletics in its proper place in the order of priorities, but let us, at the same time, allow girls to share equally in the benefits that can be derived from competitive sports.

JUDITH S. WEIS,
Newark, N.J.

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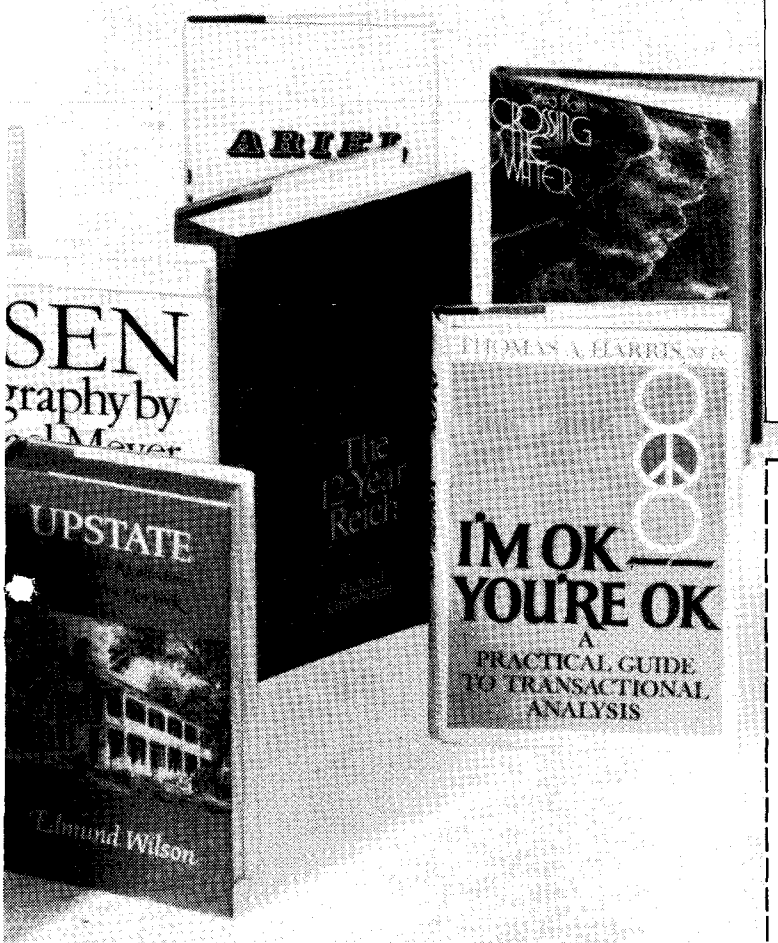

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(Continued from page 97)

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For Winter Rental

(Continued from page 103)

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VACATIONS

CRUISE INLAND FLORIDA—Relax, 5 idyllic days on LAZY BONES plus airboat and swamp buggy jaunts In Everglades country. $149 complete—November through April. Featured on Jack Douglas TV series. Brochures, reservations, write Capt. Maurer, Shanty Boat Cruises, Rt 1, Box 366SR, Ft. Myers, Florida 33905.

THE VERY BEST TIME of year is now, for truly superb golf on your choice of several challenging championship courses at this sunny sea island on South Carolina's famed plantation coast! Here you'll also enjoy tennis, horseback, cycling, fishing, sailing, beach sports, heated pools. Our oceanfront inn offers unequalled dining, luxurious accommodations, gracious service. New color brochures about the Inn and adjacent Beach Villas. SHERATON-ADVENTURE INN, Box 15, Hilton Head Island, S.C. 29928.

ELEGANT, NEW CARIBBEAN private home, Grenada, W.I., overlooking bay and private beach. Year-round climate. 3 bedrooms, 3 baths, 4,000 sq. ft. Full-time maid. $275-$400 week. Brochure. F. H. Constantine, M.D., 215 East 64th, NYC, 10021.

"WONDERFUL NIAGARA FALLS" Package — $15.95 includes room, dinner, breakfast and two attractions. For brochure, write Treadway Inn, Niagara Falls, New York 14304.

TRAPP FAMILY LODGE. Discover cross country skiing. Explore 40 miles of trails at your own pace. Experience the beauty of Vermont's winter without crowds and noise. Excellent instructors, equipment sales and rentals. Enjoy Austrian and American cuisine in the hospitable lodge of the renowned Trapp family. Call or write for our new booklet. Dept. 518, Stowe, Vermont 05672. 802-253-7545.

OVERLOOKING THE BLUE PACIFIC in San Francisco. Residential area. Seal Rock Inn Motel, 545 Point Lobos Avenue, 94121. Write for rates.

THE OLD TAVERN at Grafton, Vermont. The most elegant little Inn in all New England. For information write Wilf & Lois Copping, Innkeepers.

ISLAND NEAR SARASOTA—Sort of "South Seas-ish." Luxury hotels, beautiful beaches. Chamber of Commerce, Box 188-S, Longboat Key, Florida 33548.

HOTEL ON SMALL ISLAND—Pool, superb beaches, remote, peaceful. $25 double. Write Sportsman's House, Vieques Island, Puerto Rico 00765. 809-741-3751.

ANTIGUA, WEST INDIES—Modern Falmouth Harbour Beach Studio Apartments. Maid, shopping service. Private white sand beach. Swim, sunbathe, fish, sail, snorkel. No charge for use of boats. Write for color brochure or see your Travel Agent, N.Y. Rep: F. Junge, 51 East 42nd Street, New York. 212-867-7585. Owner: Hancarib, 770 Welch Road, Palo Alto, California. 415-325-5627.

BAYFRONT-UNIQUE—Lighthouse Cottages, Clearwater Beach, Florida 33515. Fall from $85 week. Also Christmas, Winter Season. Apartments, too. Brochure.

ENJOY CARIBBEAN SUN . . . very modest rates . . . TAMARINDE GUESTHOUSE, Box 247, St. Maarten, Netherlands Antilles.

ESCAPE to a thrifty vacation under the Florida sun. Lakeside Inn has everything for relaxation. Disney Hideaway 45 miles away. Folder, rate schedule available. Richard Edgerton, President, Mount Dora, Florida 32727. 904-383-2151.

CARIBBEAN SEA—Idyllic beach. Superb snorkeling. Cabana efficiencies. CARIBE PLAYA, Patillas, Puerto Rico.

PELICAN COVE MOTEL AND MARINA—Florida Keys, immaculate oceanside apartments, beach, swimming, fishing, skindiving, tennis, shelling, birdwatching, loafing. Literate, congenial company on balmy tropical isle, Islamorada. Phone 305-664-2811. THE SHARY'S.

BUCKS COUNTY—If you can't be a house guest in Bucks County, be ours. The 1740 House is a quiet, very charming country inn, 24 rooms, each with terrace, overlooking the Delaware River. We would be delighted to have you visit us. For a detailed brochure, write: 1740 House, Lumberville, Pennsylvania 18933. Tel. 215-297-5661.

BE A TURTLE—Your family shell for a week is a fully equipped rental Florida houseboat. Boating experience unnecessary. Write for brochure: Waterbird, S-24, Box 617, Jensen Beach, Florida 33457.

WHALER'S INNE, Mystic, Connecticut—Inviting, homey seatown hostelry, walking distance to famed Mystic Seaport marine museum. Doubles $14-$24; 4 persons, $20-$24. Reserve by mail or phone.

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VACATIONS

FAVORITE HIDEAWAY IN PATAGONIA . . . where Saturday Review readers . . . and SR editors go. Circle Z Ranch, Patagonia, Arizona 85624. Brochure.

INFORMALITY AND TRANQUILLITY—Ideal for families: large de-luxe connecting rooms, double beds. Let the family explore 365 beaches—join them or lose them; enjoy an Antigua Rum Punch in bar or patio; or a hammock to relax. Continental dining; island famous barbeque; breakfast on your balcony. Write Blue Waters Beach Hotel, Antigua, W.I. Represented by I. Oliver Engebretson, NYC.

PARADOR MARTORELL, inn by world famous Luquillo Beach. Box O, Luquillo, P.R.

IF I WERE A TURKEY . . . I would gladly lay down my life for the guests of Gurney's Inn. I know that I would be handled with loving care by the creative chef, served with dignity by a dedicated staff and relished by a discerning and discriminating clientele. Joyce & Nick Monte, Keepers of the Inn, Oceanfront Cottages & Hostelry, "On the Brink o' the Beach," Montauk, Long Island, New York 11954. 516-668-2345. Open All Year. Brochure on request.

ST. CROIX HOUSE—2 bedrooms, 2 baths. Biweekly $500, monthly $1,000. Efficiency apartment $500 monthly. Charles Hoyt Smith, Millbrook, N.Y. 12545.

TOBAGO VACATION—Accommodation in beautiful guesthouse overlooking ocean. Rates reasonable. Convenient to beaches. Write Airmail, Burleigh House, Milford Road, Scarborough, Tobago, West Indies.

JAMAICA—Secluded North Coast. 2 bedroom, bath villa on sea. Large pool, private grounds, staff included. $200 a week. Available after January 15th. SR Box E-310.

SUMMER STUDIES ABROAD

GERMANY—FRANCE—SPAIN — SCHILLER COLLEGE —see "STUDIES ABROAD." Language, Literature, Art, Theatre, Music, East-West Studies.

LESLEY FROST is accepting applicants for her Escuela-Pension de la Tahona in Spain. Write for brochure. Box E-28.

HIGH SCHOOL SPANISH PROGRAM — One month in beautiful hacienda in Colima, Mexico. Write: Richard Hancock, University of Oklahoma, Norman, Oklahoma 73069.

JOIN TIME-TESTED language-travel Programs, based in Vienna or Strasbourg. 13th consecutive German, 6th French Summer Schools. June 15th-August 31st. Write: College of Wooster, Wooster, Ohio 44691.

BIOGEOGRAPHICAL STUDY TOUR of the Galapagos Islands. Summer 1972. June 12th-June 30th. Explore and study botanical and zoological wonders of the Galapagos biota. Three semester hours credit or audit. Colorado University, 970 Aurora, Boulder, Colorado 80302.

5TH ANNUAL Summer Study in Greece, June 26th-August 8th, 1972. STUDY: Greek Archaeology, Civilization, Language. Total cost: $1,400. For information, write: Harry Stratigos, Director, P.O. Box 906, Greensburg, Pennsylvania 15601.

LIVE AT OXFORD. Tutorials with Oxford faculty; University of California Extension credit. Classes begin June 27th and July 18th. Study medieval England; the rise of science; Oxford gardens; English painting, literature, theatre, philosophy, history; Greek and Roman archaeology; origins of the English language; history through films; modern social problems. Write: Oxford Program '72, UC Extension, Berkeley, California 94720.

STUDIES ABROAD

GERMANY — FRANCE — SPAIN — ENGLAND — SCHILLER COLLEGE—Liberal arts; B.A., M.A. (German, French, theatre), M.M. curricula; academic year programs in Heidelberg, Berlin, Bennigheim Castle (near Stuttgart), Paris, Madrid, London. American credit system. Special programs: music, theatre, fine arts. Stimulating European Travel Program. Choice of graduate and undergraduate summer courses. Write: Schiller College U.S. Office, 429 N.W. 48th Street, Oklahoma City, 73118. (Phone: 405-842-5979) or 7121 Kleiningersheim, Germany.

16-18 YEARS OLD? and open to new and different ways of living and thinking? Live abroad for one year in Europe, Asia, Latin America or Africa. Write: International Christian Youth Exchange, Dept. SR 6, Room 1908, 475 Riverside Drive, New York, N.Y. 10027.

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STUDY PROGRAMS IN FRANCE—French, Dance, Music, Art-History, Painting, Cuisine, Sculpture, Theatre, Photography, Cinema. 1. Academic year, two semesters. 2. Interim program, January 4th-February 1st. 3. Summer in France, July 1st-August 12th. 4. Christmas in Paris and London, December 23rd-January 2nd. Eminent artist/professors. Write airmail (3 International coupons) to: PARIS AMERICAN ACADEMY, 9 Rue Des Ursulines, Paris 5, France.

ACADEMIC YEAR IN SPAIN — University Programs: Undergraduate, B.A., M.A. TOTAL, $1,985. (Semester $1,385.) Summer $485. FELLOWSHIPS, AYS, 67 Orchard Ridge, Chappaqua, N.Y. 10514. 914-238-4306.

STUDY AT SEA. World Campus Afloat Semester sails September and February to exotic ports round the world. Accredited. New lower rates. Write: Chapman College, Box CC17, Orange, California 92666.

TRAVEL

GREECE: THE MAGIC SPRING. Harper, $8.95; Epic of Latin America, Doubleday, $12.50, by John Crow. Beautiful gift books.

VENTURETREK in remote parts of West Africa and Southern Sahara. Parties organized to go, winter and spring. Write Explorers "A" Ltd., Box 161, Cambridge, Massachusetts 02140, for Brochure S.

NEW YORK CITY, HOTEL BEDFORD, 40th Street, Just East of Park Avenue. For the discriminating guest who prefers a quiet and gracious hotel in the midst of New York's most convenient Grand Central area . . . near all shopping and entertainment. Beautifully decorated rooms and suites . . . featuring fully equipped kitchenettes . . . air conditioning and TV . . . ideal for families . . . Continental Restaurant and Cocktail Lounge. Write for brochure, 118 East 40th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016.

TRAVEL COMPANIONS & ESCORTS—For children, invalids (including wheel chairs and stretchers), elderly, blind, and infants from or to any point in the world by air, land, or sea. Highly trained personnel including registered nurses. Multilingual if requested. Short trips or long cruises. No time limitations. Write International Travel Companions, Inc., Box 107 SR, Cochranville, Pennsylvania 19330. Tel. 215-869-8500.

BRITISH, EUROPEAN WATERWAYS HOLIDAYS guide. $1.50, Boat, Box 340-R, Belmont, California 94002.

WORLDWIDE FREIGHTER GUIDE — $1.75. Rates, schedules. 700 passenger carrying Freighters. TravLtips, 40-21Z1R, Bell, Bayside, N.Y. 11361.

BICYCLING-HIKING-CAMPING trips through the countrysides of the world for 14-17 year olds. Europe, New England, West Coast, Canadian Rockies, Nova Scotia. Free Brochure. Student Hosteling Program of New England, Inc., Rochester, Vermont 05767.

EUROPE — AN UNREGIMENTED TOUR! Discover this bargain. TOURS, 255-B Sequoia, Pasadena, California.

COME TO THE KASBAH—An exciting 18 day Moroccan adventure including a visit to Switzerland, no extra charge. $444, land portion. Write for brochures. African Explorers, Department SR, Professional Building, Route 9, Parlin, N.J. 08859.

THIS AD + $7.00 per person, double occupancy entitles you to real value New York. Next time try CENTURY-PARAMOUNT HOTEL, 235 West 46th Street, convenient theatres and everything; 650 rooms, with bath, TV, air conditioning. Single-$10.00. Don't delay, reserve now. This is a "sleeper" in every sense.

VOYAGE TO DARKNESS—Unique invitation to view July 10th solar eclipse off Nova Scotia coast from decks of luxury liner, Olympia. Seminars in eclipse photography, meteorology, navigation and astronomy. Following eclipse, Olympia sails to Gaspe and Sydney for tours of scenic attractions. Sails July 8th-15th. Brochure: Eclipse 72, Box 1972, Englewood, N.J. 07631.

BASKETVILLE—World's largest basket stores. In Vermont—Putney (Rts 5 & 91); Manchester (Rt 7); in Massachusetts, 200 Hudson Street, Northboro; Florida, Venice (Rt 41). Browse among our incredible selection of baskets, bucketware, woodenware, gifts. Beautiful artificial flowers, foliage. Imported and domestic. Write: Folder.

TRAVEL

LIVELY FRENCH FAMILY welcomes paying guests. Top hill, 18th century ultramodernized mansion, in the heart of France. Thevenin, Solignac, Haute Vienne, France.

FOR HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS and Graduates. Stay in a Soviet youth center. Or sail with Breton fishermen; ski in August at Mont Blanc; make bicycle trip in Denmark; climb glacier-covered Alps; hike with Czech students; speak French in France or Spanish in Spain all summer; live with European family. Music festivals, theatres. Exceptional summer travel plans in Western Europe—Russia—Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia. 21st year. Write: George R. Shumlin, Putney Student Travel, Putney, Vermont 05346.

"CASTLE-HOTELS," "FLEA MARKETS" guidebooks. 450 castles, monasteries, palaces offering accommodations. 250 illustrations, maps, 16 countries, "Europe's Flea Markets"—80 markets, 10 countries, maps. $2.95 each. Both $5.50. Robert Long, 634s Bellmore Avenue, East Meadow, N.Y. 11554.

TUDOR HOTEL. 304 East 42nd Street, New York, 10017. N.Y.'s fashionable East Side. Adjacent to U.N., shopping, theatres, sightseeing only steps away. All newly decorated accommodations with private bath, television and air conditioning. Cocktail lounge and English Pub. Singles from $12; double from $15. Family rooms featuring 2 baths. Write for new brochure. 212-YU 6-8800.

JOIN THE CREW in the Virgin Islands for 8 days sailing aboard popular sailing ship, "MAVERICK." From $190, all inclusive. Free folder. Stateside phone 201-566-6416, or Airmail WESTINDIAMAN CRUISES, Box 2131S, St. Thomas, Virgin Islands 00801.

SAN FRANCISCO on $4.50 a day. New free brochure tells how City's unique residence clubs beat the high cost of living. Rates from $130 month ($35 week) cover hotel-type services, two good meals, plus the happy, relaxed conviviality of 100 other men and women. Write for brochure and reserve now for winter. The Monroe, 1870 Sacramento, 94109. 415-GR 4-6200.

SOUTH OF ASMARA to the land of the Queen of Sheba. 18 fabulous days including Paris and Ethiopia. $595 land portion. Write for color brochure. African Explorers, Department SR, Professional Building, Route 9, Parlin, N.J. 08859.

DREAM OF JOINING AN EXPEDITION? Sign up! Expedition—the fascinating quarterly of Archaeology/Anthropology—scientific adventure around the world. Handsomely illustrated, written for the layman. $6.50 per year. Checks payable to the University Museum 33rd and Spruce Streets, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19104.

WRITER'S TOUR of Paris, Rome, London—August 1st-15th, 1972. For details, write Writer's Digest, 20 East 12th Street, Cincinnati, Ohio 45210.

SOUTH AMERICA—"Green Hell Tour" of the Amazon Jungle. 18 days $565 land portion. "Central America by Motorcoach." 15 days $415 land portion. Write for brochures. Amazon Explorers, Department SR, Professional Building, Route 9, Parlin, N.J. 08859.

LONDON—LESS THAN $100 BY JET. DC 8's, 707's. No time limit on when you can travel. No age limit. No extra charges. Call 212-759-5340 or write for full details. Flight Management Ltd., Suite 202, 11 East 47th Street, New York, New York 10017. London Office: 28 Conduit Street.

OUTDOOR TRIPS. Summer 1972. Hiking in Scotland. Camping in Canadian Rockies and Vancouver Island. Emphasis on nature study and photography. Write: John Philip, 508, 990 Lagoon Drive, Vancouver 5, Canada.

JUMBO JET Germany—Bangkok round trip $333. Nairobi $264. Other bargains. ROYAL TOURS, 5 Kaarsterweg, Dusseldorf, Germany.

FOREIGN TRAVEL Immunization Manual, H. Neumann, M.D. Covers over 200 countries. Recommended immunizations, timetables for boosters, doses, other health safeguards. $3.75. Charles Thomas, Publisher, Springfield, Illinois 62703.

INTERTERM INSTITUTES IN ITALY. 1. Courses on ancient world in Rome, December 27th, '71-January 17th, '72, with 3 hours credit. $572 all fees from N.Y. 2. Tour 14 cities, Venice to Naples, December 27th, '71-January 24th, '72. Adults $1,024, students $659. Credit extra. Write Dean Michael Nelson, Washington University, St. Louis, Missouri 63130. Deadline December 5th, 1971.

WINDJAMMER CRUISE—Sail aboard the last Windjammer to the exotic tropical ports of LaPaz, Mazatlan, Puerto Vallarta, Acapulco. Swim, snorkel, great grub, grog for 28 days. $699. Oceanwide Adventure Cruises, 330B Tejon, Palos Verdes, California 90274.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1963

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. He rode with Revere and Prescott	8 13 19 27 52
B. George Eliot novel (2 wds.)	53 88 49 154 103 118 134 141
C. To the front	16 20 34 111 122 131 40
D. Squid's defense mechanism (2 wds.)	41 54 106 113 133 4
E. Explosion	24 31 44 75 109 148 156 170 11 42
F. Striped bass, for instance	48 78 84 22 90 121 149 152
G. Slightly	160 167 32 46 9 26 36 56
H. Beautiful	59 81 30 58 123 144
I. Racine play	153 159 5 29 82 94 100
J. Zealous, ardent	37 62 67 89 96 110 119 142
K. Enrage	145 164 79 87 101 6 104 117 126
L. Ripping, wizard (comp.)	127 140 28 93 97 166 15

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. "He had not ___ of making a fortune." (2 wds.; GRAY, "sketch of his own Character.")	35 99 132 162 17 66 157 38 55
N. Chieftain who led the Visigoths against Valens	163 169 12 1 61 112 129 39 47
O. Scarf, esp. of fur	65 23 105 51 115 60 135 69 155
P. Without previous knowledge (3 wds.)	158 74 138 83 92 102 120 107 7 76 95 10
Q. Ptomaine ptavern (2 wds.)	43 143 68 114 151 3 80 124 91 108 73
R. Bridle path of Hyde Park, London (2 wds.)	136 116 25 77 70 2 18 125 147
S. The raising of a person or thing to divine status	150 139 128 146 45 72 137 168 64 14
T. Without foundation in fact; imaginary	71 165 98 57 85 50 130 21
U. Spat, scrap (comp.)	63 33 86 171 161

DIRECTIONS

Don't let the definitions scare you. If you can guess five or six of these WORDS correctly, you should be able to solve the Double-Crostic . . . When you've guessed a WORD, fill in the dashes, and also write each letter in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When all the squares are filled in, you will have a quotation from a published work. Dark squares indicate the ends of words. If there is no dark square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . You should be able to see words and phrases begin to form in the diagram on the basis of having just a few letters. Enter the letters you can guess into the diagram and the blanks in the defined WORDS, and you'll find yourself working from WORDS to diagram and back, solving the puzzle . . . The initial letters of the defined WORDS spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation was taken. This acrostic feature can be very helpful to the solver.

				1 N	2 R	3 Q		4 D	5 I	6 K	7 P	8 A		9 G	10 P	11 E				
	12 N	13 A	14 S		15 L	16 C	17 M	18 R		19 A	20 C	21 T	22 F	23 O	24 E					
25 R	26 G	27 A		28 L	29 I	30 H	31 E	32 G	33 U	34 C	35 M		36 G	37 J	38 M	39 N				
40 C	41 D	42 E	43 Q		44 E	45 S	46 G		47 N	48 F	49 B	50 T	51 O	52 A		53 B				
54 D	55 M		56 G	57 T	58 H		59 H	60 O	61 N	62 J	63 U		64 S	65 O		66 M				
67 J	68 Q		69 O	70 R	71 T	72 S	73 Q	74 P		75 E	76 P	77 R		78 F	79 K					
80 Q	81 H	82 I	83 P	84 F	85 T	86 U	87 K	88 B	89 J		90 F	91 Q	92 P		93 L	94 I				
95 P		96 J	97 L	98 T	99 M	100 I	101 K	102 P		103 B	104 K	105 O	106 D	107 P	108 Q	109 E				
110 J		111 C	112 N	113 D		114 Q		115 O	116 R	117 K	118 B	119 J	120 P	121 F	122 C	123 H				
	124 Q	125 R	126 K	127 L		128 S	129 N		130 T		131 C	132 M	133 D	134 B	135 O	136 R				
	137 S	138 P		139 S	140 L	141 B	142 J	143 Q	144 H		145 K	146 S		147 R	148 E	149 F				
	150 S		151 Q	152 F	153 I	154 B	155 O		156 E	157 M	158 P	159 I		160 G	161 U					
162 M	163 N	164 K	165 T		166 L	167 G	168 S	169 N		170 E	171 U									

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 10 of this issue.

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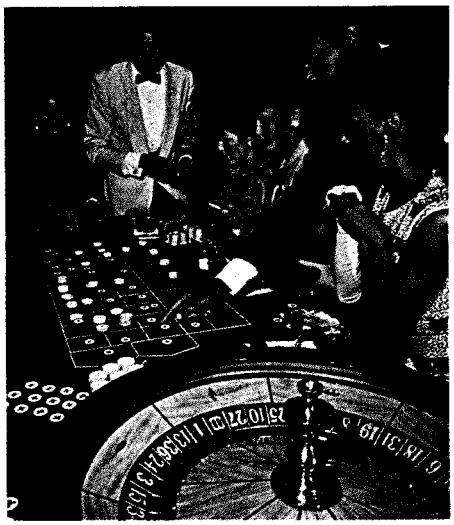
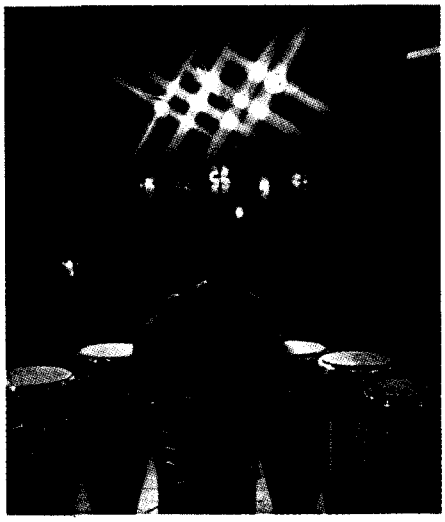
Nassau is the Royal Bahamas Police Band beating the retreat.

Nassau is a glass-bottom boat ride to the golden sea garden off Rose Island.

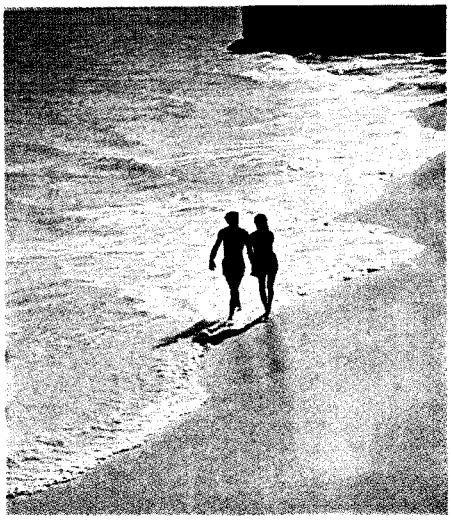


Nassau is Paradise Island and Café Martinique and a red velvet casino.

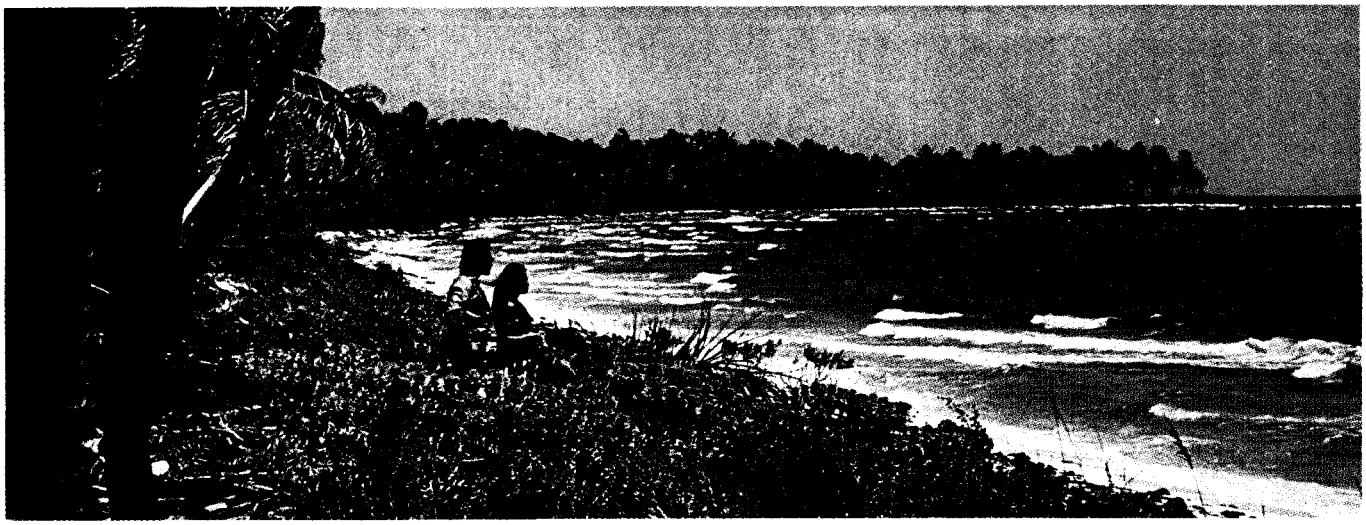
Nassau is a surrey ride by stately mansions and green-grey casuarinas.



Nassau is Peanuts Taylor and Lionel and the Electric Train.



Nassau is Paradise Beach. Yamacraw Beach. Cable Beach. And Love Beach.



Andros is where Nassau is. In the Bahamas. Andros is just one of the 700 Bahama Out Islands. The settlement under coconut palms at Staniard Creek. The treasure caves at Morgan's Bluff. The third largest underwater reef in the world. Incredible. When you come to the Bahamas, you come to a sea of islands. Starting 50 miles off the Florida coast. Once you are there, you can have it quiet. Or not so quiet. Or not quiet at all. And all you have to do is see your travel agent.

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